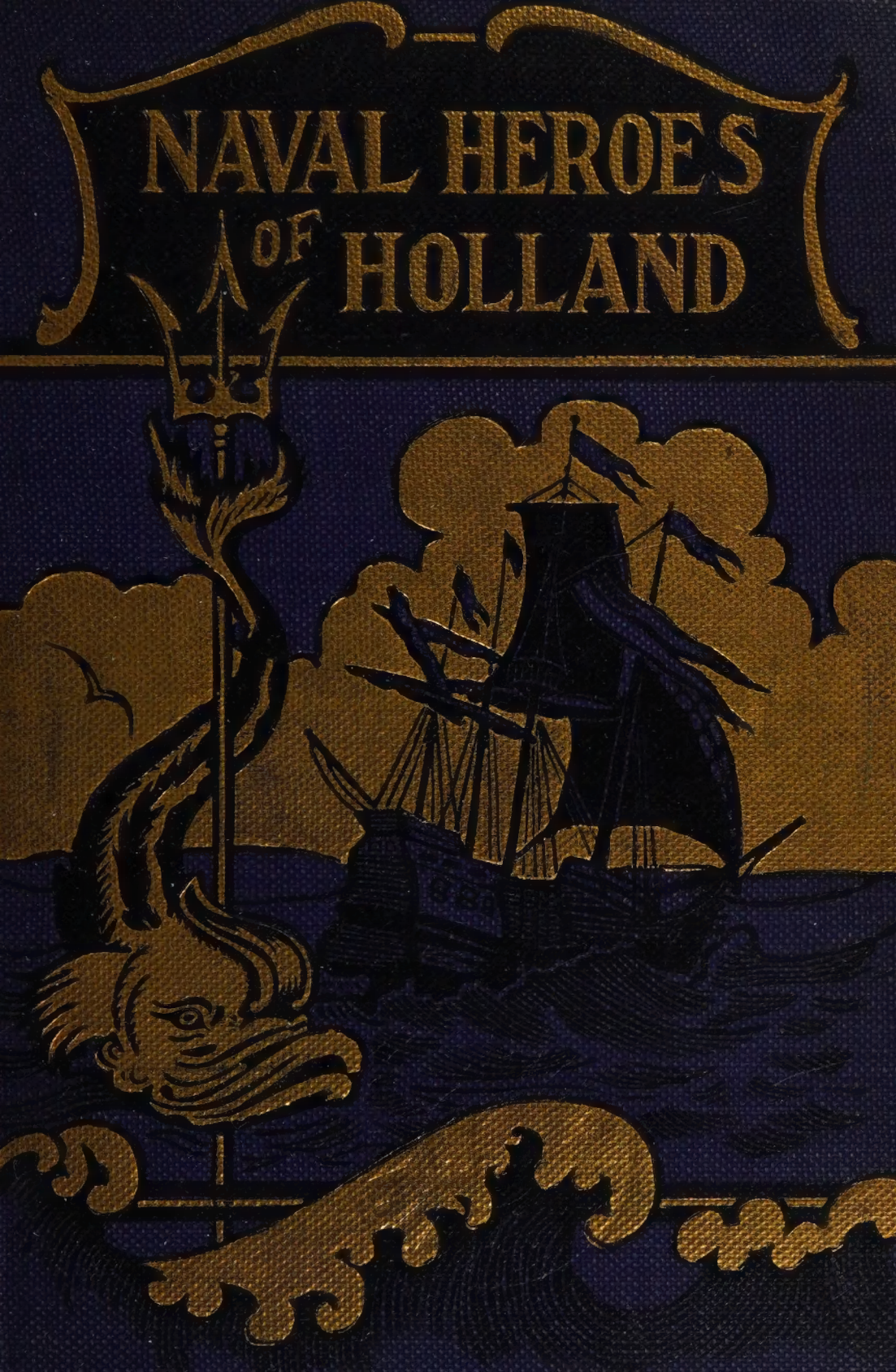
NAVAL HEROES OF HOLLAND



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NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN TROMP AND BLAKE OFF DOVER, ENGLAND. (*See p.* 162.)

Naval Heroes of Holland

BY

J. A. METS

Strong these and dauntless, all perils defying;
Theirs the intrepid soul, scornful of flying;
Valorous still whether living or dying.

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PREFACE.

THE little work herewith offered to the youth of our land deals, in part, with the struggle of a republic of the past against the nation with which so recently our own great republic was at war. Indeed, much of what is here told was the beginning of that work which the United States was called upon in the providence of God, as the author cannot but believe, to finish, namely, the utter overthrow of Spain as a world-power. Some names will occur here that have become familiar during our recent war and which may serve to awaken the greater interest in the perusal of these pages.

The deeds here recorded are those of only a few of the naval heroes of Holland, those whom the author considers most conspicuous in the glorious galaxy. There are many who might also deserve to have their deeds specially recorded—De Witt, Van Galen, Van Ness, Ita, the Evertsens, Cornelius Tromp, and a number of others whose heroic deeds aided in making the fame of Holland's navy world wide. But to have done this would have made not only one, but many bulky volumes, while in the accounts given of the most prominent of these intrepid warriors on the deep many of their heroic brothers in arms have necessarily received a place.

If by the reading of the devoted patriotism and heroic courage of the brave men whose deeds are here narrated, a similar love of country, dauntless fearlessness in the midst of peril and unwavering courage in

the face of any odds, together with the same trust in and reliance upon the God of right, justice and truth, can be inspired in the hearts of the young who shall read this little book, the author's aim will have been fully met, while he will esteem such a result a rich reward for the labor expended.

SOMERVILLE, N. J.,

THE BEGINNINGS OF A NAVY.

THE SEA, HOLLAND'S FRIEND AND FOE—ADVANTAGE OF HOLLAND'S GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION—EARLY GREAT COMMERCIAL CITIES — JOINING THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE — GREAT COMMERCE RESULT OF HERRING FISHERY—CONQUESTS AND COLONIES IN THE EAST AND WEST—JOINS IN CRUSADE AND TAKING OF DAMIETTA—BELLS OF DAMIETTA THE CARILLON OF HAARLEM— WAR WITH HANSEATIC LEAGUE AND RESULTS.

A country with an extensive coast-line must, in the course of civilization, sooner or later become a maritime power. But when this coast line not only affords a wide field for enterprise, but also demands constant energetic action and unintermitted vigilance and struggle against the manifold perils and encroachments of the sea, the inevitable issue must be the development of the people of such a country into a hardy and daring maritime nation. And as this was preeminently the case with Holland, it is in this fact that its history lies as in a nutshell.

The soil of Holland originally consisted for the most part of bog and marsh or of low-lying meadows, a constant prey to the violence of the waves. From the earliest times to the present day, the hold of its people upon the soil has depended upon their courage and persistence in facing and opposing the ever-threatening dangers from the sea, their energy in recuperating from its disasters when they had come, or their mechanical

ingenuity and engineering skill in preventing them. These conditions early formed the inhabitants of this insignificant country into a most hardy and intrepid people.

But the sea was not only a force to be combated by the Netherlanders; it was no less the field to which mainly they had to look for their subsistence. The soil could not produce sufficient to supply the wants of the inhabitants, so that the eye was necessarily directed to the sea, in the midst of which, as it were, they were dwelling, and with which they had become familiar by the unbroken struggle. The strength of its waves they had measured; the force of its tempests they had again and again defied. If the land did not produce a sufficiency for daily sustenance, the sea, that grim and ancient foe, would be laid under contribution. And, teeming as it did with inexhaustible treasures of the most delicious food, the supplies derived from this source far exceeded those derived from the soil. Thus one of the first and at one time the greatest of Dutch industries was born, the fisheries on the tempestuous and perilous North Sea. Commerce soon followed. This was at first confined to the coast lands; but rapidly extended farther and farther till it girdled the globe, and the red, white and blue of the Dutch flag waved in every breeze and was known wherever vessels could float.

It was not merely the situation of the Netherlands by the sea, however, that led to the important rank which it so early reached in maritime commerce. Its geographical position among the countries of Europe contributed perhaps even more to this. Take the map of Europe, and you will observe that this geographical

division can be separated, as it were, into two halves which complement each other in their products. Norway and Sweden with the countries along the Baltic produce an abundance of timber, while the first may almost be regarded as the stone quarry of Northwestern Europe. Even to-day the stone used for piers and breakwaters in Holland is still largely drawn from the quarries of Norway. Those northern countries were rich also in their great abundance of fish and their fertile grain fields. England possessed great flocks of sheep which supplied the Flemish cloth factories with excellent wool. The southern states of Europe, on the other hand, furnished an abundance of wine, oil and salt. And at that early period, much more than now even, all these products were among the first necessities of life. Now, the Netherlands are seen to lie almost midway in Western Europe, making, so to speak, the middle point between the Northern and Southern divisions. The Rhine, then as now the great commercial artery of the western part of the continent, was of much greater importance as a highway to the sea at that period than now. But this reaches the sea only through Holland. Of almost as great commercial importance as the Rhine were some of the other navigable rivers, chief among which is the Scheldt, with its many broad arms and wide estuaries, which is the great waterway to and outlet from the Southern Netherlands. This favorable location, now, with reference to the countries that brought forth so bountifully all sorts of products, coupled with its great extent of coast, its navigable rivers and broad roadsteads, could not but lead to Holland's becoming the market and storehouse where

merchants from far and near met each other and conducted their affairs, and where the commercial movements of Europe centered.

In the earliest history of the country the most important commercial town of the north was Dorestad, the present Wyk-by-Duurstede; but the repeated inroads of the plundering Northmen completely ruined its commerce. Later, in the Middle Ages, Bruges became the great entrepôt both of the Netherlands and of all Europe. This, however, was early supplanted by Antwerp, which in turn became the most important commercial port. Here the wealthy merchants had their great warehouses, the bankers their counting-houses which were the places of exchange for all the civilized world, and from Antwerp the priceless goods of the East were sent out over all central Europe. Neither Bruges nor Antwerp, however, was possessed of a merchant marine worthy of the name; very few ships were either built or belonged there. The foreign goods that brought them their wealth and importance were carried in foreign bottoms, and these were mainly vessels built in or belonging to some port in the provinces of Holland and Zeeland. It was the great maritime commerce developed by these two provinces, and the wealth gained by this, that enabled them to play the most important rôle in the history of the Dutch Republic; and it was these, too, that thus were able to furnish the greater number of Holland's renowned heroes of the sea.

Quite early in the history of the Netherlands a number of its northern seaports joined the league of the Hanseatic towns. This Hanseatic league was mainly

a union of cities in different parts of Germany animated with the spirit of liberty, and was established in the first place to protect commerce against the "robber knights" on land and the pirates on the sea. Its secondary object was to oppose the arbitrary conduct of the princes that sought to restrict the rights and privileges of the cities. This union or league swept the pirates from the northern seas; before its squadrons melted away the fleets of the Northmen, once the terror of all Europe; and by this the kings of the North were more than once defeated and humbled. During the first period of its existence the League monopolized the entire commerce of the Baltic, besides trading extensively with every port in other parts of Europe. As, however, there was no written or recognized bond between its members, the only tie that held them together being the general interest, and the stronger here also frequently seeking to injure the weaker, the germs were laid, even quite early, that led to the ultimate disruption of the League. In this disruption the provinces of Holland and Zeeland had perhaps the greatest share, their commerce gradually but surely displacing that of the Hanse towns. And their ability to bring this about they owed mainly to one of their industries, the herring fishery.

At first view it would seem well-nigh impossible that a small, insignificant fish should lay the foundations of a commerce that ultimately covered every navigable water, whether river, bay or sea. And yet this great thing the herring did for Holland. Toward the end of the 14th century William Beukelszoon, of Biervliet, in Dutch Flanders, invented an entirely new

method of curing fish, which was especially applied to the curing of herring, in the catching of which the Dutch had at that time almost a monopoly. Thus cured, the herring at once took its place as a most delicate and palatable article of food, not only in the Netherlands but wherever it became known. It soon grew to be such an important article of commerce that the trade in herring was called the gold mine of the Netherlands. And those who brought this fish by almost countless thousands from the sea were mainly the fishermen of Holland and Zeeland.

Let us see how this little fish extended the ocean commerce of that small country to such a degree as ultimately to make Holland one of the controlling nations of Europe. Only a small part of the cured herring could be consumed at home; by far the greater part had to find a market elsewhere. The Dutch were far too thrifty, however, to wait at home for purchasers to take the surplus herring off their hands; they, therefore, loaded their ships with them and, with the cheese and butter of which Friesland furnished such a superabundance, they carried their herring abroad. This soon called for a large number of vessels. The salt needed for the curing was at first brought from Spain and France in vessels belonging to those countries; but as these did not bring enough the Dutch sent their own ships to fetch it. It was not long before none but their own craft were employed in this. And that these did not start empty or merely in ballast, but carried some cargo, either of fish or other merchandise, was a matter of course. But the salt imported was impure and coarse; it had to be refined. Salt refineries were

therefore established in numerous places; and thus another Dutch industry was started. Then again the salt brought in and refined far exceeded the amount needed for the curing establishments, and so those that imported this article and refined it now had salt to sell. Nor were they slow in finding markets for this commodity also. It was carried mainly to ports on the Baltic and was usually exchanged for grain. Now this grain again, formerly brought to Holland in foreign bottoms, was carried in its own ships manned by its own sailors. But this also was brought in more abundantly than the country needed for its own consumption. The excess, therefore, became another article of commerce with other lands, and this gradually led to the gigantic grain trade of the Baltic, which soon became the most flourishing branch of Dutch foreign commerce. It goes without saying that all this must have greatly advanced ship-building, so that shipyards sprang up wherever there was water enough to launch vessels, and that all related trades and branches multiplied with equal pace. The timber and other necessaries for all this were mainly brought from Norway and other countries bordering on the Baltic. But since the vessels needed to carry the timber were to be specially adapted for this, the Dutch soon became experts in the construction of such craft. Then again as these vessels could not find constant employment by merely carrying lumber to Holland, they soon became the carriers of timber for other countries of Europe, and that to such an extent that in a short time the Hollanders held almost the monopoly of this also. At the opening

of the 17th century they employed no less than 500 ships for this purpose alone.

During the eighty years' war with Spain for civil and religious liberty, when the Dutch were forbidden to trade with Spanish ports, they were compelled to seek the indispensable salt elsewhere, and they then procured it from the Azores. By this time the bitter hostility that Spain had herself inspired in the Hollanders by her cruel oppression was added to the spirit of enterprise. So that now the Dutch were beginning to use their skill and daring upon the deep against their implacable foe. Now the distance from the Azores to the coast of Guinea is not very great. Guinea had been a Portuguese possession, but by the conquest of Portugal in 1581 had come under Spanish dominion, though it was still occupied by the Portuguese. The Dutch sailors, accordingly, crossed over to Guinea and drove the latter out. Shortly thereafter they cast their eyes toward the East Indies, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and made their first appearance in Indian waters. Here they at once established commercial relations with the natives, conquered one Spanish possession after another, and subjected almost the entire East Indian archipelago to their dominion. On the western continent they were for a number of years in possession of Brazil; established colonies on the northern coast of South America and on some of the West India islands, and where now the lordly Hudson receives on its bosom the merchant fleets of all nations they established the New Netherlands that became ultimately no small fac-

tor in the founding and building up of our own mighty republic.

In Africa they planted themselves so firmly that to this day the Cape Colony, though no longer under Dutch sway, still retains much of the spirit and customs of the ancestral settlers. From them, too, have sprung the hardy sons of the essentially Dutch Orange Free State and Transvaal Republic, who in our day have gained such fame for their heroism and military prowess. With what amazing strides the commerce of the Netherlands advanced by all this expansion of territory may be imagined.

But this immense maritime commerce, covering as it did all seas, needed protection, in times of actual war against the enemy, in times of peace against the Barbary pirates and the no less daring and unscrupulous Dunkirk freebooters. The Algerines, whose principal pursuit had for centuries been piracy, rendered commerce on the Mediterranean particularly dangerous to the Dutch, while the Dunkirkers often inflicted great injury upon them on the North Sea and in the English Channel. A navy, strong in ships, armament and men, became, therefore, an absolute necessity. And for this what better nursery could have been found than in the vast world commerce of Holland? The experience of centuries, in their struggles with and upon the sea, had produced in the Netherlands a race of seamen who have never had their superiors; men browned and hardened mid the storms of the Atlantic and beneath the burning skies of the East; intrepid and calm in a thousand dangers; stubborn, tough and persistent in the face of all opposing difficulties, and withal pos-

sessed of a never-swerving reliance upon God. And what commanders were theirs! Of noble descent very few could boast; most of them springing from the common people. Even in their earliest youth, these had traversed the boisterous waves, beginning their apprenticeship as cook's mate, or in some equally low and subordinate position. Visiting every land, East, West, North and South, they became familiar with every wind and tide, with every bay, harbor, and roadstead. In times of need and peril they were ever eager to serve their country with their experience and strength, contemptuous of death, and full of the loftiest and most unselfish patriotism. In all that pertained to skilful seamanship, to hardihood and unfailing courage no nation of the 16th and 17th centuries surpassed them. The English were, indeed, mighty competitors, and were always superior to the Dutch in ships, equipment and armament; but in skill in manœuvring and rapidity of movement they were for a long time inferior. By these characteristics, coupled with their daring and intrepidity, the Dutch sailors frequently overcame their English antagonists and dared to assail them even in their own harbors. And could it ever have been possible for the people of the insignificant republic to shake off the yoke of their overweening and mighty Spanish tyrant, if the sea, usually their relentless foe, but now their faithful ally, had not been the field on which their oppressors could be met? And this they did with such success as at last to wear out the Spaniards, to render their victories on land utterly useless, and in the end to hurl them irredeemably from their proud and haughty position among the nations.

Quite early in their history the North Netherlanders were distinguished for their daring exploits at sea. In the year 1217 Count William the First of Holland joined the Crusades with a numerous following of Hollanders and Frisians in a fleet of eighty vessels. They first sailed to Spanish Galicia, whence they made a pilgrimage to San Iago de Compostella; after which they put to sea again and anchored before Lisbon. Here they were invited to aid the Portuguese in their war with the Moors. Part of the Crusaders were of the opinion that they ought to sail without delay for the Holy Land, and did so; but the remainder, among whom were Count William and his immediate followers, remained and captured the Alcazar from the infidels. When this was reported to the Pope he sent a letter to the Count naming him Constable of the Crusaders and requesting him to remain in the peninsula in order to render further assistance in the war against the Moors. But the object of the expedition was the Holy Land and not Spain or Portugal, so that the fleet set sail again and arrived before St. Jean d'Acre shortly after Easter, 1218. Only fifty of the eighty ships that had set out from Holland reached this place, the remainder having been lost in the passage through the Mediterranean. Here they were joined by the rest of the Crusaders made up of numbers from almost every European nation. Instead, however, of now proceeding straight to the Holy Land they were induced by the Italian maritime powers to undertake an expedition against Egypt. Upon this they entered in May of the following year. When they reached the Delta of the Nile they at once began the siege of Damietta, situated

between an arm of the great river and a lake. This city was not only a most important commercial centre, but, because of its prodigious fortifications, was also regarded as the key to the entire country. Midway in the Nile a massive, lofty tower had been built from which stretched a strong iron chain to other towers built one on each side of the river. By this, as well as by other towers, double walls, and moats, approach to the city by land or sea had been shut off on all sides. The siege of such a city, lying as it were in the water, was best intrusted to the men from Friesland, Holland, Northern Germany and Norway, men who were perfectly familiar with everything that pertained to warfare on water. And, indeed, the first successful undertaking against the city was carried out by some of these. First the tower built in the river had to be taken before anything serious could be entered upon against the city itself, so that in an assault the besiegers might not be exposed between the city and tower to the terrible fire of warlike missiles that would be hurled upon them from all sides. Before attacking the river tower, however, they assailed and took that on the west bank, because this could be attacked at the same time by land and water. After this the assault on the middle tower was begun in the following manner: On the decks of the vessels sent to attack this tall ladders were placed which, as soon as they were within reach, were set up against the tower. By these ladders the besiegers attempted to reach and climb over the battlements. But the besieged hurled such an avalanche of stones, arrows and Greek fire at their assailants that the ladders were upset and with all upon

them hurled into the stream. This was not calculated to raise the courage of the besiegers. But, at the advice of Oliver of Cologne, the Frisians lashed two vessels firmly together and built on these a square tower-like structure fixed on a turn-table so that it could be turned in any direction. Notwithstanding the shower of missiles and Greek fire from the defenders, this monster was brought close up to the tower. It was filled with men and reached above the highest battlements. At the first onset one Frisian caused consternation among the besieged by hurling among them from the top of the assaulting tower a massive spear heavy enough to have tested the strength of a Samson. Another Frisian boldly entered the enemy's tower armed only with a flail. With this he laid about him so lustily as to drive all before him, and penetrated even to the commander's standard, which he captured. Meanwhile the rest of the besiegers had gained an entrance and the garrison, already cowed and spiritless, were either cut down or taken prisoners. This done, the Crusaders set about to remove the chain which shut off access to the city by the river. Before this chain the infidels had laid a floating bridge built on boats. This was attacked by not more than ten Frisians, who, after a hot fight with those set to guard it, completely demolished it. After this the removal of the chain was a comparatively easy matter, and the remaining defences one after the other were taken. The siege of the great tower alone had lasted three months, and its capture was due mainly to the heroic and resistless bravery of the Frisians. The tower being in their possession, the Crusaders proceeded with the siege of the city. This,

however, progressed but slowly. While it was in progress the Egyptian commander died, leaving the further defence of the city to his son; but he, by a mutiny among his troops, was compelled to leave the city. This proved to be of but small advantage to the besiegers, partly because order was soon restored in the city, partly on account of the discord that had broken out among the Crusaders themselves. In addition to this, the latter suffered severe losses from sickness and by the overflow of the Nile, upon which they had never reckoned, which flooded their camps and drowned a great many of them. But these losses were soon more than made good by the arrival of fresh numbers of Crusaders. At length the Saracen commander proposed terms of peace. He offered to purchase the departure of the Crusaders by the cession of the whole of the former kingdom of Jerusalem, the liberation of all Christian prisoners, the surrender of the true Cross and, in addition, a sufficient amount of money for the restoration of the walls of the Holy City. These extremely liberal terms the majority of the Crusaders were ready to accept; but the rapacious representative of the Pope, who was with the army, wanted the siege to go on till the city could be captured and plundered. This most ignoble counsel prevailed—the siege went on and, after a defence of seventeen months, Damietta was compelled to surrender to the Christians. When these at last entered the place they found the streets covered with corpses, the stench of which poisoned the air. Of the 70,000 inhabitants which the city had contained, 60,000 are said to have perished from hunger and disease as well as by the weapons of their

foes. The booty distributed among the Crusaders was immense, little of which, however, was carried home by the invaders, the most of it being recklessly squandered by these followers of the Cross wherever an opportunity was offered to gratify their intemperate passions. The city was declared to be an integral part of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem; but within two years fell again into the possession of the Moslem.

Count William with his Hollanders and Frisians doubtless returned to their native land soon after the capture of Damietta, since his name is not mentioned in connection with the further operations of the Crusaders against the Saracens.

The share which the Netherlanders had in this undertaking was great enough to secure for them an illustrious fame among the heroic actors of that time. The remembrance of it is kept alive even to this day in the city of Haarlem. This was the residential town of Count William I., who sent the bells found in Damietta as a present to the city, and the beautiful carillon daily heard there still goes by the name "Damiaatjes" (Damietties). These used to be rung, like the English curfew, at 9 o'clock in the evening, as a warning to all good citizens, and particularly to the young, to retire for the night. This custom was common also in some other parts of Holland and is said to have continued till as late as New Year's eve, 1869, when they were rung for the last time in Amsterdam. There used to be a song sung by the young Dutch folks even down to comparatively recent days, four lines of which, translated, run somewhat as follows:

"At the Damietties' ringing
All the children go to bed
But the maidens loiter sometimes
With some love scheme in the head."

During the 15th century occurred the naval war with the Hanseatic League, memorable in the annals of Dutch achievement. The flourishing state and great competition of the Netherlanders had aroused the envious animosity of the Hanse towns, so that more than once serious collisions had taken place between the vessels of those rival maritime powers. This at last reached such a stage that embargoes were laid upon all Dutch ships found in the harbors of the League, while in open sea their ships were taken or sunk, their cargoes plundered and the sailors carried off captive. The League also entered into an alliance with the Duke of Holstein, the Danes and other powers of northern Europe, and even with Spain and Venice to drive the Dutch entirely from the ocean.

In 1437 the Dutch grain fleet coming from the Baltic was either captured or destroyed by the armed ships of the League. Only the year before great tracts of land throughout Holland had been devastated and the crops destroyed by one of those terrible floods that have so often turned almost the whole of the Low Countries into a waste. And now with their grain fleets destroyed and the prices of all the necessaries of life risen to an unprecedented height, famine threatened the people and in many places most alarming bread riots occurred. This state of affairs led the Hollanders to enter upon negotiations for peace. When, however, the plenipo-

tentiaries appointed on both sides met to consider the terms proposed by the Dutch, the representatives of the League haughtily rejected them and broke off the conference. On this occasion one of the Dutch commissioners said to the envoys from Dantzic and Lubeck, who had done most toward the breaking up of the conference, "The lion is asleep now, beware that you do not arouse him. And when you do, let us see how you shall pacify him again." The Leaguers went off determined to continue the war for the destruction of their rivals. Strong measures had to be taken to meet the powerful and overweening enemy. With their accustomed energy and dispatch Holland and Zeeland had a number of men-of-war ready for sea before the beginning of autumn, which were at once sent out to the Baltic to go in search of the enemy. In this and the following year the Dutch captured many a vessel belonging to the League, while in the naval combats between the fleets of the two powers the Hollanders had nearly always the upper hand. In these encounters the League lost twenty of their largest vessels of war, besides which the Dutch captains captured three from the Spaniards and one Venetian carack or galleon. They so completely cleared the Baltic and the neighboring waters of all ships of the League that one of the Dutch commanders carried a broom at the masthead as a token that the enemy had been swept from those seas. A similar act is also ascribed by English writers to the great Tromp, but for which there is no foundation in truth, as will be seen when that hero's career shall be described. In 1440 a large fleet belonging to the League sailed for the Bay of Biscay to fetch salt

from Spain. On the outward voyage they were left undisturbed by the Hollanders, but, as they returned heavily laden with this valuable commodity, they were surrounded by the Dutch fleet and without much difficulty captured and carried off to Holland.

Meanwhile, however great the damage inflicted upon the League, the serious consequences of the war were felt in the Netherlands also; their commerce in grain on the Baltic suffered greatly and almost entirely ceased. Both sides, therefore, were not indisposed to peace. Accordingly, in the summer of 1441 the envoys of both powers met in Copenhagen; but the negotiations went lagging from the start. Those of the League now demanded immense sums as indemnity for the loss of their vessels captured by the Dutch, while the latter were in no mood to pay out many guilders to the enemy that had provoked the contest. Had not the League, they asked, before the outbreak of the war also refused to pay an indemnity, and that in the case of depredations upon the commerce of Holland in a time of ostensible peace? Besides, they had been warned not to arouse the sleeping lion; and now that he had been aroused and had been making good use of teeth and claws, they could not expect him not only to lie quietly down now but even to pay for what everywhere would be regarded as his lawful prey. Lions were not in the habit of being thus pacified. The Leaguers, however, stood by their demand, and the Dutch were equally stubborn in their refusal to comply with them. Negotiations were thus on the point of collapse when an event took place in which the lion made such terrible use of his formidable weapons as to

lead to the speedy settlement of matters in favor of the Netherlanders. Near the Norwegian coast six small vessels—as some say, only three—belonging to the cities of Hoorn and Enkhuyzen, were forced into a fight with three of the largest war-vessels belonging to the League. Before the battle began, the Leaguers boasted that they would hoist every one of the little Dutch ships out of the water and set them down on their own decks. To this the Dutchmen replied by sailing straight at the enemy. As soon as they got alongside of their bulky opponents they threw out their grappling irons, rushed with irresistible fury over the sides, and, after a short but obstinate struggle, were in possession of the Leaguers and carried them in triumph to Hoorn. This exploit gave the League a stronger inclination to peace, which was still further strengthened by some of their number who had been set at liberty by the Dutch and who spoke in the highest terms of the latters' peaceful inclinations and of their ability and determination to continue the war if the League should choose this rather than peace. They therefore counselled that peace be concluded at once. Though this was not done, a truce for ten years was established and thereafter again and again renewed, by which the freedom of navigation in the Baltic was assured to the Dutch. In the course of time the commerce of the Hanseatic League was almost entirely supplanted by that of the Netherlands.

Though the Dutch at this time possessed no regularly organized navy, their share in the operations at the siege of Damietta and their frequent contests at

sea with the Hanseatic League had already given promise of the prowess and heroism which their sailors were to display on various seas and with many foes in the two succeeding centuries. They had also gained large experience in naval warfare already during the preceding centuries in the almost endless conflicts that were waged between the Counts that ruled the various parts into which the Low Countries were then divided, the fiercest of which battles were often waged upon the many rivers and arms of the sea that cut the Netherlands in every direction. But, as will appear in some of the succeeding chapters, the real foundation of the Dutch navy was laid in the terrible eighty years' war of Holland against Spain, a war more cruel and bloody on the part of the Spaniards than any that history records, and on the part of the Netherlanders as full of heroism and unreserved patriotic sacrifice as was ever displayed by any people.

THE BEGGARS OF THE SEA.

A MISSING LINK IN HISTORY—SPIRIT OF LIBERTY FOSTERED BY THE SEA—THREE CLASSES OF GUEUX OR BEGGARS—PRIVATEERING COMMON—STORY OF BIG PETER—CHARACTER OF BEGGARS OF THE SEA—THEIR ULTIMATE AIM—NATURE OF THEIR VESSELS—SUPINENESS OF SPAIN—TAKING OF BRIEL AND OTHER CITIES—VICTORIES ON THE SCHELDT—FIERCE BATTLE ON THE ZUYDER ZEE—VICTORY OVER D'AVILA—RESULTS.

There is yet many a missing link in the chain of the world's events which, when they shall all have been discovered, will make all history appear "a golden chain by which the whole round world is bound about the feet of God." One of these links is supplied by the story of the Beggars of the Sea.

What the mountains have been to Switzerland the sea has been to Holland, the arena of liberty and the nursery of heroes. And nowhere has the influence of the sea in the shaping of national life been more marked than there. England herself is no exception, for, unlike Holland, she did not owe her very existence to the sea.

Not everywhere has contiguity to the sea inspired a people with the spirit of liberty. Spain and Portugal are mainly maritime nations, yet they never seem to have drawn from the sea, as regards their national life, any other impulse than an ambition for conquest. Greed was the motive of most of their maritime enter-

prises; gain the object of all their expeditions. In the Netherlands, on the contrary, it was the sea that fanned the flame, if it did not give birth to, the spirit of liberty within her people; it was the sea that kept that spirit alive when everywhere else it seemed extinguished or crushed; it was the sea that contributed most mightily to their ultimate glorious success in throwing off the yoke of Spain and in establishing to so large a degree the principles of liberty among their people. But for the hardihood, enterprise, and daring acquired amid waves and tempests, it is more than doubtful if the Low Countries would have been able to escape from the the tyranny of Philip the Second. And that they did so escape was due, under God, largely to the Beggars of the Sea.

The story of these heroic freebooters remains yet to be written, so far at least as the English tongue is concerned. Most English historians, as they touch this period, mention them indeed, but it is only with a passing notice. Motley speaks of them somewhat more fully, yet even he from necessity is too brief here. And yet it is a story full of pathos, interest and energy, and one of no small moment in modern history. For it is not too much to say that liberty as we know it today is largely indebted to these Dutch sea-rovers for its existence.

The name Gueux, Beggars, as applied to the Netherland malcontents, was first used by Berlaymont, a member of the States Council appointed by Philip, to Margaret, the Regentess for Spain of the Netherlands at the time when the confederated nobles presented their humble petition for a moderation of the murder-

ous edicts that had already caused the death of so many of the people of the Netherlands. When the Duchess had shown her agitation at the boldness of the nobles and their request Berlaymont cried out: "What, Madam, can it be possible that you are afraid of these *beggars?*" The nobles, however, not only accepted the opprobrious epithet but gloried in it. As to the origin of the word itself and its meaning, there is some difference of opinion, though that now given to it has been universally accepted. As a matter of curiosity it may be mentioned that one learned writer of that day, Cornelius Valerius, explained the word "gueux" by making it equivalent to the Dutch "guit," a rogue or vagabond; and this again he derives from "Goth." And such a derivation, if philology could sanction it, would not seem so far fetched when we bear in mind the character and conduct of these Beggars or Gueux, who in these respects fully resembled the fiercest of the Goths that ever wrought devastation. The Gueux themselves, however, must have been highly amused at the meaning given to the word by a Frisian, one evidently better acquainted with Latin than with the French of his day. He understood the word to mean geese, as shown in an epigram addressed to his native province in which he foretold its devastation by the Beggars. "Prostrate shalt thou lie, a horrid prey to the geese." But though geese once saved Rome, these Beggars were something far more than mere cacklers. Beggars they were indeed with very few exceptions, plundered as they had been of all their possessions; but they exerted an influence and wielded a power that

defied and ultimately completely defeated the force of mighty and insolent Spain.

The Beggars consisted of three classes. First, there were the nobles, led by Counts Egmont and Horn, with their followers, to whom the sobriquet was first applied with such utter derision. With these their enemies classed any patriot who sympathized with, suffered or fought for the cause of civil and religious liberty against the tyranny of Spain and its Satanic Inquisition. Next there were the Wild Beggars, or Beggars of the Woods, as they were called, the Robin Hoods of the Netherlands. These consisted mainly of fugitives and exiles from the southern provinces upon whose heads a price had been set by Alva and his subordinates. They had their retreats in the forests whence they spread the terror of their name throughout the land. They waged their partisan warfare in the name of the Prince of Orange (from whom, however, they had neither commission nor consent), especially against priests and officers of the Spanish Courts, whom they either killed, or, if these were possessed of wealth, plundered or held for ransom. They were indeed a desperate set, but rendered such by the brutal cruelties which they and theirs had endured at the hands of the monster Titelman and others, who in wanton barbarity would drag whole families from their beds in the dead of night and burn them to ashes at the stake. Yet even these Beggars of the Woods observed some degree of discipline and moderation. They were not mere marauding robbers. Farmers and mechanics they left unharmed, and merchants and travellers were

equally safe with them, provided they were not suspected of being in favor of the common oppressors. They even acted frequently as a sort of volunteer police, ferreting out the common robbers who had hidden in the forests and delivering them to the sheriffs, who for this purpose would come to the entrance of the wood. Their arms consisted of a musket slung over the back, a dagger in the girdle, and a pike, the long stick of which was used as a pole with which to leap ditches. When caught, they were subjected to fearful punishment, being either burned at the stake or roasted alive over a slow fire.

The Beggars of the Sea had an origin similar to that of the Forest Beggars in that they, too, were fugitives or exiles driven out by the Inquisition or the Blood Council. But they proved ultimately to be of far greater use to the cause of Netherland freedom, especially when they came under the wise, prudent and skilful direction of the great William the Silent. From him they received a better organization and discipline, while he at the same time infused into them a loftier spirit of patriotism. Indeed, the noble title, "Deliverers of the Netherlands," given them by one historian, is far from undeserved.

That a people, accustomed to the sea from their earliest history, should instinctively turn to this not only as a place of refuge or as the field upon which to obtain for themselves and those depending upon them that subsistence which had been made impossible in their own homesteads, but as the arena on which to meet and, if possible, to defeat their implacable antagonists, was but natural. And no less natural was it that at first.

and so long as they were unorganized, their freebooting should be accompanied by lawlessness. Indeed, what laws were they to obey? There was not a commander of these privateers, nor one of the meanest of their sailors, who had not been outlawed and driven from home and kindred for no reason but that of adherence to the Reformed religion. And then all about them there had been, and still were, abundant examples of lawless sea-roving. Privateering was a common resort in those days to which the disaffected or oppressed among maritime peoples turned. The unfortunate Earl of Bothwell, third husband of Mary Stuart, driven from Scotland, saw himself compelled to roam the seas and had already since 1567 been forced to repent of this choice of a livelihood in a Norwegian prison. The French under Condé, Chatillon and others had adopted the same course contemporaneously with the Netherlanders. But there was no need here of foreign examples. The past history of their country pointed the outlawed patriots to the sea as their only and abiding resource. Hollanders and Frisians, Zeelanders and Flemings had plowed the seas from the earliest times and had waged fierce battles upon it and upon their inland waters with each other or with foreign foes. No longer ago than 1520 Big Peter had died, one of their own privateers, the boldest of his time, and when the revolt of the Netherlands against Spain began there may easily have been still some old greybeards who in their youth had learned under Peter's flag the daring and enterprise with which in these later days to combat successfully the enemy of their religion and fatherland.

The bold freebooter here mentioned was nothing but a common Frisian farmer, but at the time of the civil wars in the northern provinces, during the reign of Maximilian of Austria, he had under his command no less than 150 vessels. With these he cleared the Zuyder Zee of all hostile ships and laid waste the coasts and plundered the cities of the Province of Holland. The Austrian governor made every effort to get the formidable partisan into his power; but each attempt proved fruitless. One day a number of soldiers, sent out to capture him, approached the place where he lived and, seeing a farmer ploughing in the field, asked him to point out the house of Big Peter. Stooping over first to take the iron with which he cleaned his ploughshare, this Dutch Cincinnatus raised himself to his full height and, pointing to a house close by, said: "There is where Big Peter lives, and here he stands before you. What do you want of him?" Then with the terrible weapon in his mighty fist he struck down the nearest of the Austrians, whereupon the rest took to their heels. The giant partisan leader after a life of warfare passed away peacefully at Sneek, where his tombstone may still be seen.

In estimating the character of these Beggars of the Sea the causes that produced both them and it must not be overlooked when their lives and acts pass under review. History has taken care to preserve for us in all the gloom of their coloring the causes that forced so many of the otherwise so peaceful inhabitants of the Netherlands into this wild life, that turned so many quiet burghers into the fiercest fighting men of modern times. More than ten thousand of the best citizens were

fugitives from home, kindred and possessions, penniless beggars robbed of their all, and, with a price set upon every head, forbidden to breathe the air. Thousands of their kindred and neighbors, too, were almost daily falling by the hands of the executioners appointed by the Bloody Council and by the Inquisition. William the Silent affirms that even before Alva's arrival more than fifty thousand of the people of the Netherlands had perished by the persecutions of Rome, and when that bloodthirsty butcher came the number was constantly augmented. Everywhere the agents of the iniquitous Inquisition were seizing, condemning, torturing and burning whom they could, or banishing and setting a price upon the heads of those whom they could not seize, at the same time filling the coffers of the miscalled Holy Office and of Spain with the proceeds of the forfeited fortunes and estates. Everywhere were seen gallows for hanging, racks for torturing, stakes for burning; everywhere the most pitiful scenes of suffering and cruelties were exhibited, accompanied by the tears and wailings of women and children. On every road could be met widows and orphans bereft of husbands and fathers; helpless women and maidens were wandering wretchedly through fields and forests fleeing from the insults and abuse of a beastly, brutal, libidinous soldiery. Nowhere, either, appeared prospect of deliverance; no single ray of hope anywhere penetrated their darkness; every moment of life was shrouded in despair. Is it any wonder that the fathers, husbands, and sons that could escape this constant terror and outrage should seek for a refuge and means of vengeance, if it might not be of deliverance, on the

sea, the only field open to them; or that many should there show their sympathy for these hapless exiles and join them in seeking to glut their vengeance upon the common foe? Or, again, is it surprising that these, so driven from home and hearthstone, these innocently outlawed, carrying with them the daily, hourly remembrance of their own cruel wrongs and of the agonies of their loved ones on the excruciating rack or the blazing stake, should have become the pitiless foes of all that wore the cassock or bore the badge of Spain? In character, indeed, they were very far from saintly; but they were also equally far from laying claim to anything of the sort. The noble Beggars, with the exception of William the Silent, against whose noble life even his enemies could bring no charge, and that Dutch Bayard, Marnix of St. Aldegonde, were nearly all men of wholly intemperate lives, fond of noisy revelry, extravagant in act and coarse in habits and speech. But this belonged to the times; these were common vices and such as, in their grossness at least, have disappeared among the same class only in our own times; if, indeed, they have disappeared. And if these beggars among the nobles were rude, it could not be otherwise than that the lower and rougher class, composing most of the Beggars of the Sea, should be coarse, vulgar and reckless. And their sea-roving and freebooting life would only increase these characteristics. At first, in most instances, what was gained by the capture of some hostile vessels, instead of being contributed to the general welfare, was spent with all the customary reckless prodigality of sailors, and that intensified doubtless by the fact that they were often

reduced to the point of starvation. It went with them somewhat as Southey makes one of his characters express it in one of his Botany Bay Eclogues:

"And the hard battle won, if the prize be not sunk,
The captain gets rich and the sailors get drunk."

To their lasting honor it may be said, however, that none of the Beggar captains ever enriched himself with the booty taken. Whatever was obtained was shared alike or applied to the needs of all. It must not be forgotten, either, that nearly every evil feature with which they are depicted was drawn by enemies. One virtue, at least, they did not lack, absolute and utter fearlessness; they trembled before neither man nor devil. Their hatred to the Church that so cruelly oppressed and so ruthlessly persecuted them was indicated by the device and mottoes they wore on their hats; on the one side a half moon with the legend, "Rather Turk than Papist;" on the other side, "En despit de la mes," "Down with the mass." Toward the priesthood they were animated with the most deadly hatred. They had seen this shaven and cowled fraternity exult with brutal ferocity in the agonies of their burning victims at the stake; they had seen them gloating over the writhing sufferers while extending to them the image of the divine Sufferer for man. When, therefore, any of these fell into the hands of the Beggars of the Sea it was but natural that their coarse natures should lead them to treat these priests rudely and even brutally, and that they should lay no restraint upon their desire for vengeance. And yet they were not always violent. A coarse humor is discovered at times in their

treatment of priests or of ecclesiastical utensils. Carolus, a bitter enemy of all that was called patriot or Reformed, tells of one of these freebooters, one Fokke Abels, a Frisian, "excelling," as he puts it, "the Turks in inhuman fury," who used on board of his ship no other drinking cups than the sacred chalices taken from the churches, and who had nailed a very costly monstrance to the top of his mast, to which he would point the priests that were captured by him, saying that however highly they might honor their holy of holies, the Beggars esteemed it still more highly, and, therefore, they had elevated it on the highest point of their vessel.

These Beggars of the Sea, however, were far from being mere piratical plunderers. They did, indeed, often plunder monasteries and churches and held priests for ransom; they were ever eager to glut their vengeance on all that were Spanish or sided with Spain. To them all was hostile ground over which the Spanish flag floated; the faithful having been either destroyed or banished, all that were left to pursue their course unmolested were from that very fact regarded as adherents of Alva and Rome; and against both of these the Beggars had drawn the sword. There came a time, however, when vengeance on and plundering of enemies was not their only aim. Many had placed before themselves a far nobler object, and one for which they were ultimately employed by the great William. For their country these sought deliverance from the oppressor; for themselves, the unrestricted profession of the Reformed religion. There is still extant the compact drawn up by some of their leaders, whose

names often appear in the accounts of their daring enterprises, in which they bind themselves to stake all for the destruction and annihilation of the Duke of Alva and his bloody minions; to introduce again the true Word of God and cause it to be proclaimed everywhere, and to recover the possession and enjoyment of the lands and liberties of their fathers, of which they had been so cruelly robbed. Among their number there were also not a few lofty and noble souls, and some whose education and tastes had fitted them for a far different life, some of whom were capable of expressing themselves in not inelegant Latin verse.

The vessels of these Dutch privateers were not of such size or character as would promise the performance of great deeds. Some of them were fair-sized merchantmen, taken from the enemy by some daring exploit, or purchased with what money a few of the exiles had been able to rescue from the grasp of the foe or that had been contributed by some sympathizing friends. Their ships were equipped with a few cannon and otherwise armed and manned as far as possible for privateering. The most, however, were two-masted fishing-smacks or schooners of from 40 to 240 tons burden, such as were used on the North Sea. To these were later added a number of caravels, sloops, barges, and even rowboats, like those used on the inland waters. Such were the insignificant vessels with which these daring rebels harried their strong and haughty foe, with which they captured his cities and defeated his fleets; these formed the nucleus out of which grew those formidable armaments with which

Holland later subdued nations and held the empire of the ocean.

And, whether no one reflected that the naval power of Spain might annihilate them in an instant, whether they too confidently supposed that they could always find a safe retreat from pursuit in some English, French, or other foreign port not Spanish; whether they relied on the indolence of the Spaniards at sea and their contempt for all the efforts of the rebels, the bold Beggars sallied forth from almost every port of the northern provinces, traversing the rivers, estuaries, and the open sea constantly and plundering whatever ship of the enemy they could seize. And if the sea afforded no spoil or means of subsistence they made no conscience of seeking these along the coasts or in the inland districts. The inexplicable indolence of Philip and his lieutenants in the Netherlands, so far as any maritime enterprise was concerned, who seemed scarcely to pay any attention to these freebooters, caused them to increase most rapidly till they forced the haughty Castilian to recognize and dread their prowess.

The narration of a few of their exploits will give a sufficient idea of the service rendered by these Beggars of the Sea to the nascent Dutch Republic, and with it to the world. The most important of these, as it was that which gave to the Dutch patriots the first secure footing against their mighty foe, was the taking of the city of Briel, on April 1, 1572. About the middle of March of that year there was lying at Dover, England, a fleet of these privateers, under the joint command of Lumey and Treslong, having as captains Van

Haaren, Worst, and others whose names gained renown in the great struggle. Suddenly a royal order from Queen Elizabeth forced them to leave this port without allowing them time to purchase the provisions and ammunition of which they stood in direst need. Pressed by imperative necessity they entered the North Sea in search of a haven. One of the captains, Jacob Simonson de Ryk, now urged the commanders to attempt something that should be of lasting advantage to the fatherland. And he was not alone in this; most of his fellow-commanders and even many among the sailors were eager to strike some blow that the foe should feel and which might advance the common cause. But whither should these outlawed rovers turn the prow to this end? Some were for attacking Enkhuyzen, on the Zuyder Zee; others to make an attempt on Texel. A higher power decided for them. Soon after leaving the English coast a fleet of armed Spanish merchantmen hove in sight. With this they engaged in fierce battle, the result of which was the capture from the enemy of a richly laden ship, in which, besides the lading of spices, they found two chests of money. Shortly thereafter they captured another large Spanish vessel, destined like the former for Antwerp. Both of these were at once fitted out for war, while their lading was distributed over the fleet. Now the wind turned and led them into the neighborhood of the Meuse, which river they determined to enter, not in order then to make an attempt on any city, but for the capture of some merchant vessels which they had learned were anchored near Briel. Though they had made much booty in the recent captures, this had not lessened the

distress prevailing in the fleet; the spices taken were somewhat too hot for the stomachs even of the Beggars, while the Spanish doubloons were too hard for their teeth to be capable of being used as food. And the scarcity in the fleet was so great that one of the two vessels composing the van had nothing fit to eat on board but part of a cheese, while the other had absolutely nothing. It became imperative, therefore, to enter some port to revictual. One of the commanders, Treslong, had lived in Briel, and it is not at all unlikely that the idea of seeking to supply their wants by taking that city originated with him. The merchantmen toward which the Beggars were steering fled at sight of them and escaped to Rotterdam. Meanwhile the wind had changed again, blowing now strongly from the northwest, thus preventing a return to sea, There thus the patriot fleet lay, incapable of action, while hunger and want became momentarily more pressing. In addition to this the Spanish commander, Bossu, at the nearby city of Utrecht, had been apprised of their approach, and had already made preparation for their capture or destruction. With the enemy thus in front of them and the North Sea in their rear, to be entered, if at all, with a contrary wind, and with crews weakened by hunger, there remained but one thing to be attempted, not only of value to the cause, but for their own relief: Briel must be taken.

The Beggar fleet consisted of about twenty-six vessels, carrying a force of possibly 1,200 men, while the city toward the capture of which they were about to steer was a strongly fortified town. As they were about to hoist sail a boat carrying some passengers,

and rowed by John Koppelstock, came into view. At sight of the fleet the passengers anxiously asked what ships these might be. "The Beggars of the Sea," answered the ferryman, who was acquainted with their flag and may have had some inkling of their designs. On hearing this dreaded name the passengers begged to be rowed back to their place of departure, which, being done, the ferryman hastened to the fleet and inquired for his townsman Treslong. The latter took Koppelstock to Lumey, who at once discovered in the boatman the man that could help them to get into the city. With Treslong's signet ring as his letter of credit (there was no time for writing letters) Koppelstock presented himself before the city fathers and in the name of the Beggars demanded that messengers be sent with him to the fleet to treat with Lumey and Treslong about the surrender of the city, saying that they would have nothing to fear, as the fleet had come to deliver them from the yoke of Alva and Spain. With equal boldness he asserted that the fleet carried a force of 5,000 men, and was perfectly able to capture the town or lay it in ashes. After some hesitation two men were found willing to risk themselves among the Beggars. While this was going on, however, Lumey had already landed with some of his impatient men and met the deputies as they were leaving the city. Humbly these listen to the demand for the town's surrender within the next two hours. Meanwhile more of the crews had landed, and, impatient for action, were beginning to rush with flying standards toward the town. The sight of this and the short time given for deliberation filled the inhabitants with dread and,

while the Beggars rush to the North Gate, the citizens fled through the South Gate. But there they were met by Treslong and his men and were driven back. Fretting at the delay at the North Gate, which they had no cannon to batter down, the Beggars piled kegs of powder and other combustibles against it, poured pitch and tar over them, and set fire to the mass. Others, for whom even this seemed too slow, find a mast, and, notwithstanding the flame and smoke, succeed in battering down part of the gate. Through the opening thus made they rush to the ramparts, the South Gate, too, is opened by the terrified citizens, and from both sides the bold sea-rovers stream into the town. Thus, on the evening of April 1, 1572, between eight and nine o'clock, the first real footing was obtained by the revolted Netherlands; and thus, by the Beggars of the Sea, was the first stone laid on which was to rise the noble edifice of the Dutch Republic. The whole number engaged in the capture of Briel was barely 250 men; nor was a single life lost on either side in the capture. The city had been stormed and taken with the shedding of scarcely a drop of blood. Nor was any of the private citizens harmed in person or property after the capture. The Burgomaster, however, was compelled to surrender the money derived from the tax on wine, and the city treasurer to hand over 6,000 florins; but these moneys were part of the treasuries of Alva's government, and, therefore, lawful booty. With the dawn of the next morning there was a general rush for the churches and monasteries, where some of the priests suffered the vengeance sworn by the Beggars against their persecutors; but

the attack on the ecclesiastical buildings had for its main object the procuring of clothing for the almost naked bodies of the sailors. Whenever an article of dress belonging to the priests or monks was found it was instantly made to cover the body of some Beggar. Some of them sent by Treslong shortly thereafter to help in the capture of Flushing were all clad in the hooded cloaks of monks. They must have cut a singular figure, those brawny, weather-beaten sea-dogs, in the priestly cowls and cassocks!

Briel had been taken; but could the Beggars hold it? Would Bossu leave those contemptible buccaneers, as he regarded them, in undisputed possession of so important a place? His troops at Utrecht had mutinied, but order and discipline were restored, and, crossing the Meuse with a fleet, the Spaniards landed a few miles above Briel. Leaving their vessels anchored in a small estuary, the troops disembarked and set out to recapture the city. But in the neighboring orchards a part of the Beggars were lying in ambush. As Bossu's veterans approached they were suddenly and fiercely attacked. For a time the issue was more than doubtful, for the handful of patriots had yet to be divided. A part went off with Treslong with the intention of burning Bossu's ships, and of thus cutting off the retreat of the Spaniards. While these were gone the few remaining Beggars were forced to give way, though only foot by foot, when one of their number, the town carpenter, formed the bold design of cutting the sluice gates of the dyke that kept the waters from the tract of land on which the fight was going on. Taking an axe between his teeth he swam to the gates

and, amid a hail of shot, hewed them in pieces, and returned in safety to his comrades. Then the waters, from of old both the foe and the friend of the Dutch, came pouring over the flats and compelled the Spaniards to seek firmer footing on the dykes. One of these dykes led to the South Gate, which they hoped to take by surprise. But on their way the Spaniards beheld the smoke of their burning vessels, while they themselves were received with terrific volleys from the gate. Beaten back they fled toward their burning ships, but as they turned they were met by the foe they had left in their rear and were either impaled on their pikes or hurled or forced to leap into the billows. Few were they that carried to Bossu the story of their unlooked-for and terrible defeat. So then the first permanent foothold for the liberties of Holland had been won and kept. The Beggars of the Sea had shown that with united effort and unswerving fidelity to each other and to the fatherland they could do more than capture merchantmen or plunder churches and villages. Though inexperienced in warfare on land, they yet had defeated Spanish veterans, the best soldiers of Europe at that time; they had performed deeds which inspired courage into the hearts and strengthened the hands of their compatriots, and which filled these with a determination to stand immovable in the cause of fatherland and liberty.

In the same week that Briel was taken the Beggars made themselves masters of Flushing, a much stronger and more important port and up to recent date called "the key of Holland"; and this was immediately followed by the surrender to Prins William of two other sea-

ports in the province of Zeeland. But of still greater consequence was the surrender, on May 2, of the city of Enkhuysen, at that time a strong seaport and the key to the Zuyder Zee. This was followed in rapid succession by the surrender of a number of other cities, so that in a few months William saw himself at the head of several provinces and a large number of cities determined to force both Philip and Rome to recognize their rights. But as this is not an account of the struggles of the Republic as a whole, but simply of the Beggars of the Sea, a few more of the latters' most notable exploits must conclude this chapter.

Three weeks after the capture of Briel, on May 22, a battle took place on the waters of Zeeland between a Spanish fleet and that of the Beggars in which the Spaniards were taught that, on the water at least, the motto of the Dutch patriots was victory or death. An act of splendid heroism marked this engagement. One patriot ship, that of Sebastian de Lange, got aground and was at once attacked by four of the enemy's vessels. As the Spaniards came alongside of De Lange they pored in their men from every side. But to the amazement of friend and foe De Lange maintained the unequal contest till, seeing that his friends could not come to his assistance on account of the shallows and that his few remaining men were utterly exhausted, at the very moment that the enemy sent up exultant shouts of victory, he set fire to the powder magazine, sending both his own and the four hostile vessels to destruction, the first act of the kind on record, but one often followed thereafter by Dutch

naval heroes. This decided the battle and gave the victory to the Beggars.

About three weeks after this, on the 10th of June, the fleet of Don Juan de la Cerda, Duke of Medina Celi, who had been appointed Regent in the place of Alva, came sailing up the Scheldt. It consisted of 50 vessels, and had on board, besides sailors, 2,000 Spanish troops commanded by Romero. Unaware that Flushing was in the hands of the Beggars of the Sea, and cherishing an utter contempt for these privateers, Don Juan sailed on toward Antwerp. But he soon found that the hand of revolt had become as strong as it was bold. In the neighborhood of Blankenberg his fleet was attacked by twelve small vessels under the able and daring Worst and the brothers Joost and John de Moor, who took hold of the Spaniards with such fury that they drove them pell-mell before them. The Duke and Romero, favored by the tide, found refuge at Sluis. Another part of the Spanish fleet got aground on a sand bank; of this division a number were either taken or burned, while another part, under Ulloa, was also put to flight. This victory furnished the revolted provinces with the sinews of war of which they stood so sorely in need. In one of the captured vessels De Moor's men found 30 bags of silver coin, all of which were handed over to William's representative, while the entire booty amounted to 500,000 florins. The captured vessels were added to the fleet of the Beggars, thus making them still more formidable. A victory this which made the Spaniards ever after dread the name of Zeelander, for it was the Beggars of the Sea from

that province mainly who had performed this magnificent exploit, as they were afterwards chiefly instrumental in the deliverance of Leyden. The Zeeland Beggars had, indeed, generally been more successful than those of Holland and Friesland and had, in 1573, defeated two fleets sent by Avila for the relief of Middelburg, besieged by the troops of Prince William and bravely defended by Mondragon. This success of their compatriots aroused the emulation of the Frisians, and an opportunity was speedily granted them to show that they were no less brave and daring. Bossu, the Spanish commander, had prepared a fleet of 30 vessels and manned them with 1,300 soldiers in addition to the sailors. This fleet, under his own command, sailed from Amsterdam on October 3, 1573, to find the Frisian fleet under Cornelius Dirksson on the Zuyder Zee. Bossu, who carried long-range cannon, did his best to damage his enemy from a distance; Dirksson, on the other hand, only manœuvred to come to close quarters. Thus they turned about each other for several days until, on October 11, the real fight began. Dirksson succeeded in clamping the Spanish admiral's ship on board, which bore that hated name "The Inquisition," in which he was assisted by two other vessels. Fiercely fighting these four floated down stream, when Bossu's vessel got aground. Meanwhile the Frisians had already captured six of the enemy's ships and the Spanish vice-admiral had taken flight. Bossu, however, continued to defend himself with right knightly courage and did not leave his post at the mainmast from which he calmly gave his orders. The combat raged through-

out the long night. When day broke, John Haring, that Dutch Horatius, who early that same year on the Diemer Dyk had single handed kept at bay a thousand Spaniards, climbing up the mainmast of The Inquisition, hauled down the admiral's flag; but as he was coming down with it a shot fired through a hatchway pierced his heart, rendering his splendid heroism here in vain. Early in the afternoon, after a continuous fight of twenty-eight hours, Bossu surrendered with 300 of his men, while his ships were either destroyed, taken, or scattered, and at least three-fourths of his crew were either killed or disabled.

When Alva was succeeded by Requescens the latter's first move was another attempt for the relief of Middelburg, which the Zeelanders had now been besieging for a year and a half. Requescens, who had seen service on board the royal galleys and had thus better knowledge of seamanship than Alva, and who partly for this reason had been chosen to succeed the latter, seemed eager to prove the justice of the choice. To this end he ordered a mighty fleet, which Alva had before collected at Antwerp, to sail from that port to the assistance of Mondragon at Middelburg. Thirty large ships, under command of d'Avila, were to sail down the Scheldt to the island of Walcheren, there to unite with seventy smaller vessels which were to come from Bergen-op-Zoom under command of the Lord of Glimes. Instantly Prince William ordered all the vessels of the Beggars of the Sea to collect at Flushing. Near Reimerswaal this fleet, sailing with a northwest wind, met that of Glimes. Romero, who was one of the commanders, wanted Glimes to attack at once in

order to give d'Avila an opportunity to go on with his fleet to Middelburg; but the latter let the chance pass and anchored his fleet at Breskens, opposite Flushing. Glimes had rightly objected to Romero that it was contrary to all naval warfare to begin a fight when it would be necessary, as was the case then, constantly to tack, and when the tide was down; but when it seemed that Romero ascribed his reluctance to fear he gave in, contenting himself with the remark that the result would show who was right. The battle began on the 29th of January, 1574. The Beggars' fleet was commanded by Boisot. There had been a dispute on board his flagship whether the men should be kept on deck ready at the first chance to board the enemy, or down below till after the first broadside. The first plan was followed at the insistence of the battle-hungry Zeelanders, with the almost disastrous result that Glimes, seeing so many men crowding Boisot's deck, turned sooner than the latter had expected and poured in a murderous fire by which many were killed and Boisot himself lost an eye. The Spaniards took advantage of the momentary confusion and jumped on board; but here they were met with such desperate resistance that they had to abandon the hope of capturing the Dutch admiral. Now throughout the fleets the fight was carried on hand to hand and foot to foot. The heroic deed of John Haring on the flagship of Bossu a few months before was followed here with better success by a Jasper Leensson, who tore the flag from the Spanish admiral's maintop and brought it on board of Boisot's ship. Hereupon Romero hoisted the Admiral's flag

on his own vessel and entered Boisot's on the other side, but was driven back with fearful loss. Romero himself only found safety by swimming to the neighboring island of Tholen, where he was received by Requescens, who had been an impatient witness of the defeat of his mighty fleet. Glimes's ship stranded, and he himself, after a stubborn defense, was slain and his ship given to the flames. Eight other vessels were taken by the Beggars, every soul on them thrown overboard, and the ships with their armaments carried to Flushing. D'Avila succeeded in getting back to Antwerp with the remnant of his fleet, while Mondragon, giving up all hope of relief, surrendered Middelburg to the patriot troops.

Such were some of the exploits of these daring Dutch privateers and patriots of the 16th century. To them as the source must be traced the energy, enterprise, and daring of this geographically so insignificant Holland, qualities that won for it so many conquests in Asia, Africa, and America; from them sprang the great explorers Barends and Heemskerk, Tasman, and Van Diemen, the Tromps, Evertsens, and De Ruyters, unsurpassed sailors and naval heroes; from some of them descended the conquerors of Java and Sumatra, of Guinea and the Cape of Good Hope, of the land of the Amazon and of Brazil. To them must be traced the impulse that led to the founding of the East and West India Companies, which poured such abundant wealth into the treasuries of Holland and into the coffers of its burghers. To them, under God, it was largely owing that the Seven United Provinces, the Dutch Republic, became at one time the

equal of the mightiest nations on the globe. But higher praise than even this must be given them. Had the Netherlands failed at that time in their struggle against Spain, Protestantism might have been utterly crushed out, and but for the Beggars of the Sea such failure would have been almost certainly inevitable. But as the glorious issue of the mighty struggle of Holland with Spain infused the spirit of liberty and raised the standard of manhood everywhere, the results of which have not even yet reached their highest point, it is not too much to say that these, too, the rights and liberties enjoyed by us here and now, are the outcome of the heroic deeds of these Beggars of the Sea.

JACOB VAN HEEMSKERK.
Admiraal.

A. Schouman del. J. Houbraken fec.

JACOB VAN HEEMSKERK.

BIRTH AND TRAINING—EXPEDITIONS IN SEARCH OF NORTH EAST PASSAGE TO INDIA—WINTERING ON NOVA ZEMBLA—VICTORIOUS BATTLE IN THE EAST INDIES—HEROISM OF REINIER CLAESSENS—UNSELFISH PATRIOTISM—EXPEDITION TO GIBRALTAR—DESTRUCTION OF SPANISH FLEET—WONDERFUL PRESERVATION OF CAPTIVES—DEATH OF HEEMSKERK—FINDING OF CRUEL EDICT OF PHILIP I.—INFLUENCE OF THE VICTORY.

Amsterdam, the Venice of the North, has many a claim to be reckoned among the cities of historic renown, not the least of which is that of its being the birthplace of one of the greatest heroes of the eighty years' war against Spain, Jacob van Heemskerk. Unlike most of the great sea captains of the Holland of that day, he belonged to a family of wealth and position. The name is found as early as 1220, and in 1436 one of his ancestors was knighted by Joanna of Bavaria, at that time regentess of the Netherlands. Even before the government of the Austrian Counts the Lords of Heemskerk settled in the neighborhood of Haarlem, where their ancestral house is said still to be standing, bearing the name of Marquette. Other members of the family, more inclined to a mercantile life, settled in Amsterdam, where many of them became members of the city government and sought by their wealth to extend the commerce and advance the welfare of the fatherland. Here, where his father was

one of the merchant princes, Jacob van Heemskerk was born on March 12 of the memorable year 1567, the year in which the Duke of Alva was sent by Philip the Second of Spain with an army of Spanish veterans to root out Protestantism and to completely crush the spirit of liberty in the Netherlands. Immediately upon his arrival in the ill-fated country Alva began a course of such relentless and bloody persecution as no people ever suffered before or since, and which lasted for six long years. But even his strong and merciless rule proved utterly incapable of either destroying the spirit of liberty and patriotism in the people of the Netherlands or of daunting their courage, so that at the end of the six years he returned to Spain utterly baffled and defeated, his great military fame almost totally eclipsed, and bearing with him the name of the bloody Duke, a name to be forever execrated, like that of the pitiless Torquemada or the relentless Jeffreys.

The boy Van Heemskerk grew up thus amid scenes of persecution and suffering, not a day passing in which he might not hear some tale of cruel outrage committed by the oppressors of his countrymen or of the dauntless heroism of the oppressed.

The training given him was intended to fit him thoroughly for some position in his father's counting-house and so that ultimately he might be placed at the head of all the business of the concern. But, like so many others of his young countrymen, the lad had heard the siren voice of the sea, which made him impatient of the humdrum life of an office. Many a time, as he listened to the stirring stories of adventure

by sea or in far-distant lands told by the captains or crews of his father's vessels, or to the still more exciting stories of reckless daring and heroism told by the Beggars of the Sea, his young eye would glisten and his heart beat with the eager desire to imitate those bold rovers of the deep and that he, too, might do something of moment in the great struggle. But he grew up to young manhood without having his earnest longing gratified. When he had become of age, however, his father seemed willing that he should accompany some vessel on a voyage to the East. But in those days of stress and trouble in the Netherlands it was no easy matter to send out ships to the East or West Indies to fetch thence the rich and varied products of those regions, or even to trade with the countries along the Baltic. The waters of the latter and of the North Sea were fairly alive with privateers lying in wait particularly for Dutch merchantmen, so that if their vessels would traverse those seas with any hope of safety they were compelled to be armed like men-of-war and even then to be combined into fleets. But, besides the fact that the arming and equipping of such ships for warlike defense entailed very great expense, their combination into a fleet was very often impracticable both because of the want of unanimity among the owners and of their often widely varying interests. The voyage to China and the East was accompanied with still greater danger to the Dutch vessels than to the ports of the Baltic, for they could not reach those latitudes except by passing the coasts of Spain and Portugal, where the great Spanish galleons were constantly on the watch to attack

and capture them and either to murder their crews in cold blood or condemn them to the worse fate of the galleys. Again and again, instead of richly laden craft returning safely to port, the merchants of Holland had the bitter experience of learning of the capture of their ships and the murder or enslavement of their crews by the hated Spaniards. Many of them, therefore, however eager for gain, hesitated long before risking money in the hazardous venture of sending out any ships whether east or west, north or south.

In the discussions to which this experience gave rise among the merchants the question had often been asked whether a passage to the East Indies and China might not be found by some other route than that leading past the coasts of Spain. And this question was constantly before the mind of young Heemskerk, so that the more he pondered it the more he became possessed with the idea that somewhere along the northern coast of Europe a passage might be found that would lead east and south, and by which the lands of the eastern continent might be reached without the hazard to which the customary route was exposed. There were but few of his countrymen who shared this belief, however, the larger number considering the finding of such a passage utterly beyond the range of probability. No one, they said, had ever been able to get farther than Greenland and to the hither edge of the sea of perpetual ice. Captain William Barendsz, indeed, had made the voyage thither twice at a cost of four hundred thousand florins, but only to be turned back by the impenetrable barrier of the frozen sea. Why then

make another attempt equally expensive and full of peril and likely to be as unsuccessful as the other two? But Heemskerk had talked with Barendsz and found him, notwithstanding his former failures, as eager as ever to go in quest of the coveted northeast passage. With his aid Heemskerk met every objection and finally succeeded in winning over to his views several merchants and in inducing them to fit out another expedition to search for the new route to China. One argument he used in his plea weighed more with his cautious townsmen than any other, viz., how confounded Spain and its king would be if once the rich products of the East were brought to market in Amsterdam without the possibility of Spanish interference.

With the money contributed by the merchants of his native city, in which his own family bore no small share, he fitted out and equipped a fleet of seven vessels. These were altogether too insignificant, as it would now appear, for a voyage of discovery in the regions of eternal ice, the largest being nothing more than a cutter of one hundred tons. When the size of the vessels and their destination are taken into consideration, the venture seems even bolder than that of Columbus and his three caravels. Though small they were thoroughly fitted out and provisioned, besides being armed for defense against possible attacks by privateers while crossing the North Sea.

The little fleet sailed from Texel July 2, 1595. William Barendsz was in chief command, Heemskerk being captain of the Greyhound. He was now in his twenty-ninth year, a man full of courage and with an

unswerving reliance upon God. Seventeen days after they started they reached the island of Waïgatz, where they hoped to find the desired passage that should carry them on eastward till China and the other lands of the East were reached. But instead of open water they found nothing but ice, sometimes stretching in unbroken fields as far as the eye could reach, then again in mountainous masses of varied form that came floating towards them threatening ruin and destruction. To add to their peril a thick fog arose that became daily more and more dense, till it was impossible at times to distinguish one another on the decks of even their small vessels. At other times the ice would pack itself so tightly about them that the men were compelled to ply their axes constantly to keep the ships from being crushed. Once, as the fog lifted, one of the men on the lookout reported open water; but it was so far off that they could not reach it through the surrounding masses of ice, while even that open sea seemed also soon to be covered with one continuous floe. A more cheering discovery was made one day when the lookout reported that he saw land with people on it. This, after great difficulty, they succeeded in reaching, and was doubtless the lower part of Greenland. Heemskerk and Barendsz with a few men went on shore, and having pacified the natives, who at first fled at the approach of the white men, and won their good will by the offer of some trinkets and food, they learned from them by means of signs that if they would sail farther north they would find an open sea; at least that was what the Hollanders understood them to mean. The sailors

who had come ashore had meanwhile discovered what seemed to them veritable mountains of diamonds, and they were so importunate in their request to be allowed to go ashore and gather the treasure that leave was at last given them, though their commanders felt quite sure that they were going on a wild goose chase. They had no weapons but axes, and as they were busy breaking off the beautiful shining crystals that fairly covered the rocks they were suddenly attacked by some white bears which killed and dragged off two of their number while the rest in all haste fled to the ships. Obtaining firearms here they returned to avenge their comrades, but only succeeded in killing one bear, which they skinned and cut up, using what was eatable of him as a not unacceptable addition to their common bill of fare. All desire on the part of the sailors for gathering any more of the supposed diamonds, however, was gone, and, worse, they became mutinous and utterly refused to go farther. As they were seconded in this by several officers of the different vessels, no amount of persuasion and no exercise of authority had any effect on the men; they had had all the experience of the icy sea they wanted, and Barendsz and Heemskerk were compelled to return, bringing home nothing but the one bearskin and a few specimens of rock-crystal, the beggarly result of the costly expedition.

Heemskerk's disappointment at this failure, great as it was, neither discouraged him nor moved him from his purpose. He still maintained that there must be a northeast passage to the eastern continent. Had he lived in our day he would have been able to

sustain his opinion with much stronger arguments than those drawn from the geographical knowledge of his own day. He did not base his belief upon his own geographical researches, however, but also upon what he had learned in the preceding voyage from the Samoyedes of Greenland. He was determined not to give up until it should be demonstrated beyond a doubt that success was impossible. Again, therefore, he went from one to another, sought out every personage of influence, trying to imbue his fellow-townsmen with his own convictions and to gain them over to the fitting out of another expedition. But if this were difficult at his first undertaking, now that he had met with such apparently signal failure nearly every ear was closed to him. All pointed contemptuously to the musty bearskin and the beggarly crystals as all that he could show as the result of his first voyage. But Heemskerk persisted, and, going higher, at last succeeded by his eloquence and arguments in inducing the States General to offer a premium of 24,000 florins to any one who should discover a passage by way of the north to China. This was effective. Ambitious enterprise was awakened, and as there were plenty of merchants in Amsterdam eager to extend their commerce at less hazard than that incurred by the usual route, a sufficient sum was collected to prepare two vessels fully equipped and provided in every way with all that was then known to be needed to spend the winter amid the northern ice, if that should be necessary. The two ships were commanded respectively by William Barendsz and Cornelius Ryp,

while Heemskerk was in charge of the whole expedition.

The present voyage was begun on May 10, 1596, but even before the end of the month the battle with the ice already began. Ryp soon became discouraged at the apparently hopeless attempt and, turning back, left Heemskerk and Barendsz to find the passage to China alone. The crew of their own vessel were stimulated to persevere by the assurance that if they would abide by the ship they would surely succeed in reaching the East, and theirs would be the honor of being the first to open the northeast passage to the commerce of Holland and the world. But once more Heemskerk was to be disappointed. For three long months they drifted rather than sailed about the Arctic Ocean without finding the open water they were seeking so eagerly. In whatever direction they steered, everywhere they were checked by the ice, which day by day became heavier, till at last it was utterly impossible to proceed. The ship seemed as if riveted to the solid ice, and nothing remained but to spend the winter in those dreary regions. They had been carried to the northern coast of Nova Zembla. Not only were they hemmed in by the ice, which frequently pressed with such force against the ship that her very sides cracked, but once the upper part of a great berg broke off so near them as to threaten to crush the vessel. The terrible din made by the avalanche of ice caused the sailors to imagine that the world was coming to an end. Nothing now could prevail upon the crew to remain on board. Heemskerk therefore made them build a substantial hut on

the barren island, where, at least, they would be safer than in their frail vessel.

They made the hut as solid and tight as possible, every cranny and crevice being stopped and the whole covered inside with sailcloth. The roof was made strong and sloping so as to be able to bear the great weight of snow that was likely to fall, and on its top an open cask was securely fixed to serve at once as chimney and airshaft. Along the inner sides of the hut they built sixteen bunks, rising one above another, after the manner of the berths on board the ship. As the days shortened the cold increased in intensity. The clothing that had been brought from Holland, although much heavier than that usually worn in their part of Europe, was utterly inadequate to protect them against the severe temperature they now had to endure, so that they were more than glad when they had shot some polar bears whose pelts served them for clothing by day and for sleeping bags at night.

Though those days were wearisome enough to those hapless Hollanders, they were not spent in idle murmuring and complaining. As often as the weather permitted they went out to hunt the Arctic fox and the white bear, with the latter of which they more than once had some dangerous encounters, but whose meat, cooked in one form or another, proved a most acceptable substitute for the salt junk that was frozen hard in the barrels. The melted grease served them instead of tallow for the manufacture of candles. By the light of these they would sit around the fire either repeating tales of the sea or of the sufferings of them-

selves or their families from their bitter persecutors, or reading and discussing some portion of the Bible whose words gave them solace and hope.

With the 4th of November the sun, whose visits had daily become shorter and shorter, entirely ceased to appear, and now came the darkness of the long unbroken winter night. And yet they lost neither hope nor courage. Heemskerk diverted his men in one way or other, either by keeping their minds occupied in some instructive way or their hands so busy as to leave them no time to brood over their condition. When Christmas and New Year came, they did not forget the customs of their fatherland, but celebrated these feasts with all the zest possible to men in their condition. Twelfth Night, or the Feast of the Epiphany, called by the Dutch the Feast of the Three Kings, was made a day of special hilarity. On this occasion they baked a cake in which a bean had been hidden, according to the national custom, and he who got the piece containing the bean was made king for the day. They even tried to forget their troubles on that day by engaging in a dance dressed as they were in the skins of the clumsy denizens of the North, which caused many a laugh at the odd figure each presented in his hirsute ball costume and at his all but graceful motions.

Meanwhile the cold was becoming more and more intense. Sometimes on awaking in the morning, or what, according to their reckoning, ought to be the morning, their beards were frozen to the bed-clothes and the bread and meat were so hard that the one could only be broken with a hammer and the other cut

with an axe. The wine even, of which they had a cask in the cabin, was frozen solid, and when chopped out and melted was found to have lost all its virtue. Scurvy also made its dreaded appearance among the men, the sufferings caused by which could not be alleviated. To all this privation and distress the gallant Barendsz finally succumbed. The present was his fourth voyage in search of a northeast passage, but amid the ice that he had so manfully braved and through which he had hoped to find a way that should be of special benefit to the commerce of his native land, he shut his eyes in death on the very day that the kindly eye of the sun once more smiled upon his companions.

With the return of daylight the weather began slowly to moderate, the snow ceased to fall and the pressure of the ice gradually diminished. Every man was set to work to free the ship from the ice, after which it was thoroughly overhauled and once more made seaworthy. Whatever remained in the hut that could still be of service was taken out and put on board. Heemskerk, still strong in his belief, had bated not one jot of hope that the looked-for way to China would yet be found. But there was no one among his men that any longer shared either his hope or belief; they persistently refused to go aboard and work the ship unless assured that he would steer straight for their native coasts. There was nothing for it but to give in to the men, though Heemskerk himself would still freely have staked his life on the ultimate success of the undertaking. The ice did not permit them to leave Nova Zembla, however, till

the 14th of June, 1597, when they entered upon their return voyage, carrying with them the body of the intrepid Barendsz. On the 19th of the following October, after an absence of one year, five months and nine days, they once more set foot in Amsterdam.

The passage to the East through the ice-bound waters of the North had not been found, indeed, yet all honored the brave Heemskerk who for the advancement of science and the advantage of his fatherland had exposed himself to so many hardships and perils. From every quarter of Europe merchants and men of science came to see the daring navigator and to discuss with him the subject that had led him to enter upon his great undertaking. Many have since followed him in exploring the polar sea and have penetrated much farther than he through the icy barrier, some, like Sir John Franklin and his men, giving their lives in the attempt; but to Heemskerk belongs, with Barendsz, the honor of being the pioneer in the heroic endeavor to make the frozen North give a passageway to commerce. A few years ago an Englishman, C. Gardenier, safely traversed the Kara Sea in his steam yacht, the Glowworm, and, landing on the northern end of Nova Zembla, found there the remains of the winter quarters of Barendsz and Heemskerk. He recovered here also a number of interesting relics of those Dutch navigators, among which was a still legible manuscript record of their experience there signed by both and inclosed in a powder horn. Mr. Gardenier generously presented all these mementoes to the Dutch government, which placed them in the national museum at Amsterdam, where

they form part of the contents of the hut made in exact imitation of that in which that long and bitter polar winter was passed.

A northeast passage to China and the East Indies was not to be found; the only way for the merchantmen of Holland to reach these eastern regions safely and securely would be through the defeated fleets of Spain or by her entire overthrow at sea. And Heemskerk was himself to be the man who should make the most glorious beginning in this undertaking.

Before entering upon this, however, he had been sent, some time after his return from his last fruitless expedition to the North, to the East Indies, in command of two small vessels whose united crews numbered not more than two hundred. With these he gained additional renown by the capture, after a terrific battle, of an immense carack or galleon manned with 800 fighting men. On this occasion he distinguished himself as much by his humane treatment of the captured enemies as by his heroism.

After this exploit nothing specially noteworthy is recorded of Heemskerk till he suddenly reaped immortal fame by the performance of a deed that may be classed as a near parallel to the great feat of our own Dewey in the Bay of Manila on May 1, 1898. On the afternoon of April 25, 1607, Heemskerk utterly destroyed a large Spanish fleet under the very guns of the great fortress of Gibraltar, then still a Spanish stronghold.

The year before, the incipient Dutch Republic had sent out a fleet under Admiral Hautain to lay for and capture the Spanish treasure fleet on its return from

the West Indies. But Hautain was not the man for such an undertaking; he came back without having accomplished anything. One of his captains, Reinier Claessens, however, was the hero of one of those marvelous exploits so common during the period of Holland's growing maritime power. Being cut off from the rest of the fleet, he, for two long days, sustained himself, single handed, against eight great Spanish galleons. At last, when his masts were all shot away and the Beggars' flag was nailed to the stump of the last remaining one, when only sixty of his crew were left alive, many of whom were almost utterly disabled by wounds, Claessens gathered his men around him on deck and there gave them the choice of surrender to the Spaniard Fayardo or of blowing up the ship. With one voice they voted for the latter. Then all kneeled down in prayer, beseeching God to pardon them for what they were about to do, after which the captain himself went down into the hold and put the match to the powder magazine. With the blaze and terrific crash of the exploding ship the haughty Dons learned once more the desperate courage of the sons of that young republic in which they were seeking to extinguish the spirit of manhood and independence.

Soon after Hautain's return a fleet was sent out again for the purpose of attacking and, with God's help, of defeating the Spaniards on whatever waters they might be found, in order thus to compel Philip II. to grant the republic favorable terms of peace. For the command of this fleet there was no one more fitting than the man whom the government unanimously selected, the already famous Jacob van Heemskerk. On this oc-

casion he gave proof that he was as unselfish in his patriotism as he had already shown himself great in skill and daring; for, when the command of this fleet was offered him, he only accepted on the condition that he should receive no salary, but simply an honorarium of 13 per cent. of the booty that he might bring home in excess of 500,000 florins.

The fleet set out from Texel about the beginning of April, 1607. At first it numbered only twenty-one vessels, including four transports. After entering the Channel, near the Isle of Wight, it was joined by nine more, so that now it numbered twenty-six men-of-war besides the transports. About the 10th of the month Heemskerk reached the Tagus and sent one of his ships, disguised as a merchantman, up the river to discover how much of a fleet the enemy had collected there. This ship returned with the news that a merchant fleet was getting ready, but that it would be some time before it could come down the river. From other vessels coming from the Strait of Gibraltar it was learned that a Spanish fleet, composed mainly of the heaviest galleons, was cruising in that neighborhood, lying in wait for any Dutch ships that might be coming down the Mediterranean. Instantly Heemskerk turned his course in that direction; but, the wind being contrary, the fleet made but slow progress. His first plan, indeed, had been to sail up the Tagus, in defiance of the forts about Lisbon, and to capture or destroy whatever Spanish ships might be found there. But when he learned of the near presence of the Spanish fleet of war, to attack and, if possible, destroy this seemed more in keeping with the honor and advantage of the father-

land as well as with the disposition of the other commanders of his fleet. Among these was the vice-admiral, Lambrecht Hendricks, a man of commanding stature and fine exterior, whom his sailors had dubbed "Handsome Lambert." He had fought against Spinola, and a couple of years before had made a name for himself in a desperate fight with a fleet of Dunkirk pirates. In this battle Lambert boldly laid his ship alongside of the pirate admiral, boarded it, and cutting down all that withstood him, forced the admiral and all his remaining crew to surrender. One of the ships in the present case under the immediate command of Handsome Lambert had for its captain Harpert Tromp, with whom was his little son, Marten, then only ten years old, and who there received his baptism of fire on the watery field where he afterwards was to become forever famous as Marten Harpertsz. Tromp. Another noted name among the captains of the fleet was that of Henry Janszoon of Amsterdam, also distinguished on account of his great stature, and therefore called by his men "Long Hank."

In the neighborhood of Cape St. Vincent Heemskerk fell in with a countryman, a skipper from Flushing, who had just come from the Strait and reported that he had been hemmed in the whole night by the Spanish fleet, but had managed to slip away as soon as day began to break. He also said that the Spanish fleet was evidently steering for Cadiz and seemed a great deal stronger than that of Heemskerk. To this, which the skipper had intended as a caution, the gallant admiral replied, "That does not trouble me in the least," and at once signaled his fleet to sail in the same direction as

that which the Spaniards were steering from the southward. There was no room for doubt that the fleet seen by the Flushing skipper was composed of the great men-of-war which had been reported before. Heemskerk, however, did not at once steer directly towards the Strait of Gibraltar, but entered the bight made by the Spanish and Portuguese coasts, in which the beautiful Guadalquivir empties. On the 24th of April they entered its mouth, opposite the little city of San Lucas. Nothing was to be seen here of the Spanish fleet. They ran, therefore, farther by the coast past Cadiz, which lies so picturesquely on a small island to the right of the entrance of the Bay of Gibraltar. The Dutch sailors must have looked with admiring gaze at the magnificent views which the shores there offer, with their charming valleys, the white houses embowered in splendid green, and the great blue mountain heights forming the magnificent background. But whatever they did see, the object they looked for most eagerly, the Spanish fleet, was nowhere in sight. They may have passed each other in the night without either being aware of the other's presence. But toward sunset a French ship was signaled coming from Gibraltar, and this reported having passed the Spanish fleet riding at anchor under the guns of the towering fortress. At last! And so near! For from Cadiz to Gibraltar is but a short run. Steering a little south, then south by east, turn the corner, and Gibraltar with its tremendous rock and fastnesses, the roadstead and the city lie before you on the horizon, while to the right you see the ever blue waters of the Mediterranean that wash the shores of the twin continents.

It was on the morning of the 25th of April that Heemskerk's sailors rounded the headland and saw not only Gibraltar, but the long-sought Spanish galleons lying before them. Had they been men of different mettle, when they measured their insignificant ships with the great sea-castles before them, well might they have clamored to be led back at once through the Strait and into the wide ocean, as far as possible from the peril that seemed to threaten them. But there was scarcely a man on board but burned with eagerness to get at the hated foe even there in his seemingly impregnable position. No sooner had the Spanish squadrons come into view but everything on the Dutch fleet was in commotion. Heemskerk summoned his officers on board the flagship, the Æolus, for a council of war. Here the plan of battle was decided upon, after which the fleet was permitted at first to drift slowly through the Strait with the current, which here always runs in the same direction, from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean. Gradually Gibraltar looms up nearer and nearer, and already the enemy's vessels, lying at anchor below the city, can be clearly and separately distinguished. These are, just as the Flushing skipper had reported, some of the heaviest galleons which the Spaniards possessed. Farther in the bay other ships are seen, which by their build are recognized as belonging to their own countrymen and which had but lately been captured, their crews even now being confined in the noisome holds of some of these very Spanish men-of-war.

It was now an hour after noon. The sky was bright and clear, scarcely a zephyr was stirring; the sails

were hanging listlessly from the yards, only from time to time flapping lazily against the rigging with the motion of the ships, that were carried along by the current alone farther into the Strait. Above the opposite shore yonder, that barren, wild, desolate coast, the clouds were piling up in black and threatening array, prophetic of disaster. On the other side, the left as one enters the Strait from the Atlantic, rose, massive and frowning, the enormous rock. This is the place where the mighty Titanic gods of antiquity tore asunder the two continents, leaving the towering fastnesses, the pillars of Hercules, and letting in through the gap thus made the blue waters of the Mediterranean, on whose bosom the Greeks, Romans and Carthaginians learned the world-conquering and world-uniting art of seamanship. Through this gap came the African Tarik, son of Abdallah, to wage war with the fair-featured sons of Europe. The victorious Africans made themselves masters of the gigantic rock and of the city on its hinder slope, after which they called the massy peak Gib-al-Tarick, the name still preserved in that of Gibraltar. Here, where the Moor and the Iberian in the ages gone had fought with deadly, relentless hatred, in sight of these same pillars of Hercules, two peoples, animated with an equally implacable enmity, were to meet in a contest as bitter and pitiless—the proud, world-conquering, persecuting Spaniards, and the defenders, and, if it might be, the avengers of feeble, oppressed, persecuted Holland. The insignificant vessels of the nascent republic advanced against the towering galleons which were lying there in such haughty confidence under the bristling

battlements of the rock-fortress. But even as yonder over the African coast a tempest is brewing and the lightning is flashing through the leaden clouds, presaging disaster, so a tempest of war, big with ruin to that strong fleet of haughty Spain, is rising over Gibraltar. Heemskerk has prepared his plan of attack, and now, dressed in full panoply, he stands on the quarter deck of his flagship surrounded by his chief captains. He, himself, before entering upon the battle, has been down on his knees in his cabin, in secret seeking help from the God of battles, a not uncommon practise with those old Dutch heroes of the sea. Now he has a last word for his officers and men, telling them that with full reliance upon God he had determined to attack the Spaniards where they lay. "We have thus far," he continued, "been the weaker party; but the God of Holland has not deserted us. We are braver and more skilful than the Spaniards; we are fighting for the freedom of ourselves and of the fatherland, the preservation not only of the lives but the honor of our wives and mothers and daughters—for all that is dear to every human heart. They there fight only for booty and for all that may minister to their lust and pride. The safety and sanctity of our homes, the freedom of our native land, the honor of our nation has been entrusted to you and me. With the eyes of Europe and Africa upon you, it is yours to deserve, with the blessing of God, the gratitude of your country and of all posterity." Then, when to all their several posts and duties had been assigned, so that each knew just what was expected of him, they all knelt down together for

prayer, after which each gave the other the right hand in pledge of unwavering fidelity.

Let us take a look now at the Spanish fleet. It numbered twenty-one vessels, of which ten were the heaviest galleons ever built in a Spanish shipyard, veritable sea monsters, towering with their triple and quadruple decks far above the low hulls of their opponents, each of them more than a match, if well and bravely handled, for any four of the attacking ships. The Spanish flagship, the St. Augustine, was manned with seven hundred sailors and soldiers; the crew of the vice-admiral's ship, the Señora de la Vega, numbered four hundred and fifty, while the Madre de Dios, the ship of the rear-admiral, was of equal size with the latter. The united crews of the galleons numbered about four thousand. The rest of the fleet was composed of galleys, vessels with two or three masts, and which were propelled besides by from sixty to eighty oarsmen, the galley-slaves of those days. Besides the regular crews and soldiers, a number of nobles and other volunteers had joined the fleet as soon as the approach of the Hollanders had been reported from San Lucas. In command of the entire Spanish force was the veteran Don Juan Alvarez d'Avila, who had gained renown in the famous battle of Lepanto.

Proudly Don Juan paces the quarter-deck of his great ship, boasting of the superior strength of his fleet. Presently he orders one of the prisoners to be brought before him, who proved to be the captain of a merchantman from Rotterdam, lately taken by the Spaniards. As the Rotterdam skipper, Govert the Englishman, as he was called at home, came on deck he be-

held the ships of his native land, flying the Orange colors, already at the entrance of the bay. Pointing to these, d'Avila asked Govert with a contemptuous sneer, "What do those little boats yonder want here, do you think?"

"If I know anything of my countrymen, they come to give you battle," was the instant answer.

At this reply a loud, incredulous laugh arose from the commander and his suite.

"To give battle to me! Why, I alone with the St. Augustine will send all your countrymen there to the bottom." And old Don Juan pointed again with a sneer at the approaching Dutch fleet, stroked and twisted his long mustache upwards, in true Castilian style, and once more laughed loudly at the ridiculous folly of the idea. But, see, what happens! Aye, indeed, Don Juan, they will risk it, those wretched Beggars as you call them; they are making straight, not for you alone, but for your entire mighty fleet. And they mean fight. The last word of command has been given by Heemskerk; the blood-red flag, the signal for a general attack, waves from the Dutch admiral's main.

Now the storm that rose on the African coast reaches this side of the bay; the wind fills the sails; the Dutch keels cut the water more swiftly. In splendid battle array they come, those small, despicable ships of the Beggars; the bugles sound, and with a loud hurrah from every Dutch throat their fleet dashes at the foe. The Æolus, the flagship, at once selects that towering monster, the St. Augustine, for its special prey. Handsome Lambert is to follow his chief with the Tiger. The captains Alteras and Bras are to pay their court to the

Señora de la Vega and compel her to submit to their rough embraces. Two by two, such are the orders—in couples, the little ships of the Dutch Republic are to assail, one by one, the great war castles of Philip. The result would be a matter of course. It is now half-past three by the clock. Heemskerk is steering before the wind straight for d'Avila. Everything is ready; every gunner at his gun, every marine with loaded musket is ready for the ordeal of death. But not at once with thundering cannon and rattling musketry is that towering sea-fortress to be assailed; the little Hollander sails bow on and so tries to ram and crush in the sides of his bulky antagonist before pounding and piercing him with iron bolt and ball. But when within only a couple of ships' lengths from the bragging Spaniard, d'Avila seems suddenly to have changed his opinion about his before despised opponent; for he slips his cables and allows his great galleon to drift first between the other ships of his fleet and then still farther up the bay, till his vice-admiral and two other galleons lie between him and Heemskerk. But this is of slight service to the big Spaniard; for the little Dutchman, without paying any attention to the rest of the enemy, passing skilfully between them, follows directly upon the heels of the hero of Lepanto, who, of course, could not drift so fast as Heemskerk could sail. The bold Dutchman, in order to get the greater momentum for ramming, has set every stitch of canvas. Suddenly there is a flash and a roar; the St. Augustine has fired the first shot and presently follows it with a broadside. The Æolus has sustained but slight damage, however, and now, coming still bow on, also opens fire from her two heavy forward

guns, and then, borne on by her sails, dashes into the broad side of the great galleon just before the mainmast. With a terrific crash yards and rigging of the unwieldy monster come tumbling down, more destructive even than the missiles that come hurtling from the guns of the Æolus. The battle has begun in dead earnest. With furious rage broadside after broadside is sent point blank through the oaken sides, while the rattling of the muskets mingles with the thunder of the cannon, and the flashing of the guns rivals the vivid lightning of the heavens. Meanwhile Handsome Lambert also reaches the scene and his ship, the Tiger, leaps upon the Saint from the other side. The battle was in full tilt, too, among the rest of the fleets. Alteras, of the Zeeland squadron, with his ship, the Red Lion, and Captain Bras with the Black Bear, were to have taken care of the Spanish vice-admiral, but the wind, coming from the shore, had blown Alteras under the lee of the Señora. Here he is attacked by two other galleons, but with his single ship gives them such a tremendously warm reception that they are speedily driven off and try to run under the protection of the guns of Gibraltar. But they are not to get off so easily; for Alteras follows them even there and does not leave them till one of them is sent to the bottom and the other driven ashore. The batteries of the fortress are of little use because the fleets are so mixed up that it is difficult so to fire as not to do more damage to their own than to their enemy's ships. Meanwhile three other Dutch vessels, among them the Black Bear and the White Bear, have completely hemmed in the towering galleon of the Spanish vice-admiral. The fight

here rages long and furiously; but at last the Señora can hold out no longer and lowers her flag. Instantly the Hollanders jump on board and set fire to the great monster. Soon through each side of her hull, through every porthole the flames burst forth and twist themselves like fiery serpents along the rigging and even set the sails ablaze. But this becomes equally perilous to the victors, for their ships are still grappled to the Spaniard. The sails of the Black and White Bear have already caught fire and the Dutch ships are threatened with the same destruction as that of their vanquished foe. But swiftly the axes fly in the brawny hands of the sailors, and soon they have cut themselves loose. And now Nostra Señora drifts off in a blaze from keel to main-truck, every mast a torch, every rope a swaying fiery serpent, an awful spectacle to the dumfounded and terror-stricken Spaniards on shore and to the rest of the fleet, but a sublime scene in the eyes of the exultant Hollanders. Not far from this another of the great sea-castles is sent to the bottom. Yonder still another is being battered by Long Hank. Poor fellow! he perished here. As usual, foremost in the fight, he had exposed himself too freely. A musket ball entering his shoulder found a vital spot and laid him dead on his deck. In the heat of the fray his men did not at once notice the fall of their idolized captain, but fought on till presently the galleon from which the fatal shot had come is also sent careering down the bay a mass of fire. Similar scenes are being enacted in every direction. Fearful was the sight that the Bay of Gibraltar presented on that day. Along the shore the awe-stricken Spaniards are astounded witnesses to the de-

struction of their fleet by these heretic Beggars. A cloud of sulphurous smoke hangs over the bay, out of which burst ever and anon the burning spectres of some of their vaunted ships. Like flaming castles they float around, the still loaded cannon exploding of their own accord and hurling their shot wildly among friend and foe. Now and again a great fountain of lurid flame mingled with firebrands shoots up into the sky, as if a volcano had broken loose there in the deep, as the fire reaches the magazine of some burning galleon or a hostile ball penetrates to the powder of another. Everything around, even the gigantic Rock itself, is bathed in a fiery glow. Masts, yards, cannon, mutilated bodies of sailors and soldiers, come hurtling through the air, hurled pell-mell as the mighty ships explode. A few moments more and the sky is darkened again, and the din of battle gradually subsides; the firing becomes more intermittent, and presently ceases altogether. The Spanish fleet has been defeated. Only one is left of that armada that lay there so proudly and confidently till the sun had passed the meridian on that day. The St. Augustine, d'Avila flagship, is still afloat, but hemmed in by three of his despised antagonists. He alone would send them all to the bottom, would he? There are but three of them, hanging on to him like so many panthers to a buffalo, slowly but surely dragging him to his doom. And there is no hope for help, for all the rest of the fleet of which a few short hours ago he was the proud commander has vanished. But, alas! why talk of the commander? He is no longer there to boast or fight. Early in the battle he fell, leaving his son to make head, if he could, against the furious fighters that

would not let him go. But Heemskerk, too, the hero who dared to attack that strong fleet in that almost impregnable position, and with his inferior force, is no more. On the deck of his flagship lies his body covered with a mantle. At the second volley from the Spanish flagship a ball first struck a sailor standing near Heemskerk, then took off the right hand of a gunner, and next destroyed the right leg of the noble admiral and hurled him dying to the deck. Verhoef, his flag-captain, at once ran to the prostrate hero, but only to hear his last orders to hide his death from the men and to fight to the last. No time for mourning now; forward! Sword and axe in hand, or between the teeth if need be. Presently Verhoef gives the order to enter, and from the Æolus, the Tiger and the Griffin the sailors and soldiers clamber up the towering sides and over the bulwarks. Soon the Spaniard raises the white flag. But it is too late. The men have somehow learned of the death of their gentle and heroic admiral, and nothing can restrain their desire for vengeance. One, the bugler of the Griffin, climbs aloft and brings down the admiral's flag, securing thus the promised reward of a hundred florins. Next a rush is made for the costly treasures of the ship, the gold and silver plate of the admiral and officers. But some one cries: "First let us look for our countrymen. Perchance they have been murdered during the battle, and perchance they are still alive." Down, therefore, into the dark hold of the great ship they plunged, but, contrary to their fears, found there every one of the captives still alive, though bearing the indelible marks of their sufferings in that noisome hole. These unfortunates had

been preserved as by a miracle. Twice d'Avila had sent an emissary down to dispatch them, one a soldier and the other a Moor; but in each case the intended executioner was himself slain by a cannon ball penetrating the hold without doing any harm to the imprisoned Hollanders, while a third shot, just before the capture of the ship, had smashed the chain that bound them together. When their unfortunate countrymen had been brought into the open air and refreshed, the victorious sailors rushed to the admiral's cabin. Here, while looking for plunder, they found among a lot of other papers an edict issued by Philip II. commanding the most relentless persecution of the people of the Netherlands and of all who in any way should aid or abet them. This edict the Spanish Admiral Fayardo, had already carried out by the cold-blooded murder of the crews of seven Dutch ships laden with salt and which he had recently captured. This precious document was signed in the well-known handwriting of Philip, "Yo el Rey," "I the King." The reading of this paper filled the hearts of the Dutch sailors with such uncontrollable fury as utterly to extinguish all pity for the vanquished. Jumping into their boats they pursued the Spaniards that were still struggling in the water and slew them there by the score. Had Heemskerk, gentle as he was brave, been alive, that murderous scene would not have thus sullied the glory of that day.

By the setting of the sun not a ship of that proud fleet was left afloat; the entire boasted Armada had been wiped out of existence, as if a blast of the Almighty had swept it into oblivion. And this under the very guns of the strongest fortress of Europe, without

the loss of a single ship on the part of the attacking fleet, and at the expense of less than sixty lives. But both the fleet and the fatherland deeply mourned the loss of the great hero who, with his puny ships, had dared to measure himself with the hero of Lepanto under conditions so disadvantageous to him and so favorable to the Spaniards. But even this loss was not too great a price to pay for the glory and advantage gained by the magnificent victory. Never had Spain received such a lesson of the boldness and prowess of those rebels against her tyrannical government as now, when her formidable fleet was utterly annihilated in what ought to have been the securest harbor of her coast; a defeat that spread fear and consternation throughout her borders. And not only so, but this victory spread the fame of the Dutch navy far and wide, and inspired respect and admiration for it among all the people along the Mediterranean. Till now the battle of Lepanto had impressed Turk and Moor with the belief that the fleets of Spain were invincible; but when almost under their very eyes one of the chief heroes of that famous battle had lost his entire fleet in a naval fight with the insignificant ships of the Dutch, they at once began to look upon Holland as the great naval power of Europe. And this opinion soon became general when the victory of Gibraltar was followed by battle after battle on the sea that raised the maritime renown of Holland to the very pinnacle of glory. The words of the great hero of that fight were to be more than fulfilled when, addressing his officers before the battle, he said, as if possessed of the spirit of prophecy:

"To-day a long series of victories at sea is to begin that will make our fatherland forever famous."

The body of the beloved admiral was embalmed and taken to Amsterdam. Here, on the 8th of June, it was buried with great pomp at the expense of the State, and was laid to rest in the Old Church, where his tomb still stands, bearing the following inscription:

"Here lies Heemskerk."

"Heemskerk, who dared through polar ice and iron hail to steer,
Left to his country fame; at strong Gibraltar, life; his honored body here."

PIET HEIN.

STATUE AT DELFTSHAVEN — BIRTHPLACE — CAPTURED BY PIRATES IN BOYHOOD—FORMATION AND COMPOSITION OF WEST INDIA COMPANY—EXPEDITION TO BRAZIL—ROMANTIC STORY OF FOUNDING OF BAHIA—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY AND ITS LOCATION — ATTACK ON AND TAKING OF BAHIA — RECAPTURE BY SPANIARDS — RETURN OF PIET HEIN TO BAHIA—DARING EXPLOITS IN CAPTURE OF SPANISH SHIPS — CAPTURE OF SILVER FLEET — RECEPTION BY THE NATION AND BY SISTER — RESULTS OF TAKING OF SILVER FLEET—MADE LIEUTENANT-ADMIRAL OF HOLLAND —BATTLE WITH DUNKIRK PIRATES—DEATH.

One of the most delightful walks that one can take in charming Holland is that along the winding dyke from Schiedam to Rotterdam. It can easily be done in a couple of hours. About half way between those two cities lies the little town of Delftshaven, the place that forms the indissoluble link between Holland and the United States. For it was from here that the Pilgim Fathers set out to find a home on these shores, and to carry hither the principles of liberty and righteousness which they had brought from their English homes and which they had so thoroughly fostered in the land that had given them hospitable asylum. In a square of that little town of Delftshaven stands the statue of one of Holland's greatest sailor heroes. He is represented dressed in the garb of one of the old naval commanders, with the admiral's baton in the hand, the body thrown forward, the face full of heroic animation,

PIETER PIETERSZOON HEIN,
Luitenant-Admiraal van Holland.
A Schouman del. naar't Origin. by de H. Maeshouk
J Houbraken fec.

the whole posture being that of one not merely commanding, but leading in the attack. This is the statue of Lieutenant Admiral Peter Peterson Hein, commonly called Pete Hein, with the story of whose exploits this chapter is to deal.

The first mention found of Pete Hein is as supercargo on board of a Chinese junk which, flying the flag of the Dutch Republic, entered the harbor of Jacatra, now Batavia, at the very time that the brave Coen, commander of the Dutch East India Company troops, was about to storm that strong Javanese city. Like many of the great naval heroes of his native land, Pete Hein was of humble birth, his father being engaged in the herring fishery. His birthplace is still to be seen within plain sight from where his statue stands, the house now degraded, alas! like that in which the great Erasmus was born at Rotterdam, to a common liquor saloon. Strange that any nation should so far forget the debt of honor, as well as gratitude, to its great men as to permit such degradation. When still very young Pete was captured by the Spaniards, together with his father. Both were compelled to serve in the Spanish galleys, where, chained to their seats, they had to work the long oars or sweeps. Notwithstanding this arduous and painful toil he still found time to earn a little money by knitting stockings, in which he had acquired skill in childhood. By this means he was able to alleviate somewhat their deplorable condition. After some time they, together with others of their fellow countrymen, were exchanged by Mendoça, the Admiral of Aragon. But the never to be forgotten cruelties which he and his father had suffered while

serving as galley slaves inspired him ever thereafter with a bitter animosity against Spain and her tyrannical rulers. Later he was again taken captive by the Spaniards, and for two years tasted once more of their tender mercies while serving them as a prisoner in the West Indies. But little is known further of his life and deeds till he leaped at once into fame by the capture of San Salvador in Brazil. That he must have been most favorably known in his own country, however, as a brave and able sea captain is sufficiently shown by his appointment as vice-admiral of the fleet sent out for that purpose.

In 1621 the enterprising Hollanders, though still engaged in their unequal contest with mighty Spain, had established the West India Company. This had a similar object and was established on a like basis as that of the East India Company, namely, the establishing of commercial relations with the lands beyond the European waters and the founding of colonies in them. The West India Company was composed of a syndicate of leading merchants, and had for its immediate object the founding of commercial entrepôts on the American continent. The East India Company, on the other hand, directed its efforts mainly to the East Indian archipelago and to the southern coast of Africa. It is to the latter company, or rather to the daring navigators whom it sent out, that we owe our knowledge of New Holland (Australia), New Zealand, and Tasmania. Both companies, however, had another and ulterior motive in common, namely, the conquest of the foreign possessions and the destruction of the fleets of the Spaniards, the hated oppressors and im-

placable foes of their fatherland. Both became most important factors in that great struggle for liberty which the little Dutch Republic was waging. Indeed, they may be said to have had a large share in bringing about the ultimate glorious result—the independence of the Netherlands and the overthrow and humiliation of Spain; a humiliation from which she never recovered, and which the greater republic, which owes so much to its small but valiant predecessor, completed in the year of grace 1898 by its noble work in the liberation of the Cubans and the Filipinos from the intolerable burden of the Spanish yoke.

Since it was in the service of the West India Company that Pete Hein performed those deeds of valor that give him the right to be ranked not only among the first of naval heroes of his own day and country, but among those of all lands and times, it may be worth while to say a few words about the organization and constitution of the company.

The West India Company was divided into five bureaus of "chambers" as they were called. The Chamber of the Maas was established at Rotterdam; that of North Holland, or The North Quarter, as it was designated, at either Enkhuyzen or Hoorn cities on the Zuyder Zee; that of Friesland and Groningen, at Groningen, the capital of the province of the same name; that of Zeeland, at Middelburg; while that of Amsterdam had, of course, that city for its headquarters. The management of the company was entrusted to forty-six directors, of whom the Chamber at Amsterdam, as the most important, holding as it did four-ninths of all the shares of the stock, chose twenty. A small num-

ber, consisting of nineteen members, had charge of the general interests of the company, and acted as a sort of permanent committee of the whole. Eighteen of these were chosen by the several chambers, but the nineteenth was appointed by the States General, *i. e.*, the general government, or rather, as we would call it, the National Legislature. Though this did not meddle with the general management, its sovereignty was acknowledged over any and all lands or places that might be conquered by the forces of the company.

It was not till two years after the establishment of the West India Company that it was able to send out a fleet of sufficient strength to promise success. As already said, one of the main objects of the company in its American expeditions was to inflict as much damage upon the Spaniards and Portuguese and to take as many places from them as possible. In the first it had in view particularly the capture of the rich fleets with sugar and silver that periodically passed from America to Spain, though its other object, the conquest and colonization of the Western Hemisphere, was by no means lost sight of, as their ultimate possession of the whole of Brazil attests. At last, in 1623, they had a sufficient fleet ready to enter upon the business. After long deliberation in the several chambers it had been decided to send out an expedition to Brazil, a country then but little known, but from which constant reports had come of its richness in much that was desirable from a mercantile point of view. This part of the western world had indeed belonged to Portugal, but when that kingdom was united to Spain in 1580, all its possessions in the East and West Indies, as the coun-

tries in those regions were indiscriminately called, were also seized by its conquerers. It had been observed however again and again that the Spanish government attached more importance to its own original possessions in the West Indies than to those that had been taken from Portugal, and that they kept the former in a far better state of defense. It seemed to the company, therefore, much more practicable to attack Spain's possessions in the regions of America formerly held by Portugal. The West Indies proper also were more difficult of access at that time than Brazil, so that it would take a great deal more time and expense to send, if necessary, reinforcements of ships, troops, ammunition, or provisions. Besides Brazil, at least so much of it as was in the actual possession of Spain, was largly used as a penal colony, a couple of ship loads of convicts being sent thither every year. The Dutch naturally concluded, consequently, that these convicts would not be very strongly inclined to give their lives in defense of their rulers. They reckoned, moreover, upon the assistance of the Indians, who, as in all other regions where the Spaniards and Portuguese had set foot, had been forcibly compelled to embrace the religion of their conquerers, or had been relentlessly driven out of their native possessions and treated with the most barbarous cruelty. All these considerations induced the company to make an attack on the very heart of the Spanish colony in Brazil and to capture its capital, San Salvador, by force of arms. Its first considerable armament, therefore, was dispatched to this quarter of the world. The destination of this was, however, not at once made known to the officers, though

secret instructions had been given to the admiral, which he was to communicate only at a certain point on the voyage.

The fleet consisted of twenty-seven vessels, some of which were comparatively small yachts, and was under the immediate command of Jacob Willikens as admiral, with Peter Peterson Hein as vice-admiral. The ships of which it was to be composed had to be collected from various ports, so that it was some time before the entire force could assemble at the place of departure. Nowadays this matter would be managed much more expeditiously, but in the seventeenth century there were no telegraphs, neither over land nor submarine. Nor was there any regular mail service at sea, so that orders and other communications took a long time to reach their destinations. Each ship of the fleet, therefore, had to be fitted out separately without regard to the rest, and set sail as soon as its equipment was completed. Thus it had come to be the 25th of January before the last vessel was ready for sea. It was not many years after this, however, when the Dutch learned to fit out fleets of men of war with amazing rapidity, as will be seen in succeeding chapters.

Admiral Willikens, impatient at the delay, had already proceeded to sea with the greater portion of his command, and had reached, by the 28th of January, St. Vincent, one of the northernmost islets of the Cape Verde group. Here he cast anchor to await the rest of his fleet. But seeing that the last of his vessels had left Holland only three days before and that St. Vincent lies somewhere in latitude 24 degrees north, more

than twenty degrees south of Amsterdam, it was some time before all had reached the rendezvous.

Meanwhile the admiral had made good use of the delay, vexatious as it may have been, by drilling his men daily in the handling of the guns and the use of small arms, and in whatever might be of service either in the management of the ships during a naval engagement or in the siege of a city. Much time was spent also in naval manœuvres and evolutions, just as if they were already in the presence of the enemy. Whatever might be needed, too, either for attack or defense, was here made ready or put in order; such as gabions, sloops, pikes, axes, boarding-grapnels, etc. Seven large shallops, or long boats, destined for the landing of the troops, had been brought along, having been taken apart and loaded in some of the ships, because they were too bulky to be placed on board entire. These were now put together here, completely fitted up for the purpose they were to serve, and takn in tow. In this way it had come to be the 26th of March, on which day at last the entire fleet was united and ready to proceed to its destination. All but one—the Hollandia. This had been expected for some time, because it could long since have joined the fleet; but even at that late day no tidings had been received of it. The worst of it was that this ship had on board the commander of the land forces intended for operations on shore, Colonel Johan Van Dorth, a young nobleman, who had served with distinction in the regular army. It was afterwards learned that the vessel which carried him had not been able to touch at St. Vincent, but had sailed on to the coast of Sierra Leone. Not willing to

wait any longer, the admiral signaled to the fleet to set sail again. No one but himself, and most likely Pete Hein, as yet knew the destination or object of the voyage. They sailed on for yet nearly an entire month, when, on April 21, the admiral signaled his captains to come on board his flagship for a council of war. And now he made known his secret instructions, from which his officers learned that they were to steer for San Salvador in order to attack and capture it. They were now in latitude 6 degrees south and had, therefore, crossed the equator. The captains all solemnly promised to stand by each other and to carry out faithfully the commands of their employers. Thereupon the fleet directed its course for Bahia de Todos os Santos, on the Bay of All Saints.

This beautiful bay lies some distance to the south of Pernambuco and is formed by an indentation of the eastern coast of South America. It is flanked on all sides by lofty, beautifully wooded hills, some of which almost attain the altitude of mountains. Its entrance is almost closed by an island, on each side of which, however, a deep channel communicates with the ocean. Along its inner surface numerous islands lie scattered like so many pearls.

The founding of the city of Bahia has the following romantic story attached to it. In the year 1510 a Portuguese ship, commanded by Captain Diego Alvarez Correa, was wrecked on the coast near the bay and was plundered by a tribe of the natives called the Tupinambas. They treated the crew kindly, but compelled them and the captain to assist in unloading and taking care of the cargo. Correa appears to have won

their good will quite readily, for they soon began to treat him with marked consideration. This was still more marked when, on one occasion, he gave them an exhibition of the effect of his fire-arms, nothing like which they had ever before seen. As they were one day before the hut of the chief the Portuguese fired his gun at a bird, and as it fell dead at his feet the astonishment of the natives found expression in the name with which they at once hailed him, "Coramuru," "The man of Fire." In a war which they waged with another tribe they made him their commander. Being victorious in this, a number of the chiefs offered him their daughters in marriage. Among these there was a maiden of remarkable beauty, Paraguassu, the daughter of the Chief Itaparica. Correa having fixed his choice upon her, one of the priests he had with him performed the ceremony that linked the representative of Portugal with the dusky daughter of Brazil in the sacred bonds. That he must have been well pleased with his choice, though it had been somewhat compulsory, was shown by his naming one of the rivers that empty into the bay after his wife, Paraguassu, while to the island at the entrance of the bay he gave her father's name, Itaparica. Subsequently he built a city here on the spot where now the Villa Viega, or old town, is situated, and called it, in gratitude for his preservation, San Salvador, that is, St. Savior. This name is still found on some of our maps, instead of that of Bahia.

Not till 1549 did the Portuguese come to recognize the advantageous location of the bay and to establish there a regular colony, when the first governor-general

of Brazil, Thomas de Souza, was sent out from Portugal and landed here. He came with six vessels, on board of which were six Jesuit priests, three hundred colonists and several hundred convicts. De Souza laid out a new city, built churches and erected fortifications. Within four months four hundred houses were built and numerous sugar plantations established. After that San Salvador, or, as we more generally call it now, Bahia, was regarded as the capital of Portuguese America. It is still reckoned as the second largest city in Brazil, having a population of about 160,000. It is really made up of two towns, the upper and the lower, called respectively "Cidada Alta" and "Cidada Baxa." At the time of the expedition of which we write, only the upper town was in existence, while the warehouses were built along the shore. The defences of the city consisted of the forts San Antonio and Tagapipe, located on the horns of the bay on which the city fronted, besides three stone redoubts, one close by the city, another between this and fort Tagapipe, and the third in the neighborhood of the warehouses. The city was the residence of the governor-general and the seat of the Supreme Court and of the archbishop of Brazil. It contained about 1,400 houses, two churches, several monasteries and a Jesuit college. Its garrison was composed of 550 regulars, beides 1,000 natives drilled according to European tactics. Lying directly within the tropics, the country is rich in abundant vegetation and luscious fruits. The scene, as one enters the bay, is one of exquisite beauty, the more picturesque and delightful to those who have, perhaps, for weeks and months seen nothing

but sea and sky. The sailors on board of the Dutch fleet must have been filled with rapture and delight as the magnificent panorama came in sight, for it was nearly eighteen weeks since they had left home, and they had not touched land since leaving the Cape Verde Islands. On the 8th of May, 1624, they dropped anchor here about nine miles from shore. From where they lay they had a view of the high peaks of the Sierra Grande, appearing, in the far distance more like blue, hazy clouds than like mountain tops. Nearer by stood out, sharp and clear, the foreland of San Salvador, resplendent with an even deeper green than that of the island Itaparica that partly lifted itself out of the bay. Between this and the promontory, the one threatening with batteries, the other with the guns of fort San Antonio, they were to enter on the morrow armed for the fray.

We must not forget that the entrance under the conditions prevailing in that day was something far different from what it would be nowadays, now that every ship is supplied with the best of topographical maps descriptive of the countries, coasts and seas it is to visit, and that at every dangerous point in the navigable waters buoys are placed, while at night the beacons are blazing along the shores. In the year 1624 there was in those seas little or nothing of the sort. When the Dutch fleet was ready to enter the bay it had to feel its way, and, while exposed to the fires of the forts and batteries, run the additional risk of running upon some rock or sandbank. It is even doubtful if any of the captains of the fleet had ever been there before, and if they had they would have been

compelled to rely upon their memory for the locality of the channels and the general topography of the bay.

The commander of the land forces, Colonel van Dorth, was still absent; nothing had been heard of the Hollandia, which was to have brought him. Where this vessel could be was an insoluble enigma. But for this they could not wait. At a council of war held during the night it was determined to begin the attack on the next morning. The plan was to begin with a landing near fort San Antonio. For this purpose all the land forces were transferred to four of the largest ships and one yacht. These, as they entered the bay, were to anchor close by the fort, while the rest of the fleet sailed farther up the bay, as if with the intention of attacking the city from two sides at once. Of course this was not done without an effort on the part of the Spaniards to prevent the movement of the fleet; but the guns of fort San Antonio were either placed so high or aimed so badly that they never hurt nor even hit any one of the ships as they sailed on to their assigned positions. The seven large shallops which have been mentioned before, and which were intended to carry the troops from the ships to the shore, were first taken in tow by the fleet and carried a good distance up the bay. But this was also only a ruse and intended to give the Spaniards the impression that the ships anchored yonder near fort San Antonio would be of little consequence and that the main shock was to be expected from directly in front of the city itself. But the admiral had announced that he would hoist a flag from the forepeak of his

ship, at which signal the seven sloops were to be manned and instantly to row to the Spanish ships lying before the fort and to begin the fight there first. Meanwhile the main part of the fleet sailed on to the roadstead. No sooner had the enemy seen this fleet, flying the despised and hated flag of the Republic, coming around from behind the cape into the open waters of the bay, than fort Tagapipe opened upon them with a terrific fire, which, as they approached nearer, was followed by that from one of the stone redoubts, and this again by a strong battery carrying eleven guns. But the Hollanders calmly sailed on, without answering the hostile fire with a single shot, until they had reached the position before selected. Pete Hein was in the lead with three ships, the Gelderland, his flagship, the Groningen and the Nassau, and kept his course till he was but a musket shot from the above mentioned battery and within close range of the Spanish ships, which, to the number of fifteen, lay close in shore with fort San Filippo on their larboard. This was about one in the afternoon. Instantly on reaching this position Pete Hein opens fire and begins a fight of great fury that lasted till seven o'clock in the evening. Seeing that but little can be accomplished in this way, however, and that his flagship, which was nearest the enemy, is for a time disabled, while the other two are also suffering terribly from the hostile guns, he orders a number of boats to be manned each with twenty men, which are sent off to board the Spanish ships. This plan met with the fullest success; for as soon as the Spaniards saw the Dutch sailors with utter fearlessness clamber over their bul-

warks a panic seemed to seize them, so that they abandoned their ships in all haste. To one of the largest, however, they hurriedly set fire, which soon was ablaze, and communicated its fire to three others, so that all four became a prey to the flames. Lest this should also become the fate of the remainder, the gallant Dutch sailors, regardless of the firing from the shore, went among them and succeeded in dragging eight of them off from under the very walls of the city, and carried them triumphantly to the main body of the fleet. This successful exploit, in which the brave captain of the Groningen died the death of heroes, encouraged Pete Hein to follow up his victory. He therefore equipped fourteen boats, each again with twenty men, to attack the battery that had given them more trouble than either the fort or the guns of the ships. This was very strongly built of granite and stood some distance out from shore, rising about nine feet out of the water, and, as said above, carried eleven guns and was defended by from five to six hundred troops. Formidable as it appeared, both in iself and in the number of its defenders, it did not intimidate the bold Hollanders, for undaunted by the incessant fire from its guns and from the muskets of its defending soldiers, the boats rowed straight toward their object. The first to land and to climb up the wall of the battery was a bugler, who, as soon as he reached the parapet, took his trumpet and gaily blew the national air, "Wilhelmus van Nassauwen," the first national hymn of Holland, and which has so often led her soldiers and sailors to victory. Pete Hein was the second, hard upon the heels of his trumpeter,

closely followed by the rest of his men, who, climbing on each other's shoulders, and with their boathooks seizing the edges of the parapets, dragged themselves up on the wall. This kind of attack was so utterly contrary to the Spaniards' ideas of regular warfare that they scarcely made a stand, apparently wholly disdaining to engage in a combat so at variance with all military tactics. So, after a slight show of resistance, in which a few of their men were cut down, they left their stronghold in hot haste, though they were nearly two to one. They fled through the water to the shore; but here their officers forced them to make a stand and to open fire again upon their assailants. Since this water-redoubt was of course open toward the shore and its guns were not pointed in that direction, Pete Hein and his men were harassed rather more than they liked by this fire. But our hero was a man of ready wit and resource. If the guns of the redoubt when turned upon the Dutch seemed to be capable of doing but little execution, he concluded to try whether they could not do more upon their former owners. He therefore ordered his men to turn two of them upon the enemy, and with these he thundered away at them in such tremendous fashion that they speedily ceased their own fire and again sought safety in the nimbleness of their feet. Since, however, the night had now fallen and his men were wellnigh worn out with fatigue, and since, above all, their powder was nearly all used up, the vice-admiral thought it advisable to return to his ships. Therefore, spiking the guns that had been so easily captured, they returned to the fleet for their well-earned rest so as to be ready

to renew the game in the morning. In this last fight, which had lasted only from seven to eight in the evening and that had been so glorious for these Beggars of the Sea, as the Spaniards still called them, only four men had lost their lives, among whom was the bugler who had been the first to mount the walls. Meanwhile the greatest consternation and dismay reigned in the city. The inhabitants did not dare to await the break of day, but, leaving everything behind, fled in utter confusion during the night to the neighboring forests and nearby places of refuge. The foremost of these was Archbishop Teixeira, who, followed by six hundred troops, sought and found a hiding place in the woods. The governor, Don Furtado de Mendoça, saw as well as the rest that everything was lost, but thought it contemptible and beneath the dignity of a nobleman to take French leave, as the archbishop had done, and remained in the city accompanied only by his son and a few of his suite.

When the next morning the Dutch land troops advanced to the city gate with a few field-pieces to bombard and destroy it, they observed some one above the walls with a flag of truce. Of him they learned that all the garrison and most of the inhabitants had fled and that, therefore, they could enter the city, if they chose, as there was no one to oppose them. But, apprehensive of a possible ambuscade, the Dutch entered the city in regular battle order. Here not a mortal was to be seen in the streets till they arrived at the plaza, or city square, where they beheld the governor and his son disgracefully left in the lurch by their

cowardly people. These were, of course, made prisoners.

Pete Hein had also made preparations for another attack, early in the morning. He, therefore, manned his boats again as the day before and landed directly in front of the city. But when he set foot on shore, meeting with no opposition, he learned that the city was already in the hands of his countrymen, whom he at once joined. The fear and dismay of the Spaniards had been so great that they had even abandoned the forts, among them also San Antonio, so that the Hollanders had nothing more to do there than to enter it. Only the garrison of fort Tagapipe had fired a few shots in the morning, but when these also learned that the city was taken they ran from their stronghold as fast as their feet could carry them.

When the Dutch soldiers and sailors found the city entirely in their power they at once fell to the work of plundering; they fairly threw themselves into the rich counting-houses and warehouses, seizing upon everything within their reach, while a vast deal was squandered or destroyed. Alart Schouten, who in the absence of van Dorth had command of the troops, does not appear to have been the proper person to restrain his men or to maintain discipline among them. However, as soon as the admiral became aware of the conduct of the soldiers he himself took measures to put an end to the plundering and confusion, and to gather up the costly wares they had scattered about as well as to secure everything of value. The booty secured was the greater, as the governor, Mendoça, had forbidden the citizens to carry anything out of the city,

by which means he had hoped to prevent the flight both of them and the garrison and to keep them within the walls to defend the city. The Jesuit college had been considered the most suitable and safest place in which to hide the valuable goods from the warehouses and stores. From this were taken, besides linen, woolen and silk goods, 3,900 chests of sugar and a great quantity of tobacco, whale oil and wine. Forty-nine cannon were also captured with the city, besides those in the forts and other external defenses.

Where, meanwhile, was Colonel van Dorth, whose troops, without their commander, had so easily entered the city and had found little more to do there than to make prisoners of the governor with his son and suite? We have seen that he could not reach the Cape Verde Islands and had sailed on to Sierra Leone. This he left on March 25, and on the 10th of April came in sight of the Brazilian coast at about latitude 14° south, thus not far from where his countrymen had been so successfully engaged. On the 13th he captured a slaver full of negroes, the captain of which he took prisoner, but let the ship go whither it would. Following his course he discovered the southern point of the island of Itaparica. Getting no sight here of the fleet, he kept beating back and forth in this neighborhood, hoping some time or other, and that soon, to meet the admiral and the rest of his countrymen. It may seem singular, as it certainly was unfortunate for van Dorth, that they did not get sight of each other, but the ships operating against San Salvador were both too far within the bay and too busily employed for an outlook from any of them to get sight

of their comrade. At last, on the 10th of May, only a day after the city had been taken, van Dorth determined to run the risk and to enter the bay alone. This proves that both he and the captain of the Hollandia were also men of mettle, for it was no slight feat to enter thus all alone a harbor which might be full of hostile ships. But he enters, turns the corner of Cape San Antonio, passes the fort of the same name located there without a shot being fired at him, and, to his utter amazement, beholds the flag of his country flying not only from the fleet which he had sought so long, but from the forts and the city. And no less must have been his astonishment when he learned in what manner the city had been taken. Van Dorth, of course, at once assumed command of the troops, restored discipline among them, repaired and strengthened the fortifications and sought by every means to induce the inhabitants to return. In this, however, he met with but indifferent success owing to the determined opposition of Teixeira, the archbishop. But shortly after his arrival and before all his plans could be carried out, death intervened, leaving the command again to the incapable, if courageous, Alart Schouten, a fact which was followed by sad consequences. For no sooner had the fleet started on its return voyage carrying the valuable booty to Holland, which they did soon after the beginning of summer, but the confusion, disorder and insubordination among the troops left to hold the city began anew, with the result that when in the following year a strong Spanish fleet arrived for the recapture of the city the Dutch troops were found almost as little disposed to do battle for the re-

tention of the city as the original garrison had been the year before to prevent its capture. Had they shown anything like the courage and bravery which marked their sailor countrymen under Pete Hein in the attack on the forts and city the preceding year, the Spaniards might have been beaten off and the city have remained in the possession of the Dutch.

This recapture of the city, nevertheless, led to a still more daring exploit on the part of Pete Hein. When the West India Company learned that Spain had fitted out and dispatched a fleet for the recapture of San Salvador, they also sent out a strong force to the assistance of their troops in Bahia. But this did not arrive till May 24, while the city had surrendered a month before, April 25, 1625. Had Pete Hein been in command of this expedition a determined effort would doubtless have been made to wrest the city again from the grasp of the Spaniards. But the present commander seems not to have been cast in the same heroic mould. He came, he saw and—went home. But before that fleet had completed its return voyage Pete Hein was put in command of another by the Company and set sail on May 26, 1626. The object of this was to join the fleet sent out the preceding year, revictual it, then together to cruise up and down for the capture of the silver fleet. They never made the junction, however; for when Pete Hein reached the island of Guadaloupe, one of those small islands lying eastward of the Caribbean Sea, he learned that the other fleet had already sailed homeward, that its admiral was dead, and the crews had mutinied. He was thus left alone with his small squadron of nine

ships and five yachts. With such an insignificant force it would have been folly to attack the strongly convoyed silver fleet even if he caught sight of it. Still he would not return without accomplishing something, and therefore determined to watch for the silver fleet and try to capture one and another of some of its slowest sailers. But even this could not be done. One morning nine ships, evidently Spanish, appeared in sight, and Pete Hein was all ready to pounce upon them, when, as the morning advanced, more ships appeared one after another on the horizon, until they numbered no less than forty-two. Alas! he had to keep his hands off of them, though it was no other than the silver fleet. All he could secure was a couple of small vessels laden with hides and meal. The Spaniards made no effort to attack him either, and with apparently good reason, for when one has his pockets full of gold and other precious ware, one is in not much of a mood for fighting, but will rather do his best to get home with his treasure.

Pete Hein now steered for the African coast, and in January, 1627, came to anchor near Sierra Leone to secure provisions. This done, he set sail again. Homewards? No; to return almost empty-handed and without having done anything of importance was not in accordance with his make-up. To Brazil, to San Salvador, once more! Capturing a couple of vessels again on the way, he reached the place of his former exploit on the northeastern coast of Brazil. Without any deliberation he instantly entered the bay, careless of what Spanish fleet might lie there, and sailed on till directly opposite fort San Antonio, but

out of reach of her guns. The wind being contrary and the ebb carrying the tide out of the bay, he was forced to cast anchor. As soon as the floodtide came again the anchors were lifted, and the little fleet sailed boldly up the bay till immediately facing the city. As was learned afterwards, the enemy's fleet in the bay numbered no less than twenty-six ships. And Pete Hein had just nine, besides five insignificant yachts. But to him this mattered little. In time of war much depends upon daring and intrepid action. And in this our hero was past master. It is needless to say that as soon as the little Dutch fleet hove in sight the game began, the balls flying about the Hollander's ears from every fort and every hostile ship. Pete Hein is again in the lead, followed by only two of his other ships, because the rest had gotten too far below the wind and could not join him just then. He steers again straight for the stone fort, which he had so gallantly captured in the attack of a couple of years before. This, as will be remembered, rose directly out of the water, and left space enough between it and the shore for several vessels. It was there that the Spanish admiral and vice-admiral were lying. Pete Hein sails straight between this fort and the shore and places his three vessels between those two. The fight begun now was terrific. It was not long, however, before the vice-admiral's ship was sent to the bottom with all on board. They had no rapid-fire guns, those old Dutchmen, but they were very rapid in handling what they had: they were themselves the rapid-firing machines. The Spaniards of the sinking ship are crying for mercy, but the din of the combatants on the other

ships, the roar of the cannon and the rattle of musketry is so great that they are not heard. During the fight Pete Hein keeps his eye on everything. He sees the rest of his little fleet looking idly on yonder, buffeting against wind and sea. He sets his signals, "If you can't come with the ships, send your boats down and take hold of those other fellows here. Stir yourselves and do something, too, please." This is done; the boats of the rest of the fleet are manned, and with strong and swift strokes they row at the rest of the Spaniards. But these seemed to be seized with a panic and, after but slight and brief resistance, they begin to leap overboard, until every vessel is deserted, a number of the cowardly enemy finding their graves in the bay, while others are fortunate enough to save themselves by swimming to shore. In this way no less than twenty-two ships were captured and dragged from the harbor down the bay to the Dutch fleet. Meanwhile Pete Hein is still engaged with the Spanish admiral and the remnant of his fleet; but it was not long before here also the victory was gained and every gun of the enemy's ships silenced. It was getting time now, however, to get away from the fire of the forts and batteries, from which, as well as from that of the hostile fleet, the little wooden vessels of the Hollanders had suffered immensely. But while manœuvring to accomplish this Pete Hein's own ship and one other get aground. The position was a very hazardous one, exposed as they were to the cross fire of the batteries. The other ship, the Gelria, soon was afloat again and was gotten out of reach, but that of Pete Hein seemed to be immovable. It was a perilous moment, the more

as about this time another of his vessels, the Orange Tree, by some mischance was blown up in sight of the flagship, with fifty-six men, of whom but fourteen were saved. From the shore batteries and the forts it was raining shot at the now helpless Dutch admiral, and the Spaniards were already shouting with exultation at the expected capture of their daring assailant. But in this they reckoned without their host. Without paying any attention to the hail of shot falling about them, all hands set to with boats, cables and anchors to get the flagship afloat, pulling, hauling and warping; but all in vain. And even if they succeeded in getting it off the rocks it seemed as if it must surely sink, as it had been almost completely shot to pieces. The Spaniards were now surer than ever of taking not only the ship, but the admiral and his men. But Pete Hein was not the man to let himself be captured or to surrender to the hated enemy. When every effort to save the ship proved fruitless, he cried, "All hands into the boats; set fire to the ship, and let us get out of this." What boats were still whole were instantly manned, the vessel was set on fire, and, as the flames were bursting from all sides of the ship and the fiery tongues were devouring her rigging, a blazing sacrifice to the fatherland, the commander and his crew row off to the little fleet which lies at a distance waiting for them, safely out of reach of the batteries. There were no guns in those days that could send their shot some ten or twelve miles, as can be done to-day.

All this had been accomplished inside of three or four hours. The battle was ended for the present, as they had not force enough to capture the city, and the

bold Dutch sailors congratulated each other on the result, as well they might.

The following days were employed in unloading the captured ships. They contained some three thousand chests of sugar, besides a large quantity of cotton and dyestuffs. Everything was at once shipped off to the fatherland, and the fleet was again gotten ready to sail. In the latter part of March Pete Hein left the bay of San Salvador and steered southward. His first plan now was to make an attempt against Rio de Janeiro, but, hearing that but little booty was to be gained there, he entered upon another project. Dividing his small force into three parts, he commanded one part to cruise before the bay of Rio de Janeiro to watch for any possible Spanish ship valuable enough to pay for the trouble of taking it; the second he sent down for the same purpose to Rio de la Plata, and himself went back with the rest to the Bay of All Saints. It was not long before the people of San Salvador saw the dreaded admiral once more before their city; but, alas! out of reach of their cannon. In front of the city lay a few unloaded ships which he did not think it worth while to disturb, but sailed on till under the very guns of the batteries. Letting these fire away to their heart's content, he set out first to capture a couple of vessels which seemed worth the taking and which had imagined themselves safe by taking refuge under the friendly guns on shore. But Pete Hein sent out a few boats full of men, who drove the crews over the gunwales, or took them prisoners, after which the cargoes were taken out and the empty vessels burned. All this under the constant fire of the bat-

teries! The Spaniards must have come to think by this time that these beggarly Dutchmen carried charmed lives. This done, he sailed down the bay out of reach, and for the night remained at anchor.

While the above was going on a couple of light-draft vessels had been sent out to reconnoitre the shores of the upper bay to see whether here or there some ship might not be hidden among the overhanging foliage of one or other stream emptying into the bay. These had the good fortune to fall in with a boat manned by sixteen Spaniards, who, influenced by the gentle persuasion so much in vogue among enemies in those days, told that four sugar-laden vessels had sailed farther up the bay and had taken refuge in one of the numerous rivers. When this was reported, Pete Hein naturally determined to get hold of those sugar-bowls, if possible. But where were they hidden—in what river? There are so many creeks and streams up yonder in which a vessel might easily be stowed away out of sight. Many circumstances, however, seemed to indicate that they would most likely be found in the river Patinga. In this direction, therefore, a couple of yachts and some armed boats were sent out to find those ships with their sweet cargoes, to attack and capture them. Pete Hein, of course, remained on board his flagship. An admiral does not usually accompany such a subordinate expedition. The little squadron sailed and rowed up the bay close by the shore, arrived at the small bend into which the Patinga empties, entered and boldly went up the river. Proceeding slowly and cautiously they followed the windings of the stream for nearly four hours without

discovering anything, when, at last, in a bend of the river and almost hidden by the luxuriant tropical growth of trees and shrubbery, they caught sight of their prey. There were two of them—vessels of considerable size. The Hollanders tried to get alongside so as to board the Spaniards, but these hauled their vessels higher up the stream, where their enemies were reluctant to follow them on account of their ignorance of the locality, and gave up the attempt. Thus, without accomplishing what they were sent out to do, they returned and reported to the admiral. This was not very much to the taste of Pete Hein, to set about doing a thing and then to give it up without so much as trying. He did not give the reporters of the failure a very kind reception, and when one of the officers of the little expedition asserted that it was impossible to take those ships up in yonder river, he cried, "Nonsense, everything is possible if you only think so. I'll go myself to-morrow and see if those fellows can't be dragged out of their nest." Even he, however, did not find the job quite as easy as breathing. The Spaniards had dragged the two ships into a creek emptying into the Patinga. When Pete Hein and his little flotilla reached this creek he found that the enemy had received strong reinforcements. A hundred and fifty soldiers had been sent from the city to help the crews of the ships. These troops were placed in such position and were so well commanded that it seemed for a while as if even now the Dutch would fail in their undertaking. Twice they were repulsed; but in the third attack Pete Hein, setting his teeth and exclaiming, "Now it has to go!" led his men in such a furious

assault that sailors and soldiers took to their heels and left the ships in the possession of their assailants. Going farther up this creek, two more vessels were found, whose sailors jumped overboard as soon as they saw the Hollanders approaching. These also proved to be of considerable value, being laden with tobacco and sugar. Returning now to the river, they ascended this still farther and presently perceived two more ships lying up the stream and beyond them still another. Access to these had, however, been rendered impossible; for the enemy had cut down some large trees on each bank of the river in such a way that they were hanging over the stream so as to be easily hurled upon the Dutch boats and crush them if they should attempt to pass farther up. It was determined therefore to return with the booty already obtained. And it was in this return down the river that Pete Hein showed himself a man of skill and resource, and not a mere hair-brained dare-devil. He comprehended that the enemy, being master of both banks of the river, would do everything possible to prevent the return of himself and his men with their plunder. It was of the utmost importance, therefore, that he should personally inspect the situation. Taking a couple of boats, he floated slowly and carefully down the stream and was not long in discovering that his surmises had been well founded. The Spaniards had taken a vessel which the Hollanders had captured and plundered the day before without destroying it, and had hauled it out into the middle of the river, scuttled and sunk it there across the stream, so that Pete Hein would be compelled to steer directly between the wreck and the

shore. This passage was very narrow and was made the more dangerous by reason of a breastwork cast up on the bank, and from behind which the enemy could open a destructive fire of cannon and musketry upon the flotilla. A perilous point to pass. But the Dutch commander was as quick in movement as he was bold in action. Without paying any attention to the fire from the shore he made directly for the sunken ship and set fire to all of it that was above the water, and then with a couple of small cannon which he had in his boats he paid his compliments to the enemy on shore. In this way he foiled the attempt to entrap and destroy him and, with but slight loss, returned to his vessels lying a little lower down the river. But he still had to get out of the river back to the main part of his fleet and past the batteries which the enemy had thrown up near the mouth of the Patinga. To accomplish this his ingenuity led him to make of the ships and boats with him what might be called the first protected cruisers used in naval warfare. Some of the captured vessels had contained a great many hides with which now his boats were loaded. With some of these he covered the sides of his sloops and boats in repeated layers, while with others of the hides he made thick bulwarks running all along the decks. This device served all the better as the wind and stream were against them, so that they could proceed but very slowly, and, besides, the water was so low that they were in constant danger of getting aground. Indeed, in many places they were compelled to haul themselves along by throwing out anchors ahead and dragging the vessels forward, which in naval parlance is called

warping. As soon as they reached the batteries a terrific fire was opened upon them, but most of the shot either stuck in the thick covering of the hides or bounded off, so that the Dutch sailors greatly relished the joke of warding off Spanish bullets with Spanish bull-hides. Without the loss of a single man, and towing the captured vessels behind them, the little flotilla got safely out of the river and back to the fleet. Before reaching this, however, one of the captured ships got aground, so that they were compelled to throw her cargo and even her ballast overboard; but by morning it was again afloat and able to join the rest.

The rage and chagrin of the people of Bahia may be imagined when on that morning they saw the Hollanders passing by with the captured ships. The batteries were utterly powerless, on account of the distance at which the little Dutch fleet was lying, to prevent the carrying off of the rich booty. Nor did the Spaniards have the enterprise or courage to imitate their enemy by manning boats with armed men to attack him while busy with the arrangement of his captures, and to seek thus to recapture them. They were compelled to look on helplessly while Pete Hein was getting ready to send off the rich prizes he had made. When all was ready for the homeward voyage, after having performed one of the most daring feats recorded in history, he set sail for the fatherland, arriving there without any mishap on October 24, 1627. The directors of the West India Company presented him with a chain and medal of solid gold in recognition of his skilful and daring exploits. The ships captured by Pete Hein in the Bay of All Saints were known as the

sugar fleet and brought no small addition to the wealth of the company.

The next year two more fleets were fitted out by the West India Company, the first of twelve ships commanded by the Zeeland Admiral Peter Adriaansz Ita, who gained a great victory over the Spaniards in the neighborhood of Havana, but which cannot be related here; the other, of thirty-one thoroughly equipped vessels, under command of Pete Hein. The object of this was the capture of the Spanish silver fleet, on which the company had already set its heart now for two years. In May, 1628, Pete Hein's fleet set out from Holland, having, besides the renowned admiral as commander in chief, the subordinate commanders Hendrik Louk, Joost Van Trappen, also called Bankers, and Witte Cornelisz De Witt, the two latter subsequently taking rank among some of the greatest sea captains of that day and country. After encountering a great deal of foul weather the fleet at length arrived at a point somewhere between Florida and Cuba. Here they kept cruising, because the silver fleet, which was to come out of the Gulf of Mexico, would be compelled to pass that way. The distance between Cuba and Florida is great enough to prevent two fleets from getting sight of each other if one of them should wish to avoid this. Therefore a very sharp watch had to be kept up on the Dutch fleet day and night. On the 21st of August the first news about the silver fleet was received from a couple of fishing smacks belonging in Havana, which reported that few vessels were lying in the neighborhood of that city just then, but that the great treasure fleet was daily expected there. Ac-

cording to these fisher folk, also, nothing was known yet at Havana of a Dutch fleet cruising anywhere in the vicinity. They seem to have gotten wind of this soon thereafter, however, for no later than the 29th of August a vessel was spoken which had been sent out by the governor-general of Cuba to warn the silver fleet. It is needless to say that this warning never was given, for the captain of that ship was persuaded, in that irresistible way that men have when power is wholly on their side, to stay by the Dutch fleet. This continued cruising, therefore, along the coast of Cuba, steering steadily westward, but the Gulf Stream was so strong that in spite of itself the fleet was carried in an easterly direction. In this way it had been driven considerably below Havana to the neighborhood of Matanzas. And just here the famous event was to take place—here was to be caught that Spanish silver fleet whose treasures would replenish the almost empty coffers of the struggling little republic. On the 8th of September the firing of cannon was heard in the distance, shortly after which a single vessel was descried on the horizon. For the capture of this Witte Cornelisz De Witt was sent off, in which he succeeded only after a stubborn fight. This was the only feat of arms that took place in the whole notable enterprise, so that it might almost be said that the honor of the capture of the silver fleet belongs really to De Witt. For it was he who learned from the prisoners he then made that the richly laden fleet was in the immediate neighborhood. If, therefore, it had not been possible to capture this ship it would doubtless instantly have sailed back to warn the Span-

ish commander, and the silver fleet might not have fallen into the hands of the Hollanders. Now, however, everything went off the next day with the most unexpected ease. Few eyes, doubtless, were closed that night of the 8th of September on board of Pete Hein's fleet; all were nervously looking and longing for the morning of the day that should bring the long-expected Spaniards with their pockets full of wealth into view. Quite early the next morning some ships were sighted. There were ten of them. All sail was at once made for these, and without a blow the whole number was captured. Their cargoes consisted of hides, cochineal, indigo, all sorts of costly woods and dye-stuffs and other valuable merchandise. All of great enough value; but it was not yet the silver fleet. A strict watch for this was therefore still to be kept. At last, about noon, other ships hove in sight; and these were the real ones. They were all galleons, the towering, clumsy, ponderous vessels in which the Spaniards of that day seemed to delight so much. They were apparently drifting along with the stream. Suddenly they catch sight of a ship carrying the Orange flag, and at once put about, steering straight for the bay of Matanzas. And now a race begins as to which shall reach the bay first, the great lumbering Spaniards or the much smaller but nimbler Dutchmen who wanted to head them off. The Spaniards, however, were in the lead and ran ahead into the bay. When the Hollanders arrived at the entrance of the bay it was already getting dark, and thus too late to follow their quarry. During the night the Spaniards busily exerted themselves to carry as much as possible of

their treasures ashore for safety; but with the first break of day they beheld the boats of the Hollanders already close upon them. Pete Hein himself was in one of these directing the flotilla. At first it seemed as if the Spaniards were willing to make a brave fight in defense of their rich cargoes, but this lasted only a very short time. With staring eyes and wide open mouths they stand on the high decks watching the Dutch boats coming alongside. The sailors of these seem at first somewhat doubtful as to how to get up the towering sides of these sea-monsters and to get on board. But here and there a sailor espies a rope dangling from some part of the great ships and, taking hold of this, goes hand over hand upward, climbs over the bulwarks, pushes the gaping Spaniards unceremoniously aside and throws down to his comrades as many ropes as they want. It seemed as if the very foolhardiness of the thing had smitten the Spaniards with helpless amazement. In the shortest possible time all the boats are emptied and the galleons filled with their daring crews, who, swarming like so many grasshoppers on deck, driving the Spanish crews either down into the holds or overboard, begin with the plundering of the rich booty. Fortunately Pete Hein and his officers were soon able to check all private enterprise in this line on the part of their men, else very little might have reached the treasury of the republic. As it was, much must have found its way to the capacious pockets of the sailors. And the temptation was not a small one. The great ships were loaded down with treasure. It took no less than five days to pass the cargoes over into the Dutch ships. This done, four of the galleons

were fitted up as freighters to help carry the booty; the rest, when emptied, were either sunk or burned.

And the treasure? For that day it was immense. According to some historians the value amounted to 14,000,000 florins, which, reckoned by present values, might easily be multiplied by five. There were nearly 134 pounds of gold, 180,000 pounds of silver, and 1,000 large pearls of the most precious kind. Besides this there were all sorts of manufactured articles of silver and gold—cups, platters, chandeliers, spoons, forks, locks, chalices, etc., etc. In addition to this still there were all sorts of costly woods and dye-stuffs, a great quantity of barrels of sugar, hides—in one word, everything that was worth money.

And now, the great object having been most successfully accomplished, the prows were turned toward the fatherland, which all reached in safety except one ship that was wrecked on the Irish coast.

The home-coming of Pete Hein was such as no Dutchman before him had ever experienced. Wherever he went his reception was one of unbounded enthusiasm. Everywhere he was feasted and fêted, everywhere bonfires were burning, bells were ringing, and crowds were shouting themselves hoarse in his honor. The hero himself was no little amused by all this display of popular applause, and said: "Just mark the jubilation, because, forsooth, I have brought gold and silver for the treasury. Before, when I had fought hard at San Salvador, there was scarcely any one that took any notice of me." His progress from city to city was an unbroken ovation. In connection with this, a story is told highly characteristic of the

Dutch housewife and her far-famed cleanliness. After all that fêting and feasting, Pete Hein turned his steps to the house of his two sisters in the village of Broeck, noted as the most scrupulously neat town in all that land of spotless paints and glistening metal dishes. Arrived at the house, he announced himself by the knocker on the door. This was answered by one of the sisters, who, on opening the door and seeing who was there, instead of falling upon the neck of her hero-brother as the sister of such a man would have done in any other land, coolly looked at his footgear, and seeing that his feet were somewhat soiled, calmly said, "So, Pete, is that you? Just stay there till I bring your slippers!"

The results of the taking of the silver fleet were of the utmost importance to the little republic that was fighting for its very life against mighty Spain. In the first place, while it filled the almost exhausted coffers of the republic, it well-nigh emptied the treasury of Spain. Her soldiers had for some time gone without their pay, and it was the return of just this silver fleet with its treasures upon which promises for their payment had been based. When these promises now neither were nor could be fulfilled by the government at Madrid, the soldiers became mutinous and many deserted to the enemy. On the other hand, the great booty gained enabled the little republic both to pay its troops and to make additional levies of fresh men, and this was followed by the capture of several important cities and their permanent deliverance from Spanish oppression.

The skill, ability and daring displayed by Pete Hein

in every undertaking at sea with which he had been intrusted led to the government's selection of him as the successor to the lieutenant-admiral of Holland, Prince William of Nassau, son of the renowned Prince Mauritz, who had died the death of heroes in 1627. There were, indeed, a number of able captains in the navy of the republic whose proved heroism might have given them a claim to be selected for this exalted position. But the condition of the Dutch navy at this time was such that for its commander-in-chief there was needed not simply a man of undoubted courage and seamanship, but one in whom, in addition to these qualities, there were found also consummate skill, prudence and tact. And there was no one in the republic who possessed all these qualifications in equal measure with Pete Hein, while he was superior to all others also in administrative genius and military ability. In him were conspicuous the talents of a Martin Harpertsz. Tromp and a Michael De Ruyter, and if he could have remained longer at the head of the Dutch navy perhaps it would even then already have reached that splendid development which was given to it under Tromp and was carried to its fullest height under De Ruyter. He was, however, not permitted long to adorn his exalted position.

Scarcely two months after his appointment as lieutenant-admiral of Holland he set sail with a small squadron of seven men-of-war and one yacht, leaving orders for all the rest of his fleet to follow him as soon as they were ready for sea. His object was to find and punish the pirates of Dunkirk. This was a strong seaport in the southern Netherlands and then still in

the possession of Spain. We shall have to refer to this city again in relating the deeds of the great Tromp.

As soon as Pete Hein's fleet had been sufficiently strengthened he steered at once for Dunkirk, where a couple of his yachts captured two privateers. Then, leaving his vice-admiral Quast with twelve ships before Dunkirk in order to prevent the sailing out of any other privateers, he himself went with the rest of his force to hunt up the main fleet of the Dunkirkers. Entering the straits between Dover and Calais on the 30th of June, 1629, he discovered the enemy. Instantly he began the atack, placing his own ship between those of the two admirals of the hostile fleet and giving both a broadside at the same time. This was answered at once by the two Dunkirkers, when, with the third volley a shot struck the great hero as he stood on the quarter-deck encouraging his men in the fight, and put an end to his noble life. By his side, at the time, was standing his future worthy successor, Martin Harpertsz. Tromp. Seeing their beloved and renowned commander fallen, his men, instead of losing heart, became possessed with an uncontrollable lust for vengeance. Like raging tigers they threw themselves upon the foe and were soon masters of the enemy's flagship, where every soul on board was put to the sword. The Dunkirker vice-admiral now sought to get away, but Pete Hein's flag-captain, Vink, followed him through the entire night with the fire of his batteries. In the morning the Dunkirker's mainmast was shot away, when Vink threw out his grappling irons and boarded him. Then followed the most furious fight of the entire engagement, the privateersmen fight-

ing with the courage of despair; but when, after an hour's persistent struggle, the vice-admiral saw a third of his men lying dead along his deck, he surrendered at discretion. The rest of the Dunkirk fleet had fled and dispersed.

The body of Pete Hein was carried to Delft, and like that of Heemskerk was buried at the expense of the State. Over his grave a noble monument, worthy of his services and fame, was erected, which, with his statue in the little square of his native town, ought for all time to be a constant inspiration to his countrymen of heroic and exalted patriotism.

He lived, fought, and died for his fatherland. Two lines borrowed from Byron's Childe Harold, with a slight change of phrase, may deservedly be applied also to Pete Hein: "Let his name from out the temple of the dead be honored by the nations."

MARTIN HARPERTSSON TROMP.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOME OF TROMP—BOY-SAILOR CAPTURED BY PIRATES—TESTIMONY OF PIET HEIN—DUNKIRK AND ITS PRIVATEERS—FIERCE BATTLES WITH THESE—VICTORY OVER VAN DOORN—ARMADA OF D'OQUENDO—TROMP'S DARING ATTACK—ENGLISH INTERFERENCE—TOTAL DEFEAT OF D'OQUENDO—RESULT, WIDESPREAD FAME OF TROMP—JEALOUSY OF ENGLAND—IMPROVEMENT IN NAVAL TACTICS—PEACE OF MUNSTER—END OF EIGHTY YEARS' STRUGGLE—CAUSES OF WAR WITH ENGLAND—VICTORY OVER BLAKE—FLEET SHATTERED BY STORM—RELIEVED OF COMMAND—REINSTATED—TOTAL DEFEAT OF BLAKE—THREE DAYS' FIGHT OFF PORTLAND—HEROISM OF VARIOUS CAPTAINS—COMPARISON OF FORCES—FIERCE BATTLE WITH MONK AND BLAKE—DEATH OF TROMP.

Before relating the deeds of our present hero, let us pay a visit to his boyhood home.

There were few countries of that time in which the influence of art among the middle classes was more marked than in Holland. This was particularly noticeable in the tasteful and harmonious shaping of the interior of their dwellings, in the doors and panellings, as well as in the adornment of the rooms. Of this class was the house at Briel, where, in 1597, Tromp was born, and in which he spent the days of his early childhood. Seen from the outside there was nothing to attract attention to it, unless it might have been its somewhat sombre simplicity. But as soon as one entered the

MAARTEN HARPERTSZOON TROMP,
Luitenant Admiraal van Holland
en Westfriesland.

A. Schouman del. naar't Origineel van Ievvens in 't Huys ter Burgem. v. Amsterd. te Delft. J. Houbraken fecit.

front door the proofs of artistic taste were at once apparent. In the hall the tessellated floor was of blue and white marble, brilliant with the evidence of the constant application of soap and brush, while its walls were lined with the world-renowned Delft tiles. The stairs were covered with chased brass, the value of which would to-day be reckoned almost equal with gold. Each landing place, as well as the casements, with their stained glass windows, which gave light to the staircase, was furnished with exotic plants, set in costly jardinières.

In the room of the master of the house the walls were covered with rich Gobelin tapestry. From the posts of the carved bedstead of black ebony projected a canopy whose inner surface was richly painted with an appropriate scene. From this hung damask curtains exquisitely worked. The chimney opposite the bedstead was a masterpiece of interior architecture. Columns of sea-green marble crowned with white capitals supported the mantelpiece, the graceful cornice of which was surmounted by a frieze covered with bas-reliefs. Above the mantelpiece and on either side of it, was a large painting in light gray enamel from Limoge, representing scenes in the life of the sea captain Harpert Martensson, our hero's father. The chairs of costly wood, with their finely turned legs and straight backs and arms, were better fitted for ornament than ease. On the gueridons, small round stands, stood elegant large pots filled with drooping ferns. Everywhere objects of vertu relieved the somewhat oppressive splendor of this Dutch chamber, while the spotless

cleanliness and elegance of the whole testified to the taste and industry of the housewife.

Such was the boyhood home of Martin Harpertsson Tromp; and yet from this house, when only a child, he went with his father to share the perils and privations of his dangerous calling. We have seen that he was present at the glorious battle in the bay of Gibraltar when he was only nine years old. Two or three years after this he accompanied his father on board of a Dutch West Indiaman. On the coast of Guinea they were attacked by an English pirate, and, though the Dutch sailors fought with all their old-time courage and determination, weight of metal and superiority of numbers finally decided the contest in favor of the English freebooter. Martin's father himself fell here, after a desperate hand-to-hand contest with the captain of the pirate ship. The little fellow had shown already here the stuff he was made of by boldly taking part in the bloody fight, and when he saw his father fall he ran toward the men of his own ship, crying: "Will no one avenge the death of my father?" But the loss of their captain had almost broken the spirit of the men, and, though the Hollanders still fought bravely, they were soon overcome and forced to surrender. With those who were left alive of the crew little Martin was made prisoner and was compelled to serve the slayer of his father as cabin boy. For two long years he was made to endure on this pirate ship a life of the utmost abandonment and cruelty, a life that it would seem could have ended only in the utter debasement of the lad or the crushing out of his spirit. But he came out of the terrible ordeal neither broken in

mind nor character. How he escaped out of the clutches of his captor there is no record except one that is wholly legendary and unreliable. There is no question, however, that the two years spent with the pirate, while leaving his moral nature uncorrupted, which remarkable immunity could have been caused only by his early pious training, had made him already much of the man which he afterwards became, utterly fearless in the midst of danger and on the fullest footing of familiarity with every mood of the capricious sea.

Undeterred by all he had already suffered, he had barely reached home when he was off again to sea. At the age of twenty he was quartermaster under Handsome Lambert, one of the heroes of the battle of Gibraltar. Somewhat later he was captured again, this time by an Algerine pirate, who took him first to Tunis and then to Algiers, but was set at liberty by the bey of that city on payment of a heavy ransom.

In 1627 he received from Prince Mauritz, the Stadtholder of Holland, the command of a small frigate. From this time until his death there was scarcely anything done by the Dutch fleet where he was not present, nor any sea fight in which he did not give proof of his courage and skill. As we have seen, it was he who was with Pete Hein in the battle with the Dunkirk fleet, where the latter lost his life. Pete Hein himself had turned the attention of the Republic to the man who was to make both his own name and that of his fatherland so glorious. He declared that he had known many able and brave captains, in whom, however, he had always found some professional weakness or other, but that Tromp possessed every qualification re-

quired in a commander at sea. And, indeed, it was he who was to follow up the great work of Pete Hein.

Several years were yet to pass, however, before Tromp reached the pinnacle of his fame. While his own name was becoming known as that of one of the ablest and most heroic sea captains of his day, the neglect and maladministration of the Lieutenant-Admiral Van Dorp and Vice-Admiral Liefhebber were reducing the Dutch navy to a most deplorable condition. Things were brought to such a pass even that Tromp and De Witt, the latter one of the boldest and most daring of his day, with a number of other captains threw up their commissions and sought employment on shore. At length the two incapable admirals resigned. Now the present Stadtholder, Prince Frederick Henry, himself one of the ablest generals of that time, put Tromp and De Witt at the head of the Dutch naval affairs, the former as lieutenant-admiral, the other as vice-admiral. Both took hold of their task with their accustomed vigor and ability. In a few months they raised the navy once more to such a state of efficiency as to inspire both the government and the people with renewed confidence. The fruit of this was soon apparent, not only in the greater zeal and ambition shown by the subordinate officers and the eagerness with which sailors again sought service under the glorious flag, but in repeated victories over the fleets of Dunkirk.

Dunkirk, situated on the Channel, about midway between Calais and Ostende, was for many years the headquarters of the boldest privateers, and was particularly at this time the principal port at which the

Spanish fleets could find a harbor either for refuge or to refit or equip their vessels. The ships sent out by Dunkirkers, whether singly or in squadrons, inflicted more injury upon Dutch commerce than all the navy of Spain. Some of their captains were but little inferior either in seamanship or fighting ability to the best that Holland could send against them. One of them, the renowned Jean Bart, was even selected by Louis XIV. to command a French fleet. Some of the conflicts between the Dutch and these bold freebooters are worth relating, since it was in these that many a sea captain of the little Republic proved himself worthy to be ranked among her naval heroes.

In November, 1630, a Captain Lighthart, commanding a yacht in the service of the Dutch West India Company, was on his homeward trip and had already entered the Channel, when three Dunkirk cruisers, carrying no less than seventy-six guns, gave chase to him. As there was no chance to get away without a fight, Lighthart awaited their attack and handled his ship and his few guns in such masterly manner as to keep his enemies at bay for eight long hours, finally succeeding in getting away and carrying his ship, though badly damaged, into Plymouth harbor. On another occasion an Amsterdam skipper, Niehoff, defended his single ship against four Dunkirkers until his vessel was ready to sink under him, when, in spite of the raining hail of shot that still fell about him, he and his crew manned their boats and escaped, the four hostile ships being too badly cut up to prevent it. The Admiralty of his native city fitly rewarded his heroism with a massive gold chain and medal. Not long after this, April 19, 1633,

another Amsterdammer distinguished himself in a fight with some vessels from that same nest of buccaneers. His name was Cornelius Jansson, but because of his fiery nature he had been nicknamed "the fighting cock," in Dutch, "de Haan," which latter became the family name and is still borne by not a few Hollanders. As he was peacefully ploughing the waves the outlook reported two Dunkirk freebooters in pursuit. Though he, too, was greatly inferior in guns and men, he neither sought to outsail them nor even to await their attack, but boldly turned his prow and, setting all sail, made straight for the foe and placed his ship between his two opponents. In this position he kept up the fight for three hours with a fury that has rarely been surpassed. At the end of this time the larger of the buccaneers, a seventeen-gun ship, careened and went to the bottom, seeing which the other, of fourteen guns, turned tail and fled, leaving "the fighting cock" master of the field. There was, however, no crowing or flapping of wings on his part over the victory, for both he and the most of his men had paid for their achievement with their lives. The rest of the crew brought their little ship, though scarcely able to float, safely back to Amsterdam. This was the eighth fight with the Dunkirkers in which De Haan had been engaged, from seven of which he had each time brought home a prize. This is commemorated by the following inscription above his tomb in the Old Church at Amsterdam:

"Here lies the man who seven times constrained
His foes to strike their flag, and seven prizes gained,

And at the last with two made such a fight
That one was sunk and the other put to flight."

Another of these captains made his name particularly dreaded among the Dunkirkers. This was the Zeelander, Joost Bankers. There were no less than six of his family who distinguished themselves at sea in the service of their fatherland, though no one of the others quite equalled him in skill and heroism. He rose by sheer merit and bravery from the lowest rank to that of admiral of the fleet of Zeeland, the most southerly of the seven provinces of the Dutch Republic. Once, when he was still a young man, his single ship was attacked by a fleet of thirteen Dunkirkers. After a most stubborn fight, in which the marvelous swiftness and skill with which Bankers handled his ship were as conspicuous as his courage and daring, he made his escape, though his ship was badly cut up. Three of the Dunkirkers had, one after the other, been sent to the bottom. On another occasion he was boarded by two of the same class of buccaneers. Their men were crowding on his decks, and as one after another of his crew fell about him it seemed as if this time he would have to succumb. Again and again they called upon him to surrender, each time only to get the reply, "Surrender? Never! I'll blow up my ship first!" and putting a match into the hands of his oldest son, who was with him on board, he sent him down to the magazine with orders to set fire to this as soon as he should give the word, threatening to split the boy's head open with his own hand if he dared to disobey. After a desperate struggle the assailants were driven

back to their own ships and Bankers succeeded in bringing his own safely into port. There was fortunately no need, therefore, in carrying out his fearful threat. Some time thereafter, in 1637, when in command of four armed merchant vessels, he defeated a Dunkirk squadron of seven sail, capturing three of them and putting the rest to flight.

None of the Dutch captains, however, was so conspicuously successful against these privateers as Tromp. Only one of his engagements with these bold and persistent foes of the Dutch marine can be related here, but that the most important not only in its character, but in its effects.

Early in February, 1639, he was sent with a squadron of twelve ships to attack the Dunkirkers or to shut them up in their own harbor. Immediately on reaching the neighborhood of their port Tromp sent one of his ships ahead to reconnoitre. By this the signal was soon given that a large fleet was coming out from Dunkirk. Finding it impossible to prevent this, Tromp drew up his fleet in the form of a half moon, a favorite manœuvre of his, and made for the enemy.

The governor of the city, Don Fuentes, with a large retinue, had come down to the shore, like another Xerxes, to witness the destruction of the fleet that had dared to beard him in his own stronghold, but only, like his prototype, to be overwhelmed with shame. His fleet was numerically twice as strong as that of the Hollanders, counting twenty-three sail, while most of these were also as usual much larger and better equipped. Two of the largest led the van and opened fire as soon as they got within range. After a short

but very hot contest, however, these were compelled to strike the flag. Sending these to the rear in charge of prize crews, Tromp hoisted the red flag in signal for a general attack. The wind was in favor of the enemy while the Dutch had constantly to beat against it, a circumstance which might easily have led to their defeat. But their ships were handled with such consummate skill, and their fire was so rapid and accurate that it seemed rather as if the elements were aiding instead of opposing them. Still, when seeking to get closer to the wind so as to get at the enemy with better headway, Tromp was for awhile separated from the rest of his fleet. In this position he was set upon by five of the heaviest galleons; but these received such a warm reception that they made haste to get away from his murderous fire. This done, Tromp made straight for Van Doorn, the Dunkirk admiral. But he had evidently seen enough of the way his ships were being pounded, and, thinking discretion the better part of valor, took to his heels and made all sail for port, followed by the remainder of his fleet. In the pursuit the enemy's vice-admiral was so closely pressed by two of the Dutch frigates that he could not reach the harbor in time to escape. He therefore ran his ship aground and, after ordering his crew to make for the shore, with his own hand set fire to his noble vessel. The battle had lasted from eight in the morning till three in the afternoon, and had cost the Dunkirkers three of their best ships and the lives of no less than 1,600 men.

The consternation in Dunkirk caused by this victory was only equalled by the exultation felt in Holland.

Tromp and his captains were each rewarded with a gold medal. Even France vied with the Republic in doing honor to the great admiral. Louis XIII. sent him the Order of St. Michael set with jewels and suspended from a massive chain of gold, while his prime minister, Richelieu, sent Tromp a congratulatory letter written by his own hand.

Meanwhile repeated rumors had come that Spain was preparing to deliver a crushing blow to the Republic. The French ambassador at The Hague had also warned the Dutch government that a great armada was collecting in the harbor of Corunna, evidently designed against Holland, and urged that a strong force be instantly prepared to meet this danger. The Spanish fleet almost equalled the self-styled Invincible Armada with which Philip I. had hoped to crush at once both England and Holland. Now, however, the smaller and weaker country was to feel alone the power of this formidable armament, one greater than it had ever been called upon to meet.

As this fleet set out from Corunna it numbered sixty-seven sail, the most consisting of the heaviest galleons ever built in Spanish shipyards. The flagship, carrying sixty-six guns, was claimed to be the swiftest sailor afloat. Those of the admirals of Castile and Naples each carried fifty-four guns. The largest, however, was that of the Portuguese admiral, the Mater Teresa, which mounted sixty-eight guns and was manned by 1,200 soldiers and sailors. The entire armament of this armada consisted of 1,700 heavy guns, besides a number of less calibre. The united crews numbered 24,000 men. Many of Spain's nobility had

also joined the fleet, dukes and marquises, counts and knights of St. Iago, to gain fame and renown in the expected destruction of the sea power of the thrice-hated Republic. The chief command of this gigantic fleet was entrusted to Don Antonio d'Oquendo, the latter part of whose name has become familiar to us as that of one of the ill-fated fleet that found such swift destruction off Santiago de Cuba on July 3, 1898.

Besides, orders had been sent from Madrid to the Spanish Netherlands to fit out and collect as many ships of war as possible at Dunkirk, which were to join the fleet from Spain as soon as that should reach the Channel. It was this fleet collected there at Dunkirk for that purpose which Tromp had recently driven back. Unfortunately it was only temporarily shut up there.

What force, now, did Holland have ready with which to meet the impending peril? At the outset, not more than twenty-nine ships. Over this little fleet, however, three of her ablest and bravest sons were put in command, Tromp, De Witt, and Bankers. With such consummate seamen and dauntless fighters as these there was likely to be hot work when they should grapple with the Dons.

Tromp divided his fleet into three squadrons; he himself with twelve ships went down the Channel to cruise in the southern end of the Strait of Dover; De Witt, with five others, was to lie off at the northern end of the Strait; while Bankers, with the remaining twelve, was sent to keep an eye on the Dunkirk fleet. While these were thus posted, awaiting the appearance of the great armada, Tromp intercepted three Eng-

lish vessels carrying a thousand Spanish soldiers to Dunkirk. These troops he disarmed and set ashore on the coast of France, their seventy officers were sent prisoners to Holland, while he allowed the English ships to proceed homeward. The complaints made by Holland to the English government for this great breach of neutrality were utterly unheeded.

Meanwhile the morning of September 15, 1639, had dawned, and nothing had yet been seen of d'Oquendo's fleet. As the morning advanced, however, the great armada was discovered approaching by Beachy Head. A council of war was at once assembled on board of Tromp's flagship and the bold resolve was there unanimously taken to give battle to the Spaniard. A swift-sailing frigate was therefore despatched to De Witt and Bankers to order them at once to join their chief. De Witt was the first to receive and obey the message. But, having the wind in his teeth, he could not reach Tromp that day or night. By sunrise of the 16th, however, the two squadrons sighted each other, whereupon Tromp, having the wind in his favor, went to meet his subordinate. As soon as they met De Witt went on board of the flagship, where also the other commanders of the fleet had assembled. After some discussion it was resolved not to wait for Bankers, but with their seventeen vessels to seek and attack the vastly superior force of d'Oquendo. "Now is the time to show that we are true sons of Holland, and that for her we are determined to conquer or perish." These words of the bold De Witt filled every breast with heroic resolve.

The Spaniards, too, had evidently resolved upon

battle, for the great fleet, with every sail filled, came dashing on, d'Oquendo in the lead. Doubtless he expected to make short work of that small handful of vessels that seemed ready to dispute his passage through the Strait. Those seventeen ships there flying the hated Orange flag he would either drive into ignominious flight, or, if they dared to make a stand, send every one of them to the bottom. But these were craft that were not built to be sunk by Spanish cannon, and as for fleeing, that was a word not found in the vocabulary of Dutch sailors. Instead, they calmly held their place and awaited the onset of the Dons. Firing wildly from their many batteries long before a single shot could strike home, these came on. The more enconomical and wary Hollanders held their fire until they were sure every shot would tell. D'Oquendo at once made for Tromp, and laying his monster ship alongside, again and again sought to capture his adversary by boarding. But at each attempt the swarming crowds of Spaniards were driven back, either hurled with cloven heads or shattered limbs into the sea or falling dead or dying on their own deck. At the same time such a hail of cannon shot and musket balls was poured into the Spaniard's ship that d'Oquendo was glad to draw off to a safer part of the field. In another direction De Witt was leading the dance, as he would call it, in his usual fashion. Throwing prudence to the wind, with impetuous daring he plunged into the very midst of the foe. Here he was at once surrounded by the heaviest galleons. They lay on all sides of him, on starboard and larboard, across stem and stern, sending broadsides point-blank and raking him fore and aft.

His sails were shot to rags, the masts were tottering, the hull was riddled, the stern was afire—yet neither he nor his men flinched. Calm and composed, but with set lips and blazing eyes, he gave his rapid orders; his guns thundered with almost ceaseless roar, and one by one the Spaniards slunk away to seek, like their chief, some clearer and quieter spot.

When the sun was setting toward the horizon, about four in the afternoon, and while thus there would have been yet a full hour of clear daylight, the conviction seemed to have seized d'Oquendo that all his efforts to scatter or destroy that little fleet were futile, for that day at least. Anyway, he withdrew toward the English coast to take account of stock. Had he been a Dutchman or an Englishman he would not so easily have given up his purpose, even though some of his vessels had been rendered unfit for further fighting. The Hollanders had sustained one serious loss, but rather by accident than by the guns of the enemy. One of Tromp's squadron, the Great Christopher, had accidentally caught fire in the powder magazine and was blown up. De Witt's ship had been rendered almost entirely useless after his desperate fight with those four Spaniards. Thus the little fleet was reduced to fifteen ships fit for service. Nevertheless, the two commanders stuck to their original purpose to give the enemy no respite. Before the day had quite closed they were reinforced by two fresh ships sent from Holland, bringing the number up again to the original seventeen. Bankers ought to have arrived also by this time; but so far nothing had yet been seen of him. Signal guns were fired by the fleet to indicate its position in case he

were approaching. Meanwhile Tromp followed up his adversary during the evening and remained the entire night under his lee, in order to attack him again with the first light of day. Toward midnight a dense fog arose, while at the same time the wind went down, so that the enemy could not be kept in sight. This continued during all the next day, the 17th, making it impossible for the Dutch admiral to disturb the Spaniards, who were cruising along the English coast. Toward evening Tromp signalled his captains on board for a council of war. Here it was resolved that as soon as the moon should rise, after midnight, to weigh anchor and once more attack the Spaniards. In order to prevent the separation of his fleet by the superior force of the enemy, Tromp ordered that they should keep as close together as possible. In addition, he commanded each vessel to carry one light in the mainmast and one in the stern, while the flagship would carry two, so as the better to distinguish each other. A breeze springing up now from the southeast, the anchors were weighed about midnight and the fleet was headed for the foe. About one o'clock they got within gunshot of each other. The weather was magnificent, —the peaceful moon stood full in the almost cloudless sky, in sublime contrast to the din and carnage that was to go on under her gentle radiance. The Spaniards do not seem to have expected a night attack and replied but feebly to the first fire. "They seem to be asleep," said Tromp. "Say, boys, let's wake them up there!" With a laugh his men jumped to the guns and shot followed shot with such rapidity as if instead of the clumsy cannon of the seventeenth century they were

handling modern rapid-fire guns. This aroused the enemy to put somewhat more spirit into their work also. The whole night through the fierce contest went on, the little fleet of Tromp and De Witt confounding the Spaniards as much by their swiftness and skill in manœuvering as by the fury of their attack.

Suddenly the outlook on the flagship of the Hollanders reports a sail to leeward, then two, three, four —twelve. Tromp takes the glass, and after a moment cries: "Thank God, they are our brothers!" And, indeed, it was Joost Bankers with his squadron coming to take a hand in the fight. Day was just breaking, and as the news of his coming went from ship to ship among the battle-tired sailors, a cheer went up that must have taken the heart still more out of d'Oquendo's seamen. And only now, too, could the great injury inflicted on the foe during the night be perceived. As the sun ascended higher in the heavens his rays disclosed here some great sea castles of Spain with sails, masts and rigging shot away; yonder, others, still more helpless, drifting about on the waves. There they showed some towering monster enveloped in flames; yonder another careening and going to the bottom. And wherever the eye could reach human forms were seen struggling in the waves, few of which could be saved, since their comrades feared to send out boats for their rescue.

The Dutch fleet now numbered twenty-nine ships, and twelve of these were fresh, with every man on board, from the commander down, eager for a bout with the Dons. These, too, were soon made aware that they would have a still harder task set them than in the

past night. Nor does d'Oquendo seem to have had much inclination to continue the contest, for he signalled orders for his fleet to steer for the Downs. The attempt to carry this out, however, brought still greater confusion to the Spaniards. Of this the Dutch took instant advantage and fell upon them with such irresistible dash as to force them to take to their heels and seek refuge under the batteries of England in the Downs. Tromp was left master of the field, instead of being destroyed or driven off, and he had besides two of the strongest Spanish ships to send in triumph to Holland. The news they brought here not only allayed the deep anxiety that had been felt in regard to the fate of Tromp's small force, but increased the eagerness to send out as rapidly as possible such reinforcements as should enable him to do for d'Oquendo what the latter had thought to do for him.

Tromp followed close upon the heels of D'Oquendo, and on reaching the Downs placed the divisions of his fleet in such positions as should prevent the escape of the Spaniards without a further fight. Very soon after this disposition was made the Hollanders were surprised to see an English fleet, under Admiral John Pennington, come out and take up a position in their immediate neighborhood. But they were still more astounded when Pennington sent an officer to Tromp bringing the following royal order from Charles I.: "Both the Hollanders and Spaniards are to refrain from any further hostilities. He who shall first transgress this order will be treated as an enemy of Great Britain. The same proclamation will be sent to the respective governments of both the warring nations."

For awhile Tromp was undecided what to do: his instructions gave no hint how to act under such circumstances. The Dutch government had never dreamed that England would interfere in any way to the detriment of Holland in the righteous war it was waging with the implacable enemy of the Republic; an enemy equally hostile to the principles dearest to the hearts of the English people. Tromp, therefore, called another council of war. At this it was determined to maintain the present position until further instructions should be received from home. The arbitrary order of the English King seems to have been carried to Holland by the Dutch ambassador at the court of Charles before the news of Tromp's victory had reached there. When this insolent command was read in the States General it created a fear in the hearts of some of the members that they might be involved in a war with England. A doubtful and feeble message was therefore sent to the fleet by a fishing sloop. This, fortunately, never reached Tromp, for the skipper, getting sight of some strange vessels, and fearing lest the sealed orders he was carrying might fall into the hands of an enemy, threw them overboard. Upon the arrival in Holland of the news of the heroic action of the Dutch fleet against the greatly superior foe, the feeling of both government and people changed to unprecedented enthusiasm. Every navy yard became at once the scene of the busiest industry; never before had the different workmen shown such zeal and rapidity. The East and West India Companies seemed to vie with each other in furnishing ships and men for the common object, the destruction of the proud Span-

ish armada. In four weeks' time sixty ships were ready for war. A writer of that day says: "The harbors, wharfs and navy yards of Holland swarmed with preparations for war by land and sea. In every direction ships seemed to grow out of the ground rather than being constructed by human hands. There was no need of establishing recruiting officers for sailors, they fairly rushed for the ships, and that in such numbers that it was impossible to accept all that offered their services. Every one was eager to fight under the banner of Tromp. Each felt assured of victory where Tromp commanded." Thus, to the amazement of all Europe, the fleet under Tromp, in a little more than a month, grew to ninety-six men of war, besides eleven fireships Stronger proof could scarcely have been given of what enthusiastic patriotism may accomplish in even so small a country as the Holland of that time. Even now, however, Tromp's fleet was still inferior in the size of its ships, weight and number of guns, and in men.

The Dutch government now sent orders to its admiral of a far different tenor from those thrown overboard by the captain of the fishing smack. He was commanded to attack and, if possible, destroy the Spanish fleet in whatever harbors, bays, or roadsteads belonging to any nation in which it might be found, and to defend himself by force of arms against any power or powers that might seek to hinder him in this. Such was the bold response of the little Republic to the imperious order and insolent threat of Charles I.

Armed with this energetic command of his govern-

ment Tromp made instant preparations for attack at the first opportunity that should present itself. D'Oquendo, however, kept his force in the neighborhood of the English fleet, whose commander, Pennington, seemed inclined to thwart Tromp in every possible way. Not caring to embroil his country in a war with England, the latter tried to draw the Spaniard into the open. With this object he sent challenge after challenge to d'Oquendo to come out and try again the gage of battle. But to these the Spanish commander replied with all sorts of flimsy excuses. At first he said that he could not come out until he had secured a lot of masts and yards which were waiting for him at Dover. When this was reported to Tromp he sent one of his captains to fetch them. For bringing these to his fleet the astonished Spaniard presented the Dutch captain with a cask of wine. Though d'Oquendo's excuse was now removed, he was not yet ready to accept his antagonist's challenge. When Pennington made some sharp remark about this, the Spaniard said that he had not sufficient powder for a long battle, but that as soon as he had this he would meet Tromp. Thereupon the Englishman offered to ask the Dutch commander for a loan of a thousand pounds. To this d'Oquendo agreed. When this singular and unique proposal, never heard of before or since in the annals of war, was brought to Tromp, he replied that he was ready to accommodate the Spaniard if he really needed the powder, and would send for it. But this request proved only another subterfuge, for d'Oquendo neither sent for the powder nor left his safe and comfortable anchorage.

Now, however, the Dutchman had lost all patience and determined to give battle in spite of the English fleet or the guns of Dover. Tromp divided his fleet into six squadrons. With the first he intended personally to attack the Spanish commander-in-chief. The second was to be led by Jan Evertsen against the division of the Portuguese Admiral Lopez Docias; Rear-Admiral Catz led the third against the Dunkirk Admiral Michael van Doorn, whose fleet had reinforced d'Oquendo; while the commodores Denys and Houtebeen (Wooden Leg) were to look after the extreme wings of the enemy.. The last and strongest squadron was under command of the intrepid De Witt, who was to keep an eye on Pennington and see that he neither gave aid to the enemy nor interfered in any way with the action of Tromp or any part of his fleet. When it is remembered that this squadron of De Witt's numbered no less than thirty ships, it seems almost like temerity on the part of the Dutch commander to so far weaken his forces at the very moment of attack.

Before beginning the fight Tromp sent a letter to Pennington, stating that the Spaniards had broken the order of King Charles in firing a gun by which one of the men on Captain Block's ship had been killed. He therefore demanded that the Spaniards should be regarded as enemies according to the orders of the English Court; at least that the British fleet should keep itself strictly neutral. His letter was conveyed to Pennington by Captain Block. He was further instructed to say verbally that, if the English fleet interfered with Tromp in any way, he, Pennington, would have to defend himself against De Witt, who had or-

ders to attack him as soon as he showed any sign of hostility. Though he could not but have been greatly chagrined at the boldness of the Hollanders, Pennington gave a reassuring answer to this message, adding that he would urge the Spaniards to leave the Downs. But the English admiral seems to have failed in this. At all events, d'Oquendo and his fleet remained where they were. Up to this time the wind had been blowing from the east, and thus against Tromp. Now it suddenly changed first to the north and then to the northwest, the quarter most favorable to the Dutch fleet. The signals were set on the flagship and the five squadrons in splendid battle array followed the lead of the admiral to drive the Spaniards out of the Downs and to scatter or destroy their proud armada. De Witt, as arranged, with his thirty ships, took his station in the neighborhood of the English fleet to keep Pennington in check. Though d'Oquendo must have foreseen the attack long before, yet, perhaps doubting either Tromp's ability or courage to attack him in the presence of the English fleet and almost under the very guns of the forts on shore, he had made not the slightest preparation properly to receive his foe. But as the Dutch fleet came on now with the unmistakable air of battle, the most of the Spanish ships cut their cables and sought the open water. The narrowness of the passage, however, and the unskilfulness of the Spanish sailors, coupled with the hurry in which they were seeking to get in battle order, only brought their fleet into confusion. This was still further enhanced by the unwieldy size of their ships. To make matters still worse, while the huge galleons were thus crowd-

ing upon each other, suddenly a thick fog arose. What with all this and the ignorance of the Spaniards as to the waters in which they were fighting, coupled with the remarkable swiftness of the Dutch vessels and the rapidity of their fire, the battle seemed almost decided before it had fairly begun. At the very beginning of the fight Don Andreas de Castro, the admiral of Castile, though warned before, got aground with twenty-one of his division. When the fog lifted a little they were discovered by one of the Dutch squadrons which at once directed every battery against them. The English tried to protect the hapless Spaniards by the fire from their shore batteries and forts. The Hollanders paid no attention to this, but pounded away at de Castro's squadron so terribly that the crews left the ships pell-mell and sought either to escape in their boats or, jumping overboard, to reach the shore by swimming. Thereupon some of the fireships were sent from the Dutch fleet, which utterly destroyed seventeen of the Castilian vessels. While the fog had been so disastrous to de Castro it had thus far been favorable to d'Oquendo, who under its mantle had been enabled to get into the open sea, and was evidently trying to get out of the way. But, alas! the fog cleared away too soon for him, for no sooner had Tromp got sight of him but he at once gave chase. Here still other disasters followed the ill-fated fleet. The flagship of the admiral of Galicia, de Soto Major, got afoul of another Spanish vessel, whereupon these sea-castles were instantly surrounded by several of the small but swift Hollanders, and after a short contest were compelled to surrender. The admiral of Naples, Pedro Quaderon,

was driven with his ship on the Goodwin Sands near Dover; there it parted amidships and most of its officers and crew were lost in the waves. Eleven others of the great armada were captured or destroyed in this headlong chase; others were driven and stranded on the English or French coast, while only about twelve, favored by another fog followed by a gale, succeeded in reaching the harbor of Dunkirk. Among these were those of d'Oquendo himself and of Van Doorn, the Dunkirk admiral.

While Tromp was personally pursuing d'Oquendo and driving the Spaniards before him, the vice-admiral Jan Evertsen was engaged in the fiercest contest of that terrible day with the Portuguese admiral Docias. As has been stated, the ship of Docias, the Mater Teresa, was the largest in the Spanish fleet. Though his own ship as well as all the others of his squadron were vastly inferior to this sea-fortress, Evertsen did not hesitate to engage it. Under a terrific fire from the Portuguese squadron he dashed at the enemy, intending, if possible, to capture it by boarding. But the tremendous size of the ship and its crowd of 1,200 fighting men rendered this impossible. The desperate defense of the Portuguese only made Evertsen the more determined to capture or destroy his flagship, well knowing that with this taken the rest of the hostile squadron would be easily defeated. Without a moment's cessation, therefore, his guns poured their shot into the broad sides of the Mater Teresa. The defense, however, continued as stubborn as the attack. But when Tromp returned after the flight of d'Oquendo and became aware of the task Evertsen had set him-

self, he sent down five of his fireships. These, covered by Evertsen's incessant fire, made at once for the Portuguese flagship; but two of them, as they sought to fasten themselves to the great galleon, were consumed by their own fire. The other three were more successful; they threw their grapnels on board of the Portuguese and held him in their fiery clutch. Soon the monster was wrapped in flames and with a terrific crash it burst asunder, while its cannon still belched forth their own shot and flame. The tremendous concussion raised the sea in towering waves, while the agonizing cries of the torn and lacerated crew rent the air. Sublime but terrific spectacle! The English and French coasts trembled with the shock of the explosion, as if shaken by an earthquake. The twilight that had already fallen was changed into full daylight, and the heavens were covered to the horizon with the lurid glare. The blowing up of the Mater Teresa decided the fight. The terrified Portuguese fled in every direction, but with the Zeeland squadron in hot pursuit. Nine of them, six of which were among the heaviest galleons, fell into the hands of Evertsen and were brought in triumph to the Zeeland ports.

The next day Tromp's fleet was scattered over the straits of Dover, while of d'Oquendo's great armada only a single ship was left in sight. This basely surrendered to a boat carrying a crew of only nine men; the strongest evidence of the terror that the Hollanders had struck into the hearts of the Spaniards. A couple of days afterwards another galleon was captured near the English coast, another between Dover and Calais, while not far from the latter place three more were

run ashore by their own captains, and still another sought refuge up the Thames.

After Tromp had gathered his fleet together again he returned to the Downs. As he anchored there he honored the English fleet and forts with the customary salutes, but which were not returned. The English admiral had not stirred from his position during the entire battle; but it may be taken for granted that he did not view the unprecedented victory of the Dutch without envy. No doubt De Witt's presence with thirty ships as well as some secret orders from his master, King Charles, prevented any active interference on Pennington's part.

The loss sustained by the Spaniards was enormous. Of the entire fleet, 67 strong, in the preparation of which a whole year and vast sums of money had been spent, not more than 18 finally reached the harbor of Dunkirk in a very shattered condition. More than forty had either been burned, sunk or captured by the Dutch, of which latter 14 were sent to the harbors of Holland. Of their crews 7,000 had perished and 18,000 were made prisoners. The entire loss of the Dutch was scarcely one hundred men and two ships, one of which had become entangled with the rigging of the Mater Teresa and shared the same fate as that proud galleon.

The joy in Holland when the news of this splendid victory was received was unbounded. But when Tromp himself set foot on land the exultation was raised almost to the point of extravagance. His journey to The Hague was one continual triumphal progress. All ranks and conditions, rich and poor, young and old, men, women and children crowded each other

along the highways to get a glimpse of the conqueror. Nothing like it had ever been witnessed in the Republic. The reception given to Piet Hein when returning from the capture of the Silver Fleet was not to be compared with it. The government showed its appreciation of the great achievement, first by presenting to Tromp and each of his most important subordinates a gold chain and medal commemorating the victory, and next by proclaiming a general day of thanksgiving. By order of the States General also public festivals were held throughout the fatherland and by its ambassadors at foreign courts in honor of the victory. As another testimony of the government's great satisfaction with the conduct of the admiral, the States General earnestly solicited that to the daughter born to him a few days after his return this name should be given, Anna, Maria, Victoria, Martensis, Harpensis, Trompensis, Dunensis. Think of it! Wonder if the poor thing, loaded down with all this Latinized Dutch, survived?

The results were as noteworthy as the victory was great. Never before had the young Republic achieved such glory, and never in all the long struggle was her independence so assured. The naval power of Spain had received a crushing blow, and with this the conviction had at last come to her that she would never succeed to bring the revolted Netherlands into subjection. Thus she became more and more inclined to recognize the independence of the Dutch Republic and to conclude an honorable peace with it. But these were not the only results of the destruction of the great armada. The extraordinary energy exhibited by the Hollanders that led to this glorious victory had greatly

enhanced the respect of foreign nations for the Netherlands. This was especially true of the great naval powers, England, France, Denmark, and Sweden. By these the Dutch Republic was recognized now as one of the mightiest, if not the mightiest naval power of Europe, and thus of the world. But there was a dark side to this, too. Tromp's victory over such a powerful foe on the British coast aroused the envy of England, and it is not a groundless assertion that by this event chiefly the seeds were sown for the many quarrels that arose between these two neighboring and so closely related nations, which cost both so much blood and money. Finally, the victory in the Downs made the Hollanders realize for the first time that they were a naval power. They had indeed in numerous engagements proved that they were daring sailors and intrepid fighters, but a victory such as the last they had never yet gained. This now made them fully realize their strength, and gave them the consciousness that, when led by brave and capable chiefs, they need fear no foe whatever. Says the great naval historian J. C. de Jonge, "The Dutch navy, before this victory, too little acquainted with its own strength and not recognized abroad according to its worth, from this time on advanced rapidly, and even during this same period became the means by which the Netherlands, but a few years before so little respected, compelled even kings to observe the peace."

Another honor gained by Tromp through this achievement was that of having established a scientific method of naval attack, an honor recognized by more than one English author. They fully acknowledged

that it was he who taught them how to conduct a naval battle. According to one of their ablest writers on naval affairs, the whole art of war at sea among the English, before this battle of the Downs, consisted in boarding and entering an enemy; what is called naval tactics was utterly unknown to them. But with this battle, in which they saw Tromp divide his fleet into squadrons, scientifically surrounding, attacking, and destroying his enemy, there arose for them also a new period in naval history. And when the time came when they had to measure themselves with this great captain, they, who also were born seamen, had learned to manage their fleets according to the methods of their great antagonist and teacher.

Nine years after this event, in 1648, a treaty of peace was signed at Munster between Spain and the Dutch Republic. By this Holland was recognized as completely independent of Spain, and she at once took a notable place among the states of Europe. Eighty years had passed since the great struggle was begun and now at last, contrary to all human calculation or expectation, the little Republic stood among the nations free and independent, having gained for herself imperishable renown, and, notwithstanding all her countless sacrifices, rich, influential and honored above almost any other nation of that day.

Only four years after she gained her independence from Spain, Holland was involved in another war, and that with a nation which ought to have been her closest ally and friend. Her sister Republic, England, suddenly became as bitter a foe to her as Spain had ever been.

The causes of this war are too numerous to be here detailed. A brief mention of the leading points, however, must be made.

It has already been said that Tromp's great victory in 1639 had aroused the jealousy and envy of England. For some time past she had come to look upon the sea as her own peculiar domain, on which she was sovereign and upon which others could act only by her suffrage. No wonder, therefore, that she could not easily brook competition there. But now a power had risen that threatened soon wholly to surpass her in commercial importance. And her fear in this respect was justified by the fact that the Dutch merchant marine in a few years after the war with Spain counted more bottoms than those of all the other nations of Europe together.

Events transpiring in England, however, led to the production of a much stronger cause for hostility. The great revolution under Cromwell had taken place there, during which Charles I., King of England, was brought to the scaffold and beheaded. His son, who afterwards became Charles II., found refuge in Holland, much against the will of Cromwell and his party in England. Holland herself was at this time divided into two parties, the purpose of the one being the vesting of the entire power in the representatives of the people, making the Stadtholder merely the executive; that of the other to give him the authority and power of a sovereign. The latter party looked upon the beheading of Charles I. as nothing short of murder and were not slow in publicly so expressing themselves. They even grossly insulted Cromwell's ambassador at

The Hague by hurling the epithet "King-killer" at his head. In addition, a member of the ambassador's suite was cruelly assassinated while seated at table in a hotel at The Hague. The crime is supposed to have been committed by some English royalists then at the Dutch capital. The Dutch government offered a large reward for the detection and arrest of the criminals, but they were never discovered. This murder naturally created intense bitterness in England.

Not long after this event the Stadtholder, William II., died, without leaving an immediate successor, by which event the so-called State party, which greatly resembled the Republican party in England, became the most powerful. It would seem as if this fact should have prevented the breaking out of hostilities between the two nations so similar in government, religious belief, and characteristics. But public sentiment in England became more and more pronounced in favor of war with its rival. Cromwell himself at first seemed inclined to maintain peace between the two nations; but as soon as he felt himself firmly seated, after the utter defeat of the royalists in the battle of Worcester in 1651, he began to give way to the influence of the English merchants who wanted to down their Dutch competitors.

The first hostile move on the part of England was the passing of the so-called "Navigation Act," which forbade the Dutch to bring any goods into English harbors except such as were produced or raised in Holland. This itself was a tremendous blow to the Dutch shipmasters, because their freights consisted very largely of merchandise from every part of the world.

In consequence of this act there was soon scarcely a port of Holland but was full of unemployed vessels, while sailors and their captains were wandering idly about the quays and docks. But still worse was to come. In 1651 Parliament issued "letters of indemnity" to all Englishmen who claimed to have sustained any loss at the hands of the Hollanders. Instantly the plundering began. In a very short time a number of Dutch merchantmen were seized and confiscated to indemnify English merchants. This was followed by a still more arbitrary act on the part of Cromwell's government. Arrogating to itself the supreme sovereignty of the sea, it claimed the "right of search" on the high seas. All vessels whatsoever, whether men-of-war or merchantmen,were to submit to this whenever it pleased any English man-of-war's captain to board them and, if it seemed good to him, to confiscate either lading or vessel, or both. At this time, too, England forbade the Hollanders to send any ships to the Caribbean Sea. This was the last straw. Dutch patience was at an end, and in March, 1652, the States General passed a resolution to send out a fleet for the protection of Dutch interests on the ocean. When the English government learned of this the envoys of Holland were told that their government could not be permitted to send out or maintain a fleet of war vessels at sea, this being a prerogative belonging to England chiefly as sovereign of the seas. The only reply given to this intolerably insolent claim was the departure of Tromp with a fleet of fifty sail.

All these assumptions and insults on the part of England naturally aroused a bitter hatred of her in the

breast of every Hollander, the stronger, doubtless, because the two nations were in so many respects akin. As an instance of this it is related of a mother who, on taking leave of her son as he was about to join the fleet, said, "I would rather, my son, see you brought home in a basket cut in a thousand pieces than that you should yield the space of a foot to an Englishman or flee like a coward." If such was the feeling among the people in general, the hatred of the sailors for their overbearing foe can be imagined. Tromp, too, shared in this, so that he was not likely to brook any insult offered by an English commander. He was instructed to protect all Dutch vessels against any attempt on the part of the English to molest them. Before going to sea he had asked how he should act in regard to striking the flag. In reply the government inquired how he had acted during the life of the late king. To this he answered that the Dutch had been accustomed to salute the king's ships and to lower the flag to them when they were met in the Straits of Dover or near the English coasts. Hereupon he was ordered to follow his own judgment, but to do nothing derogatory to the honor of the State. He was also instructed, in order to avoid a clash with the English, not to approach their coast, but to keep near the Flemish shore. In obedience to this Tromp took up his position between Newport and Dunkirk. Here a number of his ships were greatly damaged by a severe gale lasting for four days, so that he was induced to sail toward the hook of Dover,where the sea was not so dangerous, and there to repair damages. As soon as he arrived here he sent two of his frigates to the English commodore Bourne,. who was

lying in the Downs with twelve men-of-war, to announce his arrival and his reasons for approaching the English coast. They were also to add that as soon as the repairs were made he would at once return to the north for the protection of the Dutch fishing fleet. Bourne seems to have taken this message in an equally friendly way. It took but a few days to complete the repairs, when Tromp crossed over to the French side of the Channel, intending by that route to return to the Dutch coast. At a point a little to the southwest of Calais he learned from a Dutch captain that seven merchant vessels were lying only a short distance off, carrying cargoes to the value of five million florins, and that not far from there a fleet of twelve English war vessels were evidently lying in wait for them. Tromp therefore at once changed his course and steered in their direction. He had not gone far, however, when an English fleet of fifteen sail met him, one of which carried an admiral's flag. Determined to protect the rich fleet of merchantmen or to recapture it if already taken, Tromp held his course. It was his plan, however, not to open hostilities until he should be compelled to do so. He even made preparations to salute the English flagship. But scarcely had the fleets come within gunshot of each other when, without waiting for Tromp's salute, the English admiral sent a ball over the Dutch flagship, the Brederode. This Tromp left unanswered. Soon another shot followed, which was also not returned. Instead, Tromp sent his flag captain in a boat to the English admiral to ask for an explanation of his singular action. But before this captain could reach him Blake, who commanded this

English fleet, fired another shot. And this time it was evident that the Englishman meant to fight, for the shot penetrated the hull of the Dutch flagship and took off the arm of one of the crew, while several others were wounded by the flying splinters. Even yet, however, Tromp tried to avoid a pitched battle and merely sent a ball athwart the bows of the English flagship. He still hoped, too, that Blake would await the boat that Tromp had sent off and which now was almost at the side of Blake's ship. But instead, the latter placed his ship in position and gave Tromp the full broadside. Let it be understood here that no declaration of war had yet been made by English against Holland. Thus put on his mettle Tromp at once gave as good as he received. With that rapidity in which he had drilled his gunners he poured broadside after broadside into Blake. Though with his superior force he could easily have destroyed Blake's fleet, for still a full half hour Tromp tried to avoid a general engagement. But when he saw that the English were bent on a regular fight he hoisted the red flag, the signal for a general attack. As the battle went on Commodore Bourne, who had heard the cannonading, brought his twelve ships to Blake's assistance. Now the fight became fierce and furious, as, indeed, always was the case when the Dutch and English came in conflict at sea, and lasted till nine at night, when darkness separated the combatants. Tromp held his ground during the night and when morning dawned discovered Blake and Bourne with all sail set making for Dover. Tromp did not think it best to pursue them for the same reason that he had tried to shun the battle, namely to avoid involving his counrty in

war. Besides, he had accomplished his original purpose—the rich fleet of merchantmen were safely brought into port.

After this high-handed outrage war was, of course, inevitable. And yet even then the Dutch government left nothing untried to maintain peace between the two nations. But Cromwell and the Parliament would hear of no terms except submission to all their haughty and insolent demands in regard to English sovereignty at sea and the unrestricted right of search. No choice being left them but to fight, the Hollanders determined to carry on the war with the utmost vigor. Every ship of war that was ready for sea was at once ordered to join the fleet. The great East India Company, whose ships were almost as well fitted out for battle as those of the regular navy, was requested to place all its vessels at the disposal of the Republic. Every one that had the means to do so was permitted to fit out privateers to prey upon the commerce of the enemy. To Tromp orders were sent to attack the English wherever he should meet them and to inflict the utmost injury upon them. In July, 1652, he sailed out. While on the Zeeland coast he fell in with the Dutch envoys returning from a fruitless mission to England. From these he received a list of the enemy's fleets with the information that Admiral George Ascue was lying in wait for him in the Downs with a fleet of thirty-one sail, while Blake with sixty more had stood for the north. Tromp's first intention now was to strike Ascue and, if possible, destroy his fleet. But in this he had the wind dead against him, so that he determined to wear ship and go in pursuit of Blake. Here, how-

ever, the elements were still more unfavorable, for the wind grew to a terrific gale which not only scattered his fleet, but blew several of them ashore on the English coast, where they fell an easy prey to the enemy. He was forced thus to return home with many a ship sadly the worse for that unlooked for contest with the elements. The saddest blow ever given to his heroic soul came upon him here when this misfortune was reckoned to him as a crime and he was removed from the command of the fleet. This was now entrusted to De Witt. The latter, however, though one of the ablest and most daring of Holland's seamen of that time, was lacking in the prudence that marked Tromp, and was besides greatly disliked by many of his subordinate officers and sailors because of his fiery temper. In consequence of this and of his headlong impetuosity he sustained a serious defeat at the hands of the English in October of this same year. The government was but too glad to reinstate Tromp in his command, to the great joy of the entire fleet.

In the following December, about the first day of the month, he set sail again in command of ninety men-of-war and eight fireships. His first duty was to convoy a merchant fleet of 270 sail as far as the Lizard, the extreme southerly point of England. His fleet was divided into four divisions the first commanded by himself, the second by De Ruyter, the third by John Evertsen, and the fourth by Peter Florisz. De Ruyter and Evertsen were natives of Flushing. Hearing that the English fleet under Blake was lying in the Downs, he determined to take his whole force thither, merchantmen and all, and attack the English admiral.. But a

strong gale from the southwest once more forced him to return to his own coasts so as not to put the merchant fleet in jeopardy. Leaving these here under protection of some of his own ships, he returned with the remainder of his fleet to the Channel. On the 9th of December he cast anchor in the neighborhood of Dover. The next day, though there was a very high sea and the wind was blowing a gale, the blue flag on the admiral's ship gave the signal to weigh anchor. With this all sail was at once made for the enemy. Blake seemed at first disinclined to fight and appeared to be steering out of the way. But some of the fastest sailers of the Dutch fleet had already overtaken some of his ships and were pounding them severely. At this Blake turned, and by three in the afternoon faced his foe. As soon as Tromp perceived him he cried, "There he comes, boys!" at the same time pointing to the English flagship and that part of their fleet following Blake. They made straight for the leader of the Dutch fleet. As they passed they gave each other the full broadside. Tromp's flagship, the Brederode, while tacking to fire its other broadside struck one of the attacking ships, the Rosekrantz, so violently that the Brederode's bowsprit broke off at the foot,tearing away with it a part of the bow. This, however, did not prevent Tromp from boarding the Rosekrantz, whereupon a most terrific combat followed. While the carnage was going on here another English ship laid itself on the other side of the Brederode. For a whole hour Tromp lay thus between these two, most of his men fiercely fighting on the decks of the Rosekrantz, and the few remaining defending their own ship against

the terrific fire of the Bonaventure. The vice-admiral, John Evertsen, however, had become aware of the peril of his chief and hurried to his aid. He put his ship directly alongside of the Bonaventure and belabored it so terribly that in a very short time all her masts go by the board, after which he throws his men on board to fight the English there also hand to hand. This decided the fate of these two; their proud flag was lowered, their crews divided as prisoners between the ships of Tromp and Evertsen, and themselves, with prize crews, sent to Holland. Half an hour before the Rosekrantz surrendered one of Tromp's sailors climbed into her mainmast and, amid a perfect hail of bullets, tore away the British flag and put that of the Dutch Republic in its place. For this heroic deed he received on his return home a reward of 500 florins.

Blake himself had sailed on and had come in contact with De Ruyter, the man that was to raise the fame of the Dutch navy to the highest glory. In the first onset the English flagship lost its main and topmast and then, as De Ruyter was veering off to get a more advantageous position, he was attacked at once by the Dutch captains De Haas and De Liefde. Twice he was boarded by these, but each time the Dutch sailors were driven back. The second time Blake resorted to the desperate expedient of blowing up his deck, sending friend and foe to destruction and forcing his assailants to retreat. In this, however, he was himself wounded, whereupon he and most of his fleet drew out of the fight and made for Dover. But Tromp did not let him get away till two of the English ships were burned and another sunk. The darkness prevented

further pursuit except on the part of a few of the Dutch ships which had penetrated farthest into the enemy's lines and which kept up the cannonading till 9 o'clock. Tromp had lost but one ship, and this had caught fire by accident.

The Dutch fleet anchored a short distance from shore and spent the entire night in the stopping of leaks and the repairing of masts and rigging, so as to be ready for battle again by the break of day. But when the morning came not a British ship was to be seen. Blake had retreated up the Thames. If Tromp could have been fully sustained by all his ships, there is little doubt that the English fleet would have been completely destroyed. Even Hume acknowledges that the night came just in time to prevent this. High winds, too, had prevented many Dutch vessels from taking part in the battle. This also made the pursuit of the enemy on the next day impossible, though one of Tromp's captains captured yet an English frigate of thirty-six guns, and some others were fortunate enough to seize a number of English merchantmen. As soon as the weather cleared Tromp steered for the great merchant fleet that he was to convoy and without the loss of a single one of the 270, sent them to their various destinations in France, Spain, Portugal and the Mediterranean.

It was after this battle that Hume would have us believe that Tromp fastened a broom to his masthead to signify that he had swept the sea clean of the English. But, besides that there is not the slightest hint of this either in Tromp's dispatches or in any Dutch author, such a vainglorious act is entirely out of keep-

ing with the known humility and sobriety of the man. But even if he had done something of the sort, it would have been fully in keeping with the facts, for he had literally driven the braggart sovereign of the seas out of his own waters and for several weeks went cruising along his coasts without a single British ship showing itself, while the rich fleet of Dutch merchantmen passed through the Channel without let or hindrance.

Blake's defeat caused such an outcry in England that Cromwell went personally down to Spithead where the fleet was anchored, and caused the arrest of a number of captains and condemned them to pay a heavy fine for their alleged cowardice. Ascue, an able commander himself, openly accused Blake of deserting him, charging him with the whole blame of the defeat, and left the service in disgust. On the other hand, Tromp's courage and ability were highly praised in England, and even to this day his manœuvre which prevented Blake to sail around the cape and compelled him to return to the Downs and make for the Thames, is compared with the tactics employed by Nelson against the French at Aboukir.

The next great battle in which Tromp figured was the bitter three-days' fight off Portland. No sooner had the result of the last battle been learned than Parliament at once ordered the fitting out of a strong fleet to go in search of Tromp, destroy him if possible, and capture the merchant fleet which it was known that he would again have to convoy. This fleet numbered seventy sail, some of them the most formidable warships that had ever been built for the English navy. By a liberal use of the pressgang it was manned with a large

number of able and experienced seamen. Robert Blake was again in chief comand. Under him stood Richard Deane and George Monk, men inexperienced at sea, but of undoubted courage—true, strong, determined Englishmen. What these lacked in naval experience was fully supplied by the vice-admirals, William Penn and Lawson, to whom England owed much of whatever success she gained in the present war.

Early in February, 1653, Tromp was off the little island De Ré, nearly opposite La Rochelle in France, repairing and revictualling his fleet. He had just returned from convoying a large fleet of merchantmen on their way to the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic. As soon as his fleet was in proper condition he set sail to gather up the homeward bound ships that were bringing their rich cargoes to Holland. These, when all had been collected, numbered 150. But, again baffled by wind and weather, it was not till the 24th that he could proceed. Then, with the merchant fleet in his center, every sail was set for home, while every heart on board the homecoming craft beat high with the hope of soon again breathing their native air and refreshing themselves from the toil and fatigue of their long voyages. There was a foe lurking, however, determined to give them their reward, if possible, in English prisons. On the 28th of February, off Portland, this foe appeared in the shape of Blake's fleet. No sooner did he discover Tromp than he made for him, with the evident intention to dispute his passage. Tromp did not wait for the attack, but, though greatly hampered by the 150 defenceless merchantmen, he flung out the signal for assault. He himself with

Peter Florisz, commanded the van, John Evertsen the center, and De Ruyter the rear. The Dutch had the advantage of the wind and were therefore soon in touch with the enemy. Florisz, having the fleeter sailer, passed his chief and made at once for one of the English vice-admirals. Tromp himself made for Blake, who was already firing his thirty-seven pounders at him from afar without much effect. The Dutch admiral did not so waste his ammunition, but waited till he was within a musketshot from the English flagship, the Triumph. Then, tacking, and putting himself alongside his antagonist, he gave him the full broadside, and, instantly turning again, fired another broadside on the same side, and then, running around his bow, poured in a third on the other side. The terrific effect of this swift storm of lead was evidenced by the horrible cries that arose from the English flagship. Blake found this too hot for him and for the rest of that day fought only at a distance. Meanwhile the battle had become general and was conducted on both sides with the utmost fury. The most dauntless sailors the world had ever known were contending here for the mastery of the sea. The effects of the obstinate struggle were multiplying moment by moment. Here masts were tumbling overboard, yonder the rigging was hanging in tatters, there the strong oaken timbers were crashing and balls went shrieking through sails and cordage. At one point boarders and boarded were hurled skyward by the exploding upper decks; at another expiring sailors were uttering their last gasps in the sea; elsewhere again helpless creatures were bobbing about on bits of broken spars, only to be swal-

lowed up presently by the pitiless sea. Seldom before had the phrase "the many-voiced sea" seemed more appropriate. With the howling of the wind and the moaning of the sea mingled the groaning of the wounded and the cries of the perishing, the incessant whistle and scream of bolts and bullets and balls, and the horrid shriek of the dreadful chain-shot that seemed to tear the very air asunder. The sky was shrouded as with a pall from the smoke of the hundreds of cannon, night seemed to cover the waters, while death stalked abroad in every frightful form. Portland was trembling and the hills of Boulogne reverberated with the ceaseless thunder of the guns. Such was the general aspect of the strife; but a few particulars deserve to be more fully described, because of the notable deeds of daring and heroism which this day furnished.

De Ruyter had thrown himself upon the rear division of the English fleet and had become engaged with a large forty-four gun ship, the Prosperity; but its batteries pounded his ship so fearfully that he determined to board it. Putting himself yard-arm to yard-arm with his opponent, his men, agile as cats, boarding-axe and cutlass in hand, jumped or clambered on board the Prosperity. But the reception given them was so very unfriendly and vigorous that they scurried back to their own vessel even more quickly than they had come. But here they were met by De Ruyter who seldom gave up an undertaking when once begun. "This will never do, boys," he cried. "Once on board always on board. Hurrah! over you go again." And back once more they go, and now fall upon the English tars with such impetuous force as in a short time to

make them masters of the ship. As De Ruyter was getting ready to carry off this prize, he was suddenly beset by a throng of no less than twenty of the enemy, each eager not only to wrest the prize out of his grasp but to avenge their comrades. With marvelous courage and skill he maintained his ground in this unequal contest. This, however, could not have lasted long, and he would inevitably have been sunk or captured, if his townsman, John Evertsen, had not come to his rescue. He, dashing into the crowding enemy with his accustomed daring, thundered at them with such fury and swiftness as to compel several to sheer off, thus making it possible for De Ruyter to cut his way out.

Another of the notable heroes of that day was Captain A. Cruyck, commander of the Dutch East Indiaman the Ostrich. He and Isaac Sweers, of Amsterdam, with their two ships, were engaged with seven of the English vessels, among them that of the vice-admiral William Penn. The latter was damaged so badly that he fled toward the Isle of Wight, while another of the seven had all its masts shot away and was dragged out of the battle. Cruyck kept up the fight as long as he had a man left to handle a gun. But his ship had been turned into a veritable slaughter-house. Its decks were fairly afloat with the blood that was running in streams through the scuppers, while eighty of his men were lying dead among the wounded that were scattered everywhere. Of forty young men from Schiedam, mere lads, each not yet twenty years of age, only three were found alive. Tromp, whose eye seemed to be everywhere, seing the desperate condition of the heroic Schiedammer, sent Captain De Wilde to

bring him out of his perilous position. All he could do, however, was to take off the few men that remained. The battered Ostrich had to be left to its fate. It was subsequently found by the English in the neighborhood of Portsmouth, and by them dragged ashore. We shall meet with her again when we come to tell the story of De Ruyter. The intrepid Cruyck must have also given his life for the fatherland in this battle, as there is no further mention of his name. Sweers turned to another part of the field, after Penn had fled, and soon became engaged in another severe contest. This time he joined De Ruyter and Captain Poort against a greatly superior force under the vice-admiral, Peacock. Poort, who was engaged with three of the English, had the good fortune to send one of them to the bottom; but his own ship had received so many shots below the water-line that it threatened to sink under him, so that he was compelled to signal Sweers for help. In doing this, however, by some accident or unavoidable circumstance, the ship of Poort got afoul of one of the English vessels, careened and went to the bottom, dragging its opponent with it. All of her crew that could be rescued were taken on board by Sweers, but the wounded, among whom was the heroic Poort himself, found their graves in the deep. After the rescue of his countrymen Sweers still kept up the fight with the last of the three and soon sent it to join its comrades. But as he was turning his helm to take part in the battle elsewhere, he was attacked by four of the English at once and so terribly battered that his ship, too, found its grave in the deep. He and his men were made prisoners and carried to London. Here he passed

himself off as a Spaniard, an easy thing to do as he spoke Spanish like a native, and with the assistance of the Spanish ambassador found his way back to Holland. Twenty years thereafter he lost his life in another seafight on the coast of Holland. Captain Jacob Cleydyck, of Briel, had to maintain himself against three of the enemy, and seemed on the point of defeat when Captain Regemorter came to his aid, sailing straight between Cleydyck's ship and one of the English. Thus left free on one side Cleydyck poured such a terrific and rapid fire into his other opponent that it whirled around like a top and went to the bottom. Then, turning, he attacked the other that had grappled with that of Regemorter, but was in his turn so hotly received that his own ship began to sink. All efforts to stop the many leaks were fruitless; hand over hand the water so gained upon them that several of the crew were swept overboard. Suddenly Cleydyck makes a bold resolve. With sword in hand and followed by the forty that still remained of his crew he leaps over the bulwarks of the enemy. With a headlong rush they cut their way through the dumfounded Englishmen and jump over to the ship of Regemorter. Here the reinforcement was most welcome and timely. The captain and nearly half of his crew were lying dead or dying on deck. Cleydyck at once assumes command, and by word and deed so inspires the men that they soon rendered their enemy helpless and sent him also to a watery tomb.

Two of the enemy have shut in the ship of Captain Wiglema, a Frisian. For a long time he keeps up the contest with unsurpassed courage, but seeing that defeat

was inevitable, he sets fire to the magazine and sends both his own ship and his two assailants to destruction. Less heroic was the fate of the crew of the Dutch ship The Gate of Troy. This having captured one of the enemy, its crew jumped aboard the prize, but there indulged so freely in the wine found on board that they paid no heed to the water that was fast coming in through the leaks. While these are drinking themselves drunk their prize suddenly lurches and sinks, dragging its captor with it, whose rigging was entangled with its own.

One of the captains of De Ruyter's squadron, Aert Van Nes, had penetrated into the thick of the enemy's fleet. Here he defended himself with the greatest hardihood and skill against two of the English vice-admirals. When he had beaten these off, he perceived De Ruyter beset by four or five of the enemy, and instantly hastened to his commander's assistance. Commodore Block followed him, and then the three together forced the foes to take to their heels. The brave Van Nes had fired his last cartridge and his bowsprit had been shot off close by the stern.

In this way it had come to be four in the afternoon. At this moment Tromp discovered several of the swiftest English frigates making for the merchant fleet, which, in accordance with his orders, was lying to windward of the enemy off the coast of France. It was afterwards learned that the English had intended to disable these merchantmen by cutting the mainmast of each, so as to prevent their escape and make it the more easy to carry them off after the battle. But, whatever their intention, Tromp gave them no chance to carry

it into effect. Ordering a few of his captains to follow him, he overtook the intended captors and drove them back to their own fleet. With this the battle was ended for that day.

In a council of war held on Tromp's flagship in the evening an earnest discussion arose as to the course to be followed on the next day. The question was, whether they should begin the attack at the risk of the capture of the merchant fleet, because no vessels could be spared to convoy this; or to stand on the defensive, protecting their charge as well as possible, and await the attack on the part of the enemy. The latter was the course proposed by Tromp, and was followed, though the other admirals were more in favor of the former plan. It was further determined to be sparing of their ammunition, which was already becoming scarce, to range the fleet in the form of a half moon, the horns bending backward, and to place the merchant fleet within the horns of that semi-circle.

During the night everything possible was done to put the fleet in condition to meet the foe in the struggle of the next day. The next morning found the English with the wind in their favor and setting every sail in pursuit of their antagonists of the day before. It was not till ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, however, that they came close enough to each other to renew the fight, about three miles from the Isle of Wight. The battle was equally obstinate and bloody with that of the preceding day. Six times Blake attempted to break through Tromp's ranks, but each time only to be repulsed. There was no exception now to the courage and ability displayed by the captains of the Dutch

forces. But Tromp, Evertsen, De Ruyter, Van Nes, and Florisz were again always at the points of greatest peril. Never did their fleet maintain its position more firmly than now, and more than once it was at the point of victory, if the merchant fleet had not prevented Tromp from following up the advantages gained. For the safety of this very much had to be sacrificed. De Ruyter again fought with incomparable heroism. Till late in the afternoon he maintained himself alone in the very heart of the English fleet against overwhelming numbers, and at last succeeded in beating them off. There was scarcely a stick left on the ship on which to rig a sail, so that Tromp had to order one of his captains to take De Ruyter in tow. That he had not been sunk or captured filled all, both friend and foe, with amazement.

Meanwhile a panic seems to have seized upon some of the merchantmen, for a number of them left their station and steered for Havre de Grace. As soon as this was perceived Tromp sent Van Nes to order them to make for the Strait of Dover. Had they obeyed, not a sail of them would have been lost. But they disregarded the order and kept on their course. As there were no ships to spare from the Dutch fleet to protect them, they were left to reap the consequence of their folly. About a dozen of them fell a prey to some of Blake's swiftest sailers and were carried as prizes to England. This second day's contest ended with the burning of an English ship.

As the day closed and brought some respite to the wearied crews Tromp received the disheartening news that a number of his ships had shot away all their am-

munition. So far as possible he furnished them powder and shot from the only supply ship he had with him. But the amount sent was far from sufficient, as was abundantly shown during the next day. There was no doubt that the English would follow up what advantage they had gained on the second day, but everything was done by Tromp to meet them as boldly as before. At daybreak of March 2d his fleet was in the neighborhood of Beachy Head, where fourteen years before he had first discovered the overconfident Spanish armada. The English fleet was about a mile from Dover, coming down before the wind with the evident intention of making an end of its opponent. Tromp had his ships again ranged in the form of a half moon, within which the merchantmen and the war-vessels that could not be supplied with ammunition were enclosed. At ten o'clock the fleets once more came in contact and the shock of battle commenced again. The Hollanders defended themselves so well, however, that for some time the enemy could gain no advantage. The vice-admiral of the blue flag came thundering toward the Dutch commander-in-chief; but Tromp awaited him without firing a shot till they were so near each other that it would be impossible for a single shot to miss. Then Tromp gave his foe first the one and then the other broadside so that, riddled in every part, the Englishman was glad to beat a hasty retreat. Not a single one of Tromp's captains but fought with unflagging courage, while the ability to fight remained. Even De Ruyter's almost dismasted hulk was one of the foremost in the fight till, at last, it was rendered completely helpless, though even then

De Ruyter kept it out of the clutches of the enemy. The conflict had lasted but a couple of hours,however, when it was found that nearly one half of the fleet was without either shot or powder. And now there was none to give them. This fatal fact led many captains to set all sail to escape. But Tromp, who never lost his presence of mind or his marvelous equanimity, sent a few shots after them and asked whether they were now going to play the coward. When told the reason of their attempt at flight, he ordered them to place themselves by the main body and to make it appear that they were posted there to protect the merchantmen. At the same time he assured them that he would protect both them and the merchant fleet with the few ships which still had ammunition. His fighting force was now reduced to from twenty-five to thirty ships. But that day not a single man-of-war was lost by him, and only a few of the merchant vessels, and that only because of their repeated disregard of orders.

About two hours before sunset Blake, having gathered his entire fleet for a final effort, gave the signal for a general attack. Tromp quietly awaited him with lowered topsails. And now the most terrific struggle of those terrible three days ensued, in which Tromp and John Evertsen bore the brunt of the fight. That the Dutch fleet was not at once annhilated may well be considered a marvel. But it resisted so doggedly that after an hour Blake suddenly drew off, to the great astonishment and relief of Tromp and his comrades. Could Blake have known that there was barely ammunition enough left in his opponent's fleet for another half-hour's fighting, he might have gained a complete

victory and captured not only all the well-laden merchant ships but most of the fighting vessels of Tromp.

The loss on both sides in killed and wounded was great, while that of officers on the part of the English was far more severe than that of the Dutch, Blake and Lawson being among the wounded. On the other hand, by this battle Tromp's fame was rather enhanced than diminished. Hume, in his history of England, himself says: "Blake, who was the victor, gained not more honor than Tromp, who was the vanquished." Nay, when the facts are looked at from this distant day, Tromp must be reckoned the victor. Taking into consideration the facts that he was hampered by the duty of protecting a large merchant fleet; that his ships were generally of lighter calibre than those of Blake; that he was fighting far from his base of supplies; that during the third day more than half his fleet was put hors de combat for lack of ammunition; and that, notwithstanding this, he maintained his ground, while Blake drew off, it would seem as if the English were the vanquished and not the victors. Then, too, Tromp had successfully protected and preserved his charge and brought the main part of them and his own fleet into the safe harbors of Holland, and thus preserved his fatherland from an enormous loss and overwhelming disgrace.

It is impossible to follow the great hero in all his battles. We will therefore close this sketch with that one in which he gave his life literally for the defence of his fatherland.

After repeated complaints about the condition of the Dutch fleet on the part of the most noted com-

manders, among them particularly Tromp and De Ruyter, who even threatened to leave the service unless their recommendations for the improvement of the navy were regarded, a fleet was finally fitted out better calculated both in number and size of ships and in the quantity and calibre of guns, to cope with those of England. Until then Holland had always been inferior both in the number of her war vessels and in their equipment, and yet even with these her admirals had again and again been victorious. But in the last year or two several severe defeats had been suffered that might not only have been avoided, but changed into victories, if the opposing forces had been more equally matched. Even now the vessels fitted out for the present purpose were still inferior to those that had been prepared in England. In the English fleet was a three-decker, the Royal Sovereign, carrying 112 guns, another of 88 guns, three carrying 60 to 66 guns each, five of 56 to 58 guns, three of 50, and 25 of from 40 to 48 guns, while only thirteen were armed with less than 30 guns each. This was the fleet under Monk, and does not include that of twenty ships under Blake which also took part in the battle to be described. On the other hand, the entire strength of the Dutch navy consisted of two 54 gun ships, twenty-seven of 40 to 46 guns each, sixty-six of 30 to 38 guns, and one hundred and seventeen carrying from 22 to 28 guns. This with twelve fireships constituted the fighting force at sea of the Dutch Republic in 1653. Then as to the fighting force in men, the fleet of Holland was still more inferior. Tromp's flagship, the Brederode, the largest in the fleet, was manned by only 250 sailors and soldiers,

while some of the English ships had crews ranging from 300 to 600 men.

In the summer of 1653 an English fleet appeared off the coast of Holland so formidable that it filled all hearts in the republic with apprehension. It numbered no less than 105 ships under Monk, Penn and Lawson, and was during the battle yet further strengthened by a fleet of 20 under Blake. To oppose this mighty force there were at first only 82 vessels under Tromp, John Evertsen and De Ruyter, while De Witt was lying in the Texel with a fleet of 27 vessels and 4 fireships. Monk determined evidently to prevent the union of these two and to attack and defeat Tromp before De Witt could re-enforce him. On the 8th of August both hostile fleets were in the neighborhood of Egmond on the northwest coast of Holland, the English having the advantage of the wind. Tromp turned toward the south, both to avoid a battle with such a superior force and to leave more room for De Witt to get into the open sea. In the first purpose he failed, for some of his slower vessels were overtaken by the swifter of the English and at once attacked. With this the battle began, and soon it became general. The terrific character of the contest that now ensued baffles the imagination to conceive or the pen to describe. Two hundred fighting ships were belching forth thunder and lightning from thousands of guns. The very shores rocked with the concussion and the echoes reverberated among the dunes. Says a writer of that day, "The sea bellowed with fear; the sun hid its face from the cruel scenes of slaughter; never did death haunt the sea more greedy for victims. In the thick throng of ships

the murderous lead and iron could scarcely miss some object to shatter or destroy. Hulls, keels, and sails were rent by aimless shot. Here some were stopping the leaks; there others were repairing the rigging only to be stopped in their work and hurled to death. Now broadside after broadside would smash the entire side of a ship so that the guns leaped from their carriages, their crews were strewn mangled on the deck, the rigging was torn to rags and the ship's side reduced to splinters." Tromp was as yet only acting on the defensive, since he did not wish to spend his strength before the arrival of De Witt. He had ranged his fleet again in the form of a half moon, the manœuvre that had so often proved successful, and kept his ranks so close that every effort on the part of Monk to break through them was frustrated. For this reason he lost not a single ship, although those of Evertsen and De Ruyter had lost their topmasts and their sails were hanging in rags. About midnight Tromp wrote the last dispatch he ever sent to his government, ending with these words: "Time will show what the issue of to-morrow's fight will be. We pray God that it may result in the honor, advantage and glory of our fatherland. If we had the reinforcements from the Texel, we would doubtless be able to drive the enemy from our coasts. As for myself, the government may rely upon it that I shall not fail to do all that my honor and oath demand."

When the booming of the cannon, which could be plainly heard where De Witt was lying, made it plain to him that Tromp was already engaged with the enemy, and that at no great distance, he determined, cost

what it might, to take his squadron out to the place of conflict. But the place where he lay was a very difficult and dangerous one through which to take a fleet out to sea. The wind, too, was dead against him, the tide was down, and the night was darkened by a violent rain which completely shut out the moon, though now at the full. Nevertheless, in the face of all difficulties and the repeated assertions of the pilots that they would not dare to take the fleet to sea he determined to carry out his plan. And they had good reasons for their refusal in the fact that, besides the obstacles already mentioned, every beacon and buoy had been removed on the approach of the English fleet. De Witt was not the man, however, to be baffled by any obstacles. Eager to join in the fight, he becomes himself the pilot for his fleet. Collecting a number of fishing sloops, he furnished them with lanterns and torches and sent them ahead with orders to arrange themselves on either side of the sandbanks. In this way he avoided the shallows, and by tacking brought his fleet of 24 ships and 4 fireships out into the open sea, a feat that astonished the most experienced seaman. Though the weather was still very rough he had the wind in his favor and could make at once for the main fleet.

On the 9th of August Tromp and his fleet were off Scheveningen, that now famous seaside resort a few miles west of The Hague. Monk was not far off, but the wind was too high to give battle; therefore Tromp turned southward toward the mouth of the Meuse, the English fleet also turning and following to windward. About noon De Witt hove in sight and joined the others in spite of every effort on the part of the Eng-

lish to prevent this. Blake had by this time also joined Monk. Both the fleets were thus complete now, but that of the English excelled that of the Dutch by 14 ships, besides their superiority in size, armament and equipment. As soon as the junction between De Witt and Tromp had been formed the latter at once veered about to attack. This now turned the tables, for the manœuvre had no sooner been made than the English showed their backs and retreated, followed throughout the night by the Hollanders.

Thus broke the 10th of August, a Sunday. On both sides everything was made ready for the conflict with the first break of day. In the Dutch fleet Tromp commanded the right wing, De Witt the left, and John Evertsen the center, while Rear-Admiral Peter Florisz commanded the rear. In this battle array they began the great fight at seven A. M. As the smoke from the thousands of cannon rose skyward the morning sun was veiled as with a shroud. Once more the shores and dunes of Holland shake from the almost ceaseless detonation, while the terrific roar rolls reverberating along the coast. Tromp breaks through the enemy's fleet and dashes again at its thronging columns, at the same time closely observing the movements and condition of both fleets. His ship lies in the midst of the enemy, when the English commodore Goodson, followed by several of his frigates, taking advantage of the thick smoke that envelops the Dutch admiral, slips up to him, and with others surrounds him. And this brings about the greatest calamity that could befall the Republic. From the third frigate that followed Goodson a gun is levelled at the great admiral

as he stood on the quarter-deck. Tromp perceived it and, thinking it was aimed at one of the officers standing by him, he touches him on the shoulder saying, "Look out, my friend!" But scarcely had he uttered the friendly warning when the bullet penetrates his own heart. A few moments only after being carried into his cabin he expired with the words, "I am done; but keep up a good heart." He did not fall unavenged, however, for one of the marines on the Brederode, Tromp's flagship, took aim at the captain of the ship from which the fatal bullet had sped, as he was swaying his sword in apparent exultation, and tumbled him over dead.

At first the death of their great commander was known to but few of the fleet, and the battle went on with the greatest ardor and heroism. The advantage was still with the Hollanders. Three of the enemy's ships were burned by the fireship of Captain Waterdrinker. Elsewhere two others also became a prey to the flames while another caught fire in its magazine and exploded. Monk's own flagship, the Triumph, was attacked by two fireships, one on either side, and the bow and forward deck were set ablaze. As the flames rose they ran along the masts and set fire to the sails. At this a number of the crew jumped overboard to escape the flames, of which Captain Peacock had already become a victim. Meanwhile one of Tromp's captains, Bitter, kept thundering away at the Triumph, but the second fireship got loose from its intended victim and drifted to leeward. Hereupon Monk's crew regained their courage and succeeded in mastering the flames and the Triumph was dragged out of the fight.

The St. Andrew, which flew the flag of the English vice-admiral, Thomas Graves, was so fiercely attacked by Peter Florisz that it took fire and burned to the water's edge, Graves himself finding the death of a hero. Captain John De Haas, with the Rosekrantz, got into a life and death struggle with three of the enemy; his ship lost masts and sails and was in flames; his crew was reduced to a handful, yet he cut his way out and brought his almost shattered hulk safe into port. Among all the heroic deeds done in either fleet that of the Dutch captain Marrevelt well deserves the palm. Alone and opposed to a greatly superior force his ship was boarded by the crews of several of the enemy at once, when, though his blood was flowing from not less than eighteen wounds, he and his crew fell with such rage upon the enemy that they fled pell-mell back to their own. He, too, had the good fortune to bring his vessel, though fearfully battered, into port in safety.

John Evertsen, who according to the instructions of the government, had to assume the chief command after Tromp's death, had thrown himself as usual into the thickest of the fray, and was both giving and receiving many death-dealing blows. He himself was wounded, though slightly, his son Cornelius severely; his masts were tottering, his sails in tatters, and his ship had received twenty shots below the water-line, so that it was on the point of foundering. Surrounded by enemies, there was no chance to abandon ship and to go over to another. Capture or destruction seemed inevitable. Nothing remained but to cut his way out, if that were possible in his present condition. And he makes it possible. Like a wounded bull freeing himself

from the leopard dragging him down, he shakes off his assailants and saves himself and ship. De Witt wrote to the government afterwards that he felt sure that the dauntless Zeeland admiral had found his grave in the waves.

De Ruyter, too, was again performing wonders of heroism. Wherever the din of battle was most severe he was to be found. His onset was at times so irresistible that whole English squadrons retreated before him. And yet his ship, The Lamb (a most unsuitable name for such ferocious business), only mounted forty guns and was manned by but 150 men. At last, with forty-three of his crew dead and thirty-five wounded, more than half of his entire command, with everything nearly shot to pieces, leaving only his mizzenmast standing, and yet still almost hemmed in by the foe, he followed the example of Evertsen and cut his way out. As it was impossible to find another ship with which to keep up his end of the battle, since each had its own hands full in the terrible struggle, he, too, deemed himself fortunate to escape capture or the utter loss of his ship.

Amid all this strife and havoc it had come to be two o'clock in the afternoon when the fleets drew off somewhat from each other, as if to take a breathing spell. Thousands of people were crowding the shores to listen to the din and uproar of the awful combat, every heart beating with anxious fear and foreboding. Passing Scheveningen, the fleets were gradually carried northward, the Dutch following up the English. Meanwhile the Hollanders had been supplied by some

fishing smacks with 30,000 pounds of powder and other ammunition.

Though the wind was unfavorable to them, the Dutch might yet have inflicted a crushing blow upon their foes, if all their captains had fully coöperated. But the death of Tromp had deprived them of the guiding head and inspiring genius. As said before, in case of Tromp's death John Evertsen was to succeed to the command, and, failing him, De Witt was to take the lead. But Evertsen's ship was no longer fit for battle, and in the confusion he had not been able to step over into another, while De Witt was at this moment still ignorant of the loss of the commander-in-chief. This calamity, however, seems to have become known elsewhere in the fleet and had filled some of the captains with such consternation that more than twenty of them set sail to get out of harm's way. Of these De Witt wrote in his report: "We now found to our sorrow some of the captains going their old gait, hurrying to place themselves beyond the reach of the enemy. If these poltroons had been strung up long ago for similar cause, they could not now have deserted us." This disgraceful conduct not only further weakened the Dutch fleet, but seriously affected the spirits of the rest, and, what was worse, broke the line of battle. The English soon perceived the changed condition of affairs and instantly took advantage of it. They turned and fell upon the now disordered ranks of their opponents with redoubled zeal. De Witt having perforce taken the command, sent shot upon shot after the fleeing cowards; but they held on their way and, as they sped homeward along the coast, they even

spread the news that all was lost. No choice was left to De Witt now but to retreat. He therefore gave the signal for this and, ranging the fleet into as good order as possible, placed himself with thirteen of the best remaining vessels in the rear. Through this guard the English tried to break again and again, only to be foiled each time by the wary and fiery De Witt. The heroic spirit was not dead in his command. Among those of his subordinates who distinguished themselves in this retreat was Peter Florisz again. He had in charge the guarding of the flagship Brederode, which carried the treasured remains of the great commander. Time and again the English tried to capture this, only to be driven back at every attempt.

For full three hours Monk followed the Dutch fleet, but was constantly beaten back by De Witt. At last, toward midnight, the English drew off and returned to their own coasts.

Of the 106 ships with which Tromp had sailed out ninety-seven arrived safely in harbor, only nine having been lost. The English claimed, indeed, that they had sunk, burned or captured fifty-three of their enemy's ships; but that was a piece of braggadocio not unusual with them. In reality they had been by far the greater sufferers. Though the number of dead and wounded was about equal, their ships had been far more severely punished; eleven were lost, and but forty out of the 120 were able to keep the sea, the rest being taken in tow to various of their own harbors.

The object for which Tromp had been sent out had been fully accomplished—the coasts and ports of Holland were freed from the enemy. But this had been

achieved at the cost of a life then more valuable than that of any other among Holland's great seamen: a loss that seemed at the time irreparable. The universal grief at his death, not only throughout the fleet, but in every home of his fatherland, proves in how great honor he was held and how highly his services were prized. His sailors fairly worshipped him and gave him the affectionate title of "Old Pap," while he most frequently addressed them with the affectionate phrase, "my children." The experience and ability gained in his long service were great; but his native talent for seamanship, his courage and valor were still more conspicuous. Yet all these characteristics were even excelled by his unruffled calmness, prudence, and unperturbed presence of mind in the most desperate circumstances. Noble, and honored as a man, feared as an enemy, admired as an unsurpassed naval commander, his fame had gone through the entire world. He was the glory of the Netherland navy, the jewel of his fatherland, the beloved of his nation. The great head of the State party in Holland, the famous statesman, Johan De Witt, though politically opposed to Tromp, thus loftily spoke of him: "He was a naval hero whose equal the world has seldom seen, and such as the future will scarce be able to produce." No wonder, then, that his death plunged his entire fatherland into mourning.

With tenderest care and grief-laden hearts the sailors took the corpse of their great commander from the flagship to the black-draped carriage that should convey it to The Hague. Here the noble remains were placed on a funeral barge and were carried by water

to Delft, his native city. They were received here with almost princely honors and thus conveyed to the Old Church, where they were placed in a new tomb opened for them in the choir. At the expense of the State a magnificent monument was erected above this, designed by one of the first artists of that day. His great services were further rewarded by the government in munificent largesses to his family. But his chief monument, as his highest reward, is found in the undiminished homage still given him by every lover of his fatherland. This is the sentiment of the lines engraved above his tomb, and which may be thus freely translated:

"His image deeply graved on each true patriot's heart
Shall far outlast the marble wrought by human art."

MICHAEL ADRIANSON DE RUYTER.

CLIMBING FLUSHING STEEPLE—ORIGIN OF HIS NAME—BOYHOOD — BECOMES A SAILOR — BATTLES WITH PIRATES AS MERCHANT CAPTAIN—FIRST COMMAND IN THE NAVY—RETURNS TO MERCHANT SERVICE — VICTORY OVER SPANIARDS AND BARBARY PIRATES — FIRST COMMAND IN WAR WITH ENGLAND—HEROISM OF FRISIAN CAPTAIN—MADE VICE-ADMIRAL — SENT TO ASSIST DENMARK AGAINST SWEDEN AND POLAND—BOMBARDMENT AND TAKING OF NYBORG—EXPEDITION TO WEST INDIES AND AFRICA—DE RUYTER AND THE NEGRO KING—MADE LIEUTENANT-ADMIRAL—FOUR DAYS' BATTLE NEAR THE NORTH FORELAND —AN ARTIST'S HEROISM—GREAT VICTORY AND DAY OF THANKSGIVING—DARING EXPEDITION UP THE THAMES—VICTORY OVER COMBINED ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEETS —VICTORIES OVER THE SAME OFF THE COAST OF HOLLAND—HAILED AS PRESERVER OF THE FATHERLAND—LAST BATTLE AND DEATH—CHARACTER AND CHARACTERISTICS—ENGLISH TESTIMONY TO DE RUYTER'S GREATNESS.

On a certain day in the year 1617 one of the market places of the city of Flushing was filled with a crowd of people of all classes and ages. Fear and anxiety were expressed on the faces of some, while those of others seemed angry and threatening. The men were talking rapidly and gesticulating wildly, while the women stood silent with clasped hands and tear-dimmed eyes. The gaze of all, however, was directed to one spot, where the cause of all this disturbance and dread was found. On the pinnacle of the tall

MICHIEL DE RUITER,
Hertog, Ridder enz.
Luitenant-Admiraal-Generaal
van Holland en West-friesland.

J. M. Quinkhard pinxit naar t. Originneel by. Herrour de Wilhem. Klaudecter kurden. Admiraal . J. Houbraken fec.

steeple of the great St. James' Church abutting on this square stood a little boy only ten years old, with only one hand holding on to the iron rod of the weather-vane and with the other saucily swinging his cap.

The steeple was being repaired at the time, and the workmen had put up a scaffolding reaching a little more than half way, while the rest of the distance was reached by ladders. This little fellow, now on that dizzy height, had run away from school, and, sauntering by the church, had taken it into his head to climb to the very top of the steeple, perhaps with the notion of getting a far look at the wild North Sea. When he got tired of playing his pranks there way up in the air and of frightening all the town down below, he concluded to go back. But if the climbing up had been easy for him, going down was to be a far different matter. For while he was up there amusing himself the town clock had struck twelve, the workmen had gone to dinner, and—they had taken away the last ladder by which he had reached the top. Now, the top of this steeple was and is a pear-shaped cone, covered with slate, so that if the little rascal had lost his footing he would inevitably have been dashed to pieces on the rough pavement, some 200 feet below. But he had a clear head on him even now. It took him but a moment to determine how to proceed. He coolly sat down, still holding on to the iron rod, and with the heels of his heavy-nailed shoes broke off some of the slates, then letting himself slowly down he seized the slats that were thus uncovered, and, setting himself again, broke off some more slates lower down. This operation he repeated till he reached a little window in

the belly of the cone. This being, fortunately, unfastened, he entered and then rushed down the stairway in haste to get home and not lose his dinner. While he was thus engaged getting down that terribly steep roof the multitude down below were almost paralyzed with dread, momentarily expecting to see his little body come plunging down. That he himself had felt no fear was shown by the fact that when he reached the nave of the church he even forgot his hunger and entered the organ loft to try his hand at the great instrument. But the noise which he made in fumbling about this brought the sexton upon him, who took him by the ear and delivered the young scapegrace into the hands of his father. Whether the trouncing which he so richly deserved was administered to him in the good old-fashioned style, we are not told. Perhaps his father, as well as his mother, was but too glad to get the boy back alive, and therefore left the rod for this time unused.

If the adage, "the boy is father to the man," was ever fully verified, it was in the case of this boy, for his daring feat there on that steeple in Flushing was fully prophetic of what he afterwards became. For this boy was Michael Adrianson De Ruyter, whom the world even to this day honors as one of the greatest naval heroes of history.

Before proceeding with the story of his great life, let us see how he came by his name. My boy readers doubtless know that a few hundred years ago, and not so many either, people had no surnames. In the Bible, too, we do not read of a Mr. Shepherd, a Mr. Miller, or Carpenter. We read only of David the son of Jesse,

STEEPLE OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH AT FLUSHING.

Saul the son of Kiss, Alexander the coppersmith, etc. So in the chronicles of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there are no Stantons, or Lincolns, or Grants, or Deweys: the names found there are simply John, William, Richard, etc., as John of Gaunt, William of Malmsbury, Richard the Lionheart. All the names people had then were simply Christian names, and, if they needed to be distinguished further, the name of their place of residence, of some characteristic, or of their occupation was given to them. And this remains true of all royal personages now. They may have sometimes a very long list of names, but they are all given or baptismal names; not one of them is known by or possesses a surname. The noblest woman that ever sat on a throne, that great queen over the sea, whom all true hearted Americans loved with as admiring affection as her own people gave her, was not Mrs. Saxe-Coburg, but simply Victoria, Queen of England. And who ever bore a more fitting name than she? Victoria, the conquerer of the hearts of nations. Now, as is the case with all royal personages at present so it was formerly with people of all classes—they had none but their given names. To distinguish these from each other another name would be given them derived from some circumstance or peculiarity connected with their persons or surroundings. If, for example, there were two Johns living in the same neighborhood, the one a miller and the other a butcher, the former would at first be called John the Miller, and the other John the Butcher. In process of time the article might be dropped, leaving simply John Miller and John Butcher. But it might frequently

occur that there was more than one John the Miller in the same neighborhood, which would necessitate the addition of still another distinguishing cognomen to at least one of them. This would be found by adding the father's baptismal name to the given name, *e. g.*, John the Miller, the son of Peter, would become John Peterson Miller. And such names are still very common, particularly in Scandinavia and Holland.

Now, our hero's name was Michael Adrianson De Ruyter. The prefix De before his name seems to have puzzled an English author considerably, for he says that he has not been able to discover that the great hero was of noble ancestry. As if this would be a natural inference from the prefixing of particle before any name. This particle *de* before a Dutch name is nothing but the definite article, as the equally common *van* is merely the preposition, and was put, the one before the name of a quality or occupation, the other usually before the name of his section of country or more immediate place of residence. Neither is any more indication of noble descent than the color of one's hair or eyes.

Our hero, then, had been christened Michael; but, as there were plenty of other Michaels in his neighborhood, he was distinguished from these others by having his father's christian name added to his own, which made him Michael Adrianson, *i. e.*, Michael the son of Adrian. This accounts for two parts of his name. But he had another, what is now called a surname—De Ruyter.

Two stories are told as to the way in which he came by this one. One account says that his father

belonged to the horse-militia, that he was a cavalryman. Now, in Dutch, the word for cavalryman or cavalier, is ruiter, old spelling ruyter, for which reason Michael's father was distinguished from other Adrians in his town by the cognomen the Cavalryman, or in Dutch, De Ruyter.

The other origin of this surname my younger readers may perchance like better, though there is no evidence that it is any more authentic than that just given. But it is more romantic, and that may be a sufficient reason for referring to it.

This story tells that when Michael's father went courting the maiden that he intended to make his wife the young woman's parents were strongly opposed to the match. But as Adrian was set on having the girl of his choice and no other, and as both were of full age, he proposed that they should elope. Though in those days it was no easy matter to get a daughter to do contrary to her parents' wishes, her persistent suitor overcame all her scruples and secured her consent to this irregular step. But when the lover said that he would come for her on the appointed day with a horse and that this would carry them to the parson that should make them man and wife, she made so many objections to this mode of procedure because she had never ridden horseback that he almost gave up his design. At last, however, he overcame all her opposition, and on the appointed day they rode off, bestriding the same horse, and were properly united.

But what has this to do with the name? A great deal; for some of the young woman's friends, finding out how she had gone to her wedding, nicknamed her

the Cavalier, *i. e.*, De Ruyter. and like many a nickname, before and since, it stuck, and when little Michael came into the world, his parents thought they could do no better than to give him this name so significant of a bold and active life. Little did either these jokers, or those who were intended to suffer from the joke, imagine how much of honor and glory this name would gather to itself.

De Ruyter was born on the 24th of the stormy month of March, the very year in which the Arctic explorer and naval hero Heemskerk died, falling splendidly victorious at Gibraltar. His parents belonged to the lower ranks of the laboring class, his father being a common porter in a brewery. As a boy he was a constant source of anxiety to both father and mother. The account already given of his hairbrained adventure on the Flushing steeple has sufficiently shown that he was a regular daredevil. His native pluck, too, often led him into a fight with other boys, in which the superior size of an antagonist never seems to have deterred him from a scrimmage. From time immemorial the boys of his native town have always been divided into two bands, each with its own captain, which seldom could meet without coming into collision. Of one such band of boys Mike was chosen captain, in which position he is said to have given repeated intimation of what he could be or do when he should become a leader of men, for it is said that the band of boys led by him always came off victorious in their many pitched battles. At school he seems to have been a perfect good-for-nothing, and had to be sent home again and again, the teacher telling his

parents that nothing could be done for him, as he neither could nor would learn and only threw the rest of the school into confusion. Seeing, therefore, that he would not learn, his father determined that he should work. So he sent him to the rope-walk of a Mr. Lampsens, a prominent merchant and ship-owner of Flushing. Here he had to turn the wheel in the rope-walk at a shilling a week. Imagine how the harum-scarum lad whose blood fairly tingled with the love of adventure must have felt, shut up in that rope-yard from early morn till late at night, turning that everlasting wheel! Well, he didn't like it, and again and again ran away, only to get his jacket thoroughly warmed when he came home in the evening, so that his bones would ache for a whole day. Many a wakeful night did his father and mother spend as they anxiously talked about their wayward young son. They wondered what at last would become of him, and pictured to themselves all sorts of disgraceful or painful things that might befall him. But it was true then as now what Scott says in Kenilworth, "Many a wild colt has turned out a noble steed." And God had his eye upon the boy.

The people of his native town and country were then, and always have been, among the best and bravest sailors that were ever known. The city of Flushing, his birthplace, lying at the mouth of the Scheldt, was the strongest port of the province of Zeeland, and was long called the Key of the Netherlands. The province itself is little more than a group of islands cut up by the different arms of the river Schledt, each emptying into the North Sea. And our own Motley in

his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," says that the Zeelanders were the most desperate fighting men that ever sailed on blue water. Now, as little Mike, from the first days that he was taken out of doors, had seen ships and smelt salt water, and, when even still almost a babe, had played among the ships and climbed into their rigging, and must have listened to many a stirring yarn from the weather-stained and battle-scarred tars that crowded his native place, there is no wonder that an irresistible desire for a seafaring life should have seized upon this daring boy. It may well be, too, that when he was standing upon the pinnacle of the tall steeple and looked out upon the grand and far-stretching ocean, and listened to its multitudinous voice calling him to its tumultuous bosom, that this desire was fanned into a flame. And, indeed, this became the ruling passion of his life. But at home he found no sympathy for his longing; his father and mother said no to all his pleadings to let him go to sea. One day, however, he was missing. At the late supper hour that before had never found him absent or without a rousing appetite to do justice to it, he did not make his appearance. His father sent to the rope-walk to seek him; but he was not there, nor had been seen there all that afternoon. In terrible anxiety they hunted and searched for him in the town and the country about, along the quays and piers and jetties; they inquired for him among citizens and sailors; but no one had seen or heard anything of Mike. No sleep for the father or mother that night, as, returned from their fruitless search, they spent the long hours silently weeping, waiting for the morning which yet

they dreaded to see, lest with its breaking their worst fears should be verified and they might see their boy brought home a lifeless corpse. With the morning, however, their fears, if not their anxiety, were quieted. A letter was brought from the captain of a ship which had sailed from Flushing roads that preceding afternoon, in which letter the captain stated that he had taken Mike, at his own earnest pleading, with him to sea. He promised to take the best care of their son, and with God's blessing return him to them in safety.

The way Mike got his desire to go to sea gratified was this: On the afternoon of that day he had again run away from the rope-walk and had strolled down to one of the piers that jut out from the shore into the sea. There he found a boat lying fastened by a rope. Instantly the impulse seized him to take possession of this, row out to one of the many vessels lying in the roadstead, and seek to get passage as a cabin boy. But just as he was loosening the rope, a colored man jumped in and gave him a box on the ear, at the same time crying: "You little rascal, what do you want with that boat?" As the fellow was too big for Mike to fight he made the best of it, but begged the darky so hard to take him to the ship to which the negro seemed to belong, and so get a chance to become a sailor boy, that the man at last consented, but on condition that Mike should take the oars and row them to the ship. As rowing a boat, even in the rough waves of the roadstead, was nothing unusual to this lad of eleven years, he gladly consented. The ship to which they were going was on the point of weighing anchor and of going to sea. But Mike was by no means certain yet of hav-

ing gained the object of his desires, for he had no sooner jumped on deck than the captain threatened to give him the rope's end for daring to run away from home, and, what was far more terrible to Mike, to hail some boat to carry him back. To escape this and at the same time to get out of reach of the captain, he ran swift as a cat into the rigging and out to the end of a yard-arm, threatening to jump overboard if he was not allowed to go along to sea. At last the old sailor gave way and promised to take him along, whereupon the little fellow came down and was entered on the ship's roll as cabin boy, while the captain sent the letter telling of the boy's safety. Thus began the career of one of the greatest heroes in the annals of the sea, as he certainly was the greatest in all the long list of splendid seamen that his own country had produced.

To follow De Ruyter's career in all its details would carry us far beyond the intended scope of this part of our little work. Only a few of the leading events of the fifty-eight years of his active sailor life can be given.

When he returned from his first voyage he brought home such a good account of himself that he was made boatswain's mate on one of the ships of his late employer, Lampsens. His friends, too, were already convinced that the boy had found the vocation for which nature had fitted and Providence had destined him. From boatswain's mate he rose rank by rank till, when still a very young man, he obtained the command of a small merchant ship. Thence he ascended by rapid steps until he reached the highest position open to any one in the navy of the Dutch Republic.

As commander of merchantmen he again and again displayed that marvelous seamanship, heroism and stragetic skill that ultimately made him the recognized and admired chief of naval heroes.

On one occasion, when he was still almost a beardless boy, he was returning from Ireland in charge of a small vessel laden with butter. When he had passed the Lizard and was running down the Channel he was espied by a Dunkirk pirate, who at once gave chase. Seeing that he had not force enough to fight the sea-robber (his crew numbered only seven men and boys), and that escape was impossible, he made use of an ingenious trick to outwit his rapacious pursuer. He ordered a lot of firkins of butter to be brought up with the contents of which he had his men grease the deck and bulwarks of his little vessel. Next he had the hatches opened, at each of which he stationed a sailor with drawn cutlass, while the remaining few of his crew were placed down in the hold. When all was ready De Ruyter shortened sail and awaited the coming of the pirate, as if ready to surrender. As soon as the Dunkirker came up he laid his ship alongside of De Ruyter's. No sooner were the grappling hooks fast than the murderous crew jumped on board armed to the teeth. But never did Jack Frost make a more treacherous footing than had been prepared for these buccaneers. Every one of them that touched the bulwarks or decks instantly tumbled head over heels, their weapons flying out of their hands, while they themselves were either hurled or fell down the hatchways, where they were instantly secured and bound. One fellow, as he fell, shot clear across the slippery

deck through one of the port-holes into the sea. The pirate captain was glad enough to get away with what few remained of his crew and let the slippery Dutchman slip away.

Some time ago the writer saw this exploit credited in a reputable weekly paper to an Irishman, a mistake due, perhaps, to the fact that it happened to a vessel coming from Ireland. The honor of the witty and successful ruse, however, belongs to De Ruyter, and to no one else.

Once again, when commanding a fair-sized merchantman, but which was neither well armed nor manned, his entire crew counting only seventeen hands all told, he spied a pirate with a large prize in tow. Instantly De Ruyter determined to do a little privateering on his own hook, and gave chase. Setting all sail and firing a couple of rounds from his few guns he made the pirate believe that a man-of-war was after him. Not daring to risk a battle with a Dutch warship, the pirate, though carrying more than twenty guns with a crew of 120 men, cut the hawsers and took to his heels, leaving his fine prize to fall into the hands of the tricky captain, who brought it safely into Flushing harbor.

There were two other occasions during his career as a merchant captain in which he gained by his wits what was impossible to secure by bravery or seamanship. On one of these he was one night sailing in company with a number of other merchant vessels homeward bound. Suddenly they found themselves almost in the midst of a fleet of French privateers. His companions at once extinguished all their lights, hoping

thus to escape observation. But De Ruyter knew a trick worth two of that. His being a good-sized vessel he hung out all the lights usually carried by a man-of-war, which led the Frenchmen to believe that he was what he pretended to be. And as at that time scarcely any number of French privateers would have dared to tackle a Dutch warship, they steered clear of him; but fell upon the others, many of which became an easy prey. On the other occasion his vessel was chased by another fleet of French privateers commanded by a renowned freebooter of that time called Lalande, who boarded him. As he had no butter now with which to foil his adversary and not sufficient force to fight, De Ruyter, for the first and only time in his life, was compelled to surrender. When brought on board of his captor Lalande took him into his cabin and asked if he were thirsty. Being answered in the affirmative, the Frenchman again asked what he would take, water or wine. Rather a singular question for a Frenchman to put and that to a seaman of that day. But the Hollander answered: "Why do you ask such a question of a captive? If I am a prisoner, give me water, but if I am a free man, give me wine." The generous Frenchman, struck with the boldness of the reply, at once poured out two glasses of wine, one for De Ruyter and one for himself, then taking up his own glass he drank to the health of his captive, wished him "bon voyage" and gave him back his ship. Several years after this episode these two met again, when De Ruyter was in command of a squadron of men-of-war. And, although the incident connected with this meeting does not belong to this period of our hero's life,

yet, as it has reference to this same Frenchman, it may as well be related here. Lalande was again in command of a fleet of privateers and, having been chased and defeated by De Ruyter, was brought on board of the latter's flagship. As they recognized each other their surprise was mutual. The Frenchman at once recalled the incident of their former meeting and demanded the same generous treatment now that he had accorded to De Ruyter on that former occasion. To this the Hollander replied that, though he would do all in his power to render Lalande's captivity as tolerable as possible, he had neither the right nor the authority to release him. The cases were not equal; for at the time referred to Lalande was acting on his own responsibility, subject to no authority, being a privateer; but he, De Ruyter, was subject to the authority of his government, which did not leave him at liberty to release any one taken prisoner in battle. Whatever his own inclinations might be, therefore, to listen to the voice of gratitude and to let him go, duty compelled him to carry Lalande captive to Holland.

The great seamanship, courage, and fidelity which De Ruyter had ever displayed as master of merchant vessels had given abundant proof to his friends that he was capable and worthy of filling a more responsible position, and one in which he could be of more extensive service to his fatherland. At that time there were no naval schools established anywhere, so that the captains and commanders of the different navies were generally selected from among those who had become noted for daring and ability as commanders of private vessels. When, therefore, in 1641, King

John IV. of Portugal, which had revolted from Spain, sought the aid of Holland against Spain, De Ruyter's former employer at the rope-yard, Lampsens, who was a member of the Dutch Legislature, recommended him for the post of commodore to command the fleet to be sent out to assist the Portuguese. In a battle with the Spanish fleet on this trip he won a complete victory and covered himself with glory. For this he received from the King of Portugal a golden chain worth $250. To this was attached a fine medal, also of gold, bearing the King's image, with the inscription on one side, "Joannes IV. Dei Gratia Rex Portugalliae," John IV. by the grace of God King of Portugal, and on the reverse, "Vici mea fata superstes," Surviving, I have overcome my misfortunes.

On his return from this expedition he resigned his post as commodore and once more entered the service of his former employer, Lampsens, and brought him great gain in several very successful trips. On one of these he proved again that, even with a merchant ship, he was capable of performing great acts of valor. Falling in once in the Caribbean Sea with a very large Spanish man-of-war, he sought to get away from it, but only to be the more eagerly chased. When he perceived that he could not outsail the Spaniard he determined to give him battle. So he let his pursuer come close up to him, when he suddenly poured in his shot in such quick succession that very soon the mighty ship went to the bottom. As her hapless men were struggling in the waves, De Ruyter, as humane and magnanimous as brave, manned his boats and rescued all that could be reached. When these had been brought on board together with their captain, De

Ruyter asked him what he would have done if the tables had been turned and the Hollanders had been in the condition from which he and his men had just been delivered. The proud Spaniard haughtily replied that he would have let every one perish in the deep that had not been slain on board. This made the Dutchman mad and he at once commanded every Spaniard to be bound hand and foot and to be hurled into the sea, ordering heavy weights to be fastened to their feet so that they might instantly sink. When now according to orders they were going to begin with the captain, his haughty Spanish bravado left him and, falling on his knees, he begged most piteously for mercy. As De Ruyter had only intended to teach the proud Don a lesson in humanity toward the vanquished, he readily granted his prayer, merely removed his prisoners to the hold and carried them off to Holland.

One more notable instance of his courage and daring as a merchant captain must be told before passing on to the most notable exploits in his career as commander in the regular navy of his fatherland. While sailing once along the coasts of northern Africa he perceived five Barbary pirates lying in wait for him. His present vessel was a remarkably swift sailer and fairly well armed, but by no means a match for the fierce rovers of the sea that were ready to pounce upon him. But, instead of making use of the swiftness of his ship to seek to escape, he set all sail and dashed at the leader of the pirates and so savagely assailed him that he was soon compelled to seek safety in flight. With this one driven off De Ruyter made for the next nearest at hand, who proved to be second in command

of the Barbary squadron, and sent him to follow his chief. It was not long, either, before all the rest set every sail and bent their long oars to get away from the tremendous fire of the swift Dutchman. The astonished Moors, who had witnessed this fight from the shore, invited him to enter their port, and when he landed led him on horseback as a conquerer through the streets of their city.

By this time the boy, of whom every one had despaired when he was at home, had become not only a quite respectable burgher of his native town, but a very noted citizen of the country. In his many voyages he had accumulated what seemed to him quite a fortune, upon which he determined to retire and spend the rest of his life on shore. He had established his aged parents in a snug little cottage outside of the town and purchased for himself a modest, but comfortable residence. Here he intended to spend the remainder of his days in the quiet delights so dear to every Hollander, the pleasures connected with the cultivation of a garden. But, "man proposes, but God disposes." God and his country had other work for him to do. Talents and powers such as his could not be devoted to the handling of the spade and pruning knife. His fatherland had need of him and was yet to find in him its noblest and most successful champion at sea.

As already related in the story of Tromp, England had attacked the Dutch Republic largely because it had dared to protest against the beheading of Charles I. Without the least warning or any declaration of war Cromwell's ships seized upon all Dutch vessels wherever they could find and master them. As the

English had more than one fleet at sea, the Dutch also fitted out another in addition to the one under the great Tromp. The command of this second fleet was offered to De Ruyter. At first he modestly refused the offer, on the ground that there were several older and more experienced commanders already in the navy and who, he thought, were more deserving of the honor. The government, however, knew their man and insisted on his acceptance, so that both this and his patriotism forced him to yield. With this fleet, numbering thirty men-of-war and six fireships, he met that of the English under Admiral George Ascue, sometimes written Ayscue. This, as usual, not only was superior as to the size and armament of its ships, but also outnumbered that of De Ruyter by ten vessels. Moreover, he was hampered by a large merchant fleet which he was convoying, and which the English had hoped to capture. Notwithstanding this and his inferiority in strength and number of vessels, De Ruyter hesitated not a moment to give battle. And, as has already been seen more than once, when Dutch and English sailors took hold of each other in those days they made bloody work of it.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of August 26, 1652, when the battle began. Twice De Ruyter broke with his own squadron through the English fleet, a manœuvre said to have been first attempted in naval battles by the Dutch admirals. At one time his flagship lay close between those of Ascue and the English vice-admiral, receiving the terrible fire of both; but his own fire was still more destructive and at last compelled Ascue and his companion to draw off. The combat

lasted till night, when Ascue found it best to seek the harbor of Plymouth, near which the fight had taken place, and De Ruyter was left free to take the merchant fleet which was under his protection unharmed to their destination.

In this battle one of those acts of heroism was performed which lend such lustre to the history of the young Republic. One of the merchant ships, the Ostrich, being well manned and armed, had been ranged with the fleet in the line of battle. Its commander was a Frisian, and his name, singularly enough, was composed nearly of the same letters as that of the English admiral. The latter's name was Ascue and that of the Frisian Aukes, Douwe Aukes. He, having penetrated too far within the enemy's lines, was exposed to such a destructive fire that his sailors tried to compel him to surrender. In reply, Aukes seized a match and rushed to the powder magazine, shouting, "Courage, my boys, courage! I will set you the example, and when we have to give in, even then I will show you the way to victory and liberty. And I swear, if another word is said about surrender, I will blow up the ship!" Thus aroused, his men went to the guns again and soon utterly disabled two of their antagonists, while a third spread all sail and fled.

This was the first great naval battle in which De Ruyter had command of a fleet, and the great skill and courage he displayed in this at once gave him rank among the many great admirals of that day.

Those were the times when a naval fight was not decided in a few hours, particularly when it was one in which the two greatest naval powers of that day were

pitted against each other; but when the mad and furious fray would not seldom be protracted from day to day, even the night scarce bringing respite to the combatants. Of such several were fought by De Ruyter, either as subordinate commander or under his own supreme direction. Of his share in the terrible three-days' fight in February, 1653, between Tromp and Blake sufficient has been said in the preceding chapter. There was one somewhat singular circumstance connected with this battle, however, that may be related here. The night before the first day's battle, De Ruyter had dreamed that a bird alighted on his hand; but which took flight every time that he tried to seize it. When now, on the 28th of February, the English fleet hove in sight, he exclaimed to one of his officers to whom he had told the dream, "There is the bird of which I dreamed last night!" And as we have seen, that bird took wing at the end of those terrible three days.

Nothing further need to be said here, either, of De Ruyter's share in that other terrific action off the coast of Holland between Monk and Tromp, in which the latter fought his last battle. While the death of Tromp was a great loss to the Republic, it was largely compensated for, and finally more than made good by, the constantly expanding genius of De Ruyter. In consequence of the removal of the great admiral by the fate of war De Ruyter was raised to the rank of vice-admiral. In this capacity he performed many heroic deeds against the Barbary pirates. On one of his voyages during this period he took a large number of Turkish ships, and subsequently concluded a peace with the Bey of Morocco, which was of very great ad-

vantage to the Dutch. On his way homeward, convoying a richly laden fleet of merchantmen, when nearly opposite Dover he observed a fleet of English men-of-war apparently awaiting him. As he approached he received a message from the British commander, William Withorn, to say that he had orders to seize all vessels coming from Spain and to bring them into the Downs. England was at this time at war with Spain, but at peace with Holland. Withorn claimed in his letter containing the above message that some of the vessels under De Ruyter's convoy contained goods brought from Spain, and that therefore he would have to deal with them according to his instructions. He added also that, if they were not given up peacefully, he would have to take them by force, and threw the responsibility of the breach of the peace and the probable bloodshed entirely upon De Ruyter. Imagine how such a message must have been received by one of the greatest naval heroes of the time and coming from a man of whom no one had scarcely ever heard, and whose name, but for this anecdote, would certainly find no place here. The answer was short and to the point. It informed the impudent British commander that the merchant fleet was under De Ruyter's protection and had no business in the Downs, but belonged in Amsterdam, whither he would convoy them, and that whoever dared to molest them would do so at his peril. Finding that he had reckoned without his host, and having no desire to measure strength with De Ruyter, no attempt was made by Withorn to carry out his pretended order.

In 1659 Denmark invoked the aid of the Dutch Re-

public against Charles Gustavus of Sweden, who, in alliance with Augustus of Poland, had declared war against the Danish King, Christian II. The allied armies had been everywhere victorious on land over the Danes, while at sea the Swedes had almost annihilated the Danish fleet. The appeal of King Christian found a ready ear at the seat of the Dutch government, and a well-equipped fleet was sent to the Sound under the Lieutenant Admiral Wassenaar, with De Ruyter second in command. Not long after the fleet had arrived in the Sound the commander-in-chief was taken so seriously ill that he had to be ordered home. This left the chief command in the hands of De Ruyter, who now, therefore, occupied a position not only of very great responsibility, but of equally great honor. And though this was at present only temporary, it gave him the opportunity of displaying so much of skill and ability, both as a naval and military commander, as at once to bring conviction to all that in De Ruyter were to be found all the virtues of a great chief. For right nobly and successfully did he serve the Danish King against the ambitious Gustavus. On November 9th, 1659, De Ruyter ranged his fleet in position for the bombardment of Nyborg, This was a strongly fortified city on the island of Funen and had been compelled to surrender to the Swedes, who had in and about the city an array of more than 10,000 men. De Ruyter's first object was to drive all the Swedish troops within the walls of the city, which was accomplished in a comparatively short time with the aid of the Danes. When this had been done he began the bombardment with the guns of his fleet, which was of a nature so terrific that

the cannon became red-hot with the rapid firing. The city being crowded with soldiers as well as citizens, among whom the death-dealing missiles were almost ceaselessly hurled, the horror and havoc created was fearful. The guns of the city forts and batteries were almost useless, as the defenders were constantly driven from them by the rapid fire from the fleet. The Swedes were compelled to surrender unconditionally. Ten thousand men were taken prisoners, Nyborg and the Island of Funen were recaptured, Denmark was delivered, and Sweden completely thwarted. In consequence of this defeat Charles Gustavus is said to have died of chagrin in February of the next year, 1660.

This remarkable success on the part of the Hollanders seems to have once more stirred up the envy and jealousy of England, and was made one of the pretexts for another declaration of war by her against the Dutch Republic. The commonwealth created by Cromwell had ceased to exist, and the son of the beheaded king had been placed upon the reëstablished throne of England. Charles II. had much reason for gratitude to Holland, because she had dared to harbor him during his exile from his own country, for which reason, too, she had been compelled to wage a costly and bloody war. But Charles entirely forgot his debt of gratitude and but too readily allowed himself to be driven by the popular frenzy to declare war against his late hosts and protectors. Before any declaration of war had been made, however, the English had began hostilities by seizing the Dutch possessions on the coast of Guinea. It may be of interest to my young readers to give some particulars of the high-handed

action of the English in this instance, especially because part of it also touches our own history. The Duke of York was at the head of the so-called Royal African Company, and as such had sent out Admiral Robert Holmes with a fleet of twenty-two men-of-war to attack the Dutch possessions in Africa, the West Indies, and North America. This was in 1663, and, as indicated above, while England and Holland were at peace, Holmes started for the west coast of Africa, fully intending to carry out his instructions to the letter. His first object of attack was Bonavista, one of the Cape Verde Islands belonging to the Dutch at that time. Thence he went along the coast of Africa and seized every one of the Dutch possessions that he could master, capturing also a number of ships with their rich cargoes. This done, he crossed the Atlantic and attacked New Amsterdam. This was forced to surrender on the 17th of August, 1663, with which also the whole of the New Netherlands came under the sway of England. He completed his robber trip with the seizure of a couple of islands in the Dutch West Indies, and then returned home to receive the plaudits of his treacherous king. When Charles II. was approached by the Dutch ambassador with the complaints of the Republic in regard to this high-handed outrage, he pretended ignorance of the matter and said that the affair should be laid to the charge of the Royal Africa Company.

Seeing that no redress could be obtained from England but by the force of arms, the Dutch government set about to strengthen its fleet so as to be ready for the emergency as soon as Charles should declare war,

as now seemed inevitable. But that nothing might be done openly to bring about hostilities, orders were secretly sent to De Ruyter to proceed to the West Indies and to Africa, to avenge the wrong and repair the damage done by Holmes. De Ruyter's fleet was at this time in the Mediterranean to protect the commerce of Holland against Algerine pirates. It consisted of twelve men-of-war and a supply ship, and left the harbor of Cadiz on the 5th of October. On the 22d the island of Bonavista was reached. Here a fleet of eight English merchantmen and one man-of-war were lying under the guns of the lower fort, while from both this and the upper fort the flag of the English African Company seemed to be waving defiance at the Hollanders. The Dutch fleet was ranged in the form of a semi-circle, and in this order approached the English and effectually prevented their escape. Thereupon the English despatched two messengers to De Ruyter, asking why he had taken position with such an armament in the neighborhood of their ships and forts. To this he replied that they could easily guess the reason, and further added that as soon as the wind rose he would approach still nearer. Then they asked, with counterfeited amazement, whether he did not know that Holland and England were at peace. "Yes," De Ruyter answered, "Holland is at peace with England, but not with a people that in such robber-like fashion has seized upon the ships and strongholds of the Dutch West India Company." As the Hollanders were now the stronger party, nothing remained but to surrender both forts and ships, and to put the island once more into the possession of the former owners.

This matter being settled satisfactorily, and the forts being once more manned with Dutch troops, with the Orange flag waving over them, De Ruyter steered for the other possessions on the African coast as far as Sierra Leone. Here one stronghold after another was recovered, and even one of the most important fortified positions of the English was captured after a severe and hazardous battle. This was the fort of Cormantyn or Cormanlin on the Gold Coast, some distance below Cape Coast Castle. Among those who assisted the English in the defense of this stronghold was a negro chief called John Kabesse, who had gained for himself a great name for daring and military skill, not only among his African dependents and allies, but among the Europeans. He had, however, shown himself also equally cruel, especially in his treatment of Dutch captives, whom he would first torture and maim most brutally before dispatching them. Dreading the vengeance of the Dutch if he should fall into their hands, he exposed himself and his men to the fiercest fire of the besiegers, in order by a soldier's death to escape his well-deserved punishment. But, failing in this, with his own hand he slew his son and two slaves who were by his side, and then, cutting his own throat, he threw himself from the wall down among the besiegers.

The capture of this fortification completed the object of the expedition. But before the fleet was turned homeward De Ruyter ordered the assembling of the crews for religious service to give thanks to Almighty God, who not only had vouchsafed to them this victory,

but who had prospered them in every step of the undertaking for which the fleet had set out.

On this voyage a pleasant episode occurred that is also worth relating, namely, the meeting again of De Ruyter and the negro who had caught him when, as will be remembered, little Michael was trying to steal a boat with which to row to some sea-going ship. This darky and young Mike had struck up a very strong friendship for each other on that first voyage of the future naval hero. Now, as De Ruyter's fleet on this present voyage was somewhere on the coast of Africa, one of his officers was sent ashore with a number of men to fetch fresh water. Here they were met by the dusky king of that country who, to their astonishment, spoke Dutch and in this their native tongue asked the name of the commander of the fleet. When told that it was Michael De Ruyter, he exclaimed, "Michael De Ruyter, Michael De Ruyter! More than forty years ago I knew a ship's boy by that name!" When the officer assured him that beyond a doubt it was the same person, the black king refused to believe that his old comrade, the poor ship's boy, could have risen to such a position. When the assertion was repeated, however, that the present admiral was no other than that same unpromising person of so long ago, the negro, who was called John Company, earnestly begged to be taken on board of the flagship. His request being granted, the old comrades recognized each other at once, and were not a little surprised at such a singular and unexpected meeting. There was much that each had to tell, the one of the many perilous steps by which he had risen to the command of a fleet of the then mighti-

est maritime power in the world; the other of his many wanderings as a common sailor till at last he had stopped ashore there and, on account of the knowledge and skill acquired among Europeans, had at last come to be chosen as king of a tribe of negroes. The African chief proved to have quite a retentive memory; he could still mention the names of all the streets, quays and bridges of Flushing, and related exactly every circumstance connected with his early acquaintance with De Ruyter on the latter's first voyage. He also could repeat the Creed and the Ten Commandments. But this was all he had retained of Christian knowledge, as perhaps it was all that had ever been taught him. When asked if he would not like to go back to Flushing, he replied that he would much prefer to live and die in his own country and among his own people, however much they might be below the Europeans in civilization. And who would not admire such patriotism even in such an insignificant negro king? After presenting him with many a gift of special value in those regions and helpful in the civilization of the tribe, De Ruyter sent his old shipmate ashore with a salute of honor from the guns of the flagship.

The fleet returned home, not only bringing the glad news of the recovery of every possession the English had so treacherously taken from the Hollanders while the two governments were still at peace, but bringing with it thirty-four captured ships, the value of whose cargoes amounted to millions of florins. The reception given to De Ruyter, when he once more set foot on native soil, was most enthusiastic. Thousands

upon thousands came to see his fleet, and many noble and honorable women fell upon his neck and kissed him—a performance that embarrassed the bold sea-dog more than the fiercest assaults of any enemy.

While De Ruyter was absent on the above expedition, the war between England and the Dutch Republic had broken out and was marked from the beginning with more than usual animosity. In this, at the first, the Hollanders were by far the greatest sufferers. In the first naval fight, July 14, 1665, two of their admirals were slain and ten of their best ships were taken by the English. Great as this loss must have been to the little republic, it was soon to be made good by De Ruyter. He now was elevated to the lofty post of lieutenant-admiral of Holland and West Friesland, which position gave him the chief command of all the fleets of the republic, the highest position possible for him to reach, and surpassed only by that of those who wore a crown or who were the chiefs of states.

On the first of June, 1666, he set out with his fleet to enter upon the greatest battle of his life and the hottest contest ever fought out upon the hoary sea, one that lasted no less than four entire days. His force numbered eighty-five men-of-war, nine fireships, and four swift sailing yachts to carry orders to the different parts of the fleet when necessary. Some of his ships were the heaviest and strongest ever sent out from Holland. De Ruyter's flagship, the Seven Provinces, and one other carried 80 guns, while that of Cornelis Tromp was armed with 82 guns. Ten others carried from 70 to 76, and twenty-two were each pierced for 60 guns. The English fleet, commanded by Monk, duke

of Albemarle, numbered in all about eighty-seven men-of-war and eight fireships. Several of the former, however, were far stronger, both in guns and men, than any under the command of De Ruyter. Among these was the Sovereign, mounting 100 guns and manned with an equipment of 700 men, and the Royal Prince, carrying 92 guns and 620 men, while the two largest of the Dutch fleet were manned respectively with only 475 and 450 sailors and marines.

It was on the eleventh of June that the curtain rose to the most terrific spectacle that ever had been witnessed on any sea. De Ruyter's fleet was lying at anchor between the North Foreland and the Flemish coast. The admiral-in-chief commanded the centre, Cornelis Tromp the right and John Evertsen the left wing. About noon Monk and his fleet hove in sight. At once De Ruyter, according to his custom, signalled the order for prayer. On every ship in the fleet the men knelt down, as the chaplains prayed for strength and courage for the living, victory for the fatherland, and pardon and grace for all who should give their lives for the right. Then a hearty meal was served to the men, and, as a special favor, each received a glass of wine. Three ships' bells rang through the entire fleet, the trumpets gave the signal to charge, and the mighty sea-monsters rushed to the bloody fray. The conflict opened with characteristic fury on both sides and never slackened except only when the night cast its thick mantle between the combatants and compelled them to rest. This was repeated for three days. At the close of the third day the English, having lost a number of vessels while others had been utterly dis-

abled, began to retire. The advantage so far was with De Ruyter, and if he had been free to follow it up at once, there is no doubt that Monk would have sustained a crushing defeat. But with the dawn of the fourth day another English fleet appeared of twenty-five ships under the command of Prince Rupert. Most perilous now was the prospect of the Dutch fleet. For, after all the damage sustained in the preceding three days, it was in no proper condition to renew the contest with the enemy so strongly reinforced by a fleet of fresh vessels. But De Ruyter's exalted heroism inspired his entire fleet: officers and men, from the highest to the lowest were determined to conquer or die. Once more the thousands of cannon opened their mouths and thundered their loud defiance at each other; once more countless missiles filled the air and went crashing through the oaken bulwarks, tearing through the tarred rigging and dealing death and destruction on every side. The heavens were lurid with the constant lightnings that flamed forth from the iron-jawed dogs of war, while the tumult of the elements was lost in the ceaseless roar of the guns and the cries and shrieks of the wounded and dying. The gods of sea and air seemed to have retreated into their caverns, awe-struck and mute, affrightened by the direful clashing of these human Titans. Surely no famed naval battle of Greece or Carthage ever equalled this. But ere the sun dipped under the western rim of the horizon the fortune of war was decided in favor of De Ruyter, and the Duke of Albemarle was compelled to make for his own ports with the remnants of his fleet. Twenty-three of his ships had been sunk,

destroyed or captured, six thousand of his brave men had been slain, and three thousand were carried off captives. The greatest loss to England, however, was that of three of her vice-admirals, of whom Berkeley and Mings had been killed and George Ascue was a prisoner. In the surrender of the latter's ship to that of De Ruyter, after a terrific and obstinate fight, William Van der Velde, a noted marine painter of that day, bore a conspicuous part. He was on board of De Ruyter's flagship to witness the battle and thus to secure a subject for a painting. He was sitting in the cross-trees, sketching the awful spectacle, when the order was given by De Ruyter to board. Van der Velde hurried down the mast, deposited his drawing materials in the nearest cabin, and rushed with the crew on board of Ascue's ship. When the desperate hand-to-hand fight was at its hottest, the artist climbed up the mizzenmast with the agility of a common seaman, hauled down the admiral's flag, slid down the shrouds, with this trophy waving in his hand, and passed it over to De Ruyter. As he did so he said, "With this I want to pay for my board and lodging." In the mêlée the heroic deed of the artist seems to have been unnoticed by the English officers or sailors, so that they were not aware that their flag was hauled down till the daring painter had already reached his victorious countrymen.

On the part of the Dutch the loss consisted of only four ships and two thousand men all told. No wonder that the hero who begun the battle with prayer was ready to pour out his heart in fervent gratitude to God for the great victory achieved! And so far was he from taking any credit to himself for what had been

accomplished, that, when one of his country's poets sang of his triumph in splendid song, De Ruyter said, "If anything great has been done, the glory must be given to God alone." Moved by the same spirit the government proclaimed a universal day of thanksgiving throughout the land to give praise to the Most High for the victory so signally obtained and to implore the divine aid for the future. Seldom was such a proclamation more faithfully and fully obeyed; in every city, village and hamlet all feet were turned toward the sanctuaries, in every house of worship the voices of the people arose in grateful homage. The evening of that day was spent in every exhibition of joy at the memorable achievement; from every steeple the gay bells gave voice to the jubilant feelings of the multitude; bonfires lighted the sky from every street and field; each town vied with the other in the splendor of its fireworks.

As adversity often brings out the nobility of a great character much more fully than prosperity, so frequently the virtues of a hero are rendered less conspicuous by victory than by defeat. Of this De Ruyter on one occasion gave a notable example. On the 4th of August of this same year, and thus less than two months after the last battle, the fleets of the rival nations met again in the same neighborhood, off the North Foreland. In this it seemed as if friend and foe had conspired for the destruction of the great hero. The English bent all their energies to crush De Ruyter, and, as if to make his utter overthrow the more certain, Cornelis Tromp, who commanded the rear division of the Dutch fleet, shamefully deserted his chief.

The cause of this lay not in any lack of courage on the part of Tromp, but in jealousy and envy, those twin imps of evil that have wrought so much woe in this world. Tromp had claimed that De Ruyter had been promoted over himself and others who had a prior claim to the position of the chief command of the Dutch navies, and he now allowed his jealous spite to overcome his sense of duty and honor, and left his chief to bear the brunt of the battle almost alone. The result was that what would undoubtedly have been another brilliant victory was turned into a costly defeat. And yet it was not an ignominious one, for even in this De Ruyter crowned himself with honor and glory. To this the King of France, Louis XIV., bore witness by presenting De Ruyter, on his return home, through Count d'Estrades, Louis's envoy extraordinary at The Hague, with the order of St. Michael, the oldest in the kingdom, and with the king's own portrait on gold enamel and surrounded with three rows of diamonds. With this a letter was sent to d'Estrades from the king, in which he said that he had learned from some Frenchmen who were present with De Ruyter in this battle that the admiral had performed deeds that seemed to surpass human powers; that at one time he had sustained with only eight of his own ships the attack of twenty-two of the largest English vessels and two of their admirals, and that they regarded his retreat a greater proof of his consummate skill than if he had gained the battle. His country, too, gave full recognition of the great services he rendered even in this battle. Amsterdam presented him with a magnificent sword with a hilt of

gold, and Rotterdam with a splendid silver-gilt ewer, while his praises were uttered by all honest tongues throughout the land. His fleet had been defeated, indeed, yet his surpassing courage and skill had never been more fully exhibited than in the masterly way in which he drew out of the battle and brought his ships into safe harbor. Even Hume acknowledges that the greatest victory could not have given De Ruyter greater fame than this retreat.

In June of the following year, 1667, De Ruyter had another fleet ready with which to meet the boastful foe. So rapid were the preparations of those maratime nations in those days. And now he performed a feat which never before nor since, from the time that England became a naval power, was attempted. After their victory of the previous year the English fleet wantonly burned some defenceless villages on the coast of Holland. For this outrage De Ruyter determined to punish them. But he aimed not at harmless towns; he meant to send terror into the very heart of England by sailing up the river on which her proudest and largest city was situated, and to make the power of the Republic felt even there.

On the 16th of June De Ruyter reached the English coast with a fleet of sixty war vessels and fourteen fireships. His instructions were to sail up the Thames and Medway with as many ships as those streams would allow, and destroy or capture whatever English vessels should be found there, and to burn and otherwise render useless whatever royal storehouses of naval provisions and ammunition might be found at Chatham. It was not till the 22d that the arrangements for the great

exploit were perfected. A small squadron of the lighter vessels with some fireships were sent up the Medway to attack Fort Sheerness. This was armed with fifteen guns; but, after a bombardment of an hour and a half, its defenders deserted their stronghold and left it in possession of their daring assailants. The cannon were brought on board of De Ruyter's ships and the fort dismantled. This done, they ascended the river toward Chatham, the chief naval dépot of England. Some distance up the river stood Upnor Castle, commanding the stream. Before this could be reached, however, a formidable obstacle had to be passed. A number of vessels had hastily been sunk and a massive chain, running on pulleys over floating rafts, had been stretched across the river. Above this chain lay several large men-of-war, while both shores were planted with cannon. If ever a place had been made impassable, surely this seemed to be so. But all these obstacles only seemed to strengthen the determination of the Hollanders. As the channel allowed of only one vessel at a time to ascend the river, a volunteer was called for to lead the way and open a passage. This was eagerly answered by Captain John Van Brakel, who for some insubordination was at this time under arrest. Though his ship was one of the lightest equipped in the fleet, but a swift sailer, he begged permission to take the advance. His request was instantly granted; he was released from confinement and reinstated in command of his vessel. He at once ordered all sail to be set, passed his compatriots that were ahead of him, and, without firing a gun, went through the terrible hail of shot that rained upon him from the hostile ships and batteries,

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and carried his ship clear over the chain. Here he engaged the nearest English frigate, the Unity, gave it one terrific broadside, and boarded and captured it almost in a moment. His loss in the entire exploit was only two or three wounded. Commodore John van den Ryn followed him in the Pro Patria, which dashed with such force at the chain that it broke in two and thus made a clear passage for the rest of his squadron. Of the men-of-war lying on the other side of the chain three of the largest were burned, some fled up the river, while one, the Royal Charles, carrying 100 guns, was captured and sent to Holland. Now the way was clear to Upnor Castle. Here matters were conducted with the same impetuosity and rapidity. The guns of the castle were silenced and the defenders of the supporting batteries were driven from their guns and put to flight. Of the four men-of-war that were lying under the guns of the castle only one escaped, the other three being given to the flames. The crews of all these seemed to have been seized with a panic, as officers and all shamefully deserted their ships. Their cowardice was offset, however, by at least one of the officers. The captain of the Royal Oak, one of those that were destroyed, a Scotchman by the name of Douglas, refused to leave his ship, though he, too, could easily have saved himself. He preferred to perish in the flames of his burning ship, saying, "It has never been known that a Douglas left his post without leave."

In the whole affair the English lost nine of their largest ships together with a great number of dead and wounded, and all under the very eyes of Monk and

Prince Rupert. De Ruyter's loss was reckoned at barely fifty men and a few boats.

As on wings of the wind the news spread to London, filling the city with consternation. The inhabitants hurriedly prepared for flight, expecting nothing less than that the Dutch fleet would sail up the river and lay their great and rich capital in ashes. De Ruyter, however, had no such intention. All that he had been sent out for had been accomplished, and, this done, he returned home.

A singular Providence seemed to favor the great enterprise both at its inception and at its close. At the start, a strong tide and favoring breeze from the east carried the fleet up the river, while, just as the feat was accomplished, the tide and wind turned and carried the daring Hollanders with equal rapidity out to the remainder of the fleet at the river's mouth. This exploit compelled Charles the Second to end the war with Holland at that time. A treaty of peace between the two countries was signed at the city of Breda on the 24th of the succeeding August.

De Ruyter returned home thus crowned with the laurels of victory and bearing the olive branch of peace. His government acknowledged his great services on this occasion by presenting him with a splendid beaker of solid gold on whose sides were represented the capture of Sheerness and the burning of the British ships. All Europe, too, resounded with the fame of the great admiral. Even England joined in the honors that now were being conferred on the great hero; for, in the year following, she conferred the honor of knighthood on his only son, Engel de Ruyter.

For nearly five years the Republic was permitted to pursue her course undisturbed, years in which her prosperity at home and her influence among the nations abroad were constantly augmenting. But before this short period of respite had closed a storm rose over little Holland that threatened to obliterate forever its place among nations. England, France, the Bishop of Munster, and the Elector of Cologne combined in a declaration of war against the Republic. It was the most critical period in her history since the eighty years' war with mighty Spain. But it served to bring out De Ruyter's heroism, skill and seamanship as never before. Three times he was victorious over the combined fleets of England and France; and it is certain that but for him, under God, the Republic would have been overwhelmed and destroyed. Repeated defeats on land, with the French forces in the very heart of the country, had brought the nation to the verge of ruin, and had filled government and people with despair. But the blows struck by De Ruyter at the foes at sea renewed the courage and hope in the breasts of his countrymen, and finally delivered his fatherland from the threatened disaster.

The first naval battle of this war was fought on June 7, 1672, off the Suffolk coast near Solebay, where the combined French and English fleets had been lying. The English contingent was under the command of the Duke of York, while Admiral d'Estrées commanded the fleet of France. Of the severity of this battle some slight idea can be formed from the fact that on De Ruyter's ship alone 25,000 pounds of powder were consumed and 3,500 cannon balls were fired off. One of

the captured English officers, a lieutenant, being brought on board of De Ruyter's flagship, was ordered to go below; but at his earnest request was permitted to stay on deck to witness the progress of the battle. As he stood there he exclaimed on one occasion, "What terrific fighting is this, sir! It is not yet noon, and already you have done more than in all the four days' fight of '66!" One incident may serve as a sample of the daring and intrepidity shown in this battle by De Ruyter's captains. John Van Brakel, whose exploit on the Thames will be remembered, was one of those who greatly distinguished themselves on this day. He was now in command of a sixty-two gun ship carrying 300 men. He burned with desire to measure strength with some one of the English admirals. Early in the fight therefore, he made for Montague, the admiral of the white flag, whose ship carried 104 guns and 1,000 men. Without firing a shot van Brakel made straight for the flagship. But Montague's cannon fairly rained shot at the oncoming Dutchman, so that the sea around him boiled as if disturbed by a multitude of whales. Van Brakel on his part did not fire a gun till he had thrown his grappling irons over the sides of his antagonist, and then, at such close quarters, he poured in broadside after broadside. The ponderous missiles went crashing through the timbers of the stout ship; fired point blank, not a shot missed, not a piece of iron nor flying splinter but found some victim. Instantly a horrid cry arose from the dead and dying on the English ship. Had succor not come at the very moment, Montague would have been compelled to surrender. But, being re-enforced, his own crew and that of his sister ship

rushed in overwhelming numbers on board of the Dutchman. For awhile they were masters on deck; but van Brakel and his men defended themselves so stoutly that Montague was forced to retreat to his own vessel. No sooner had they gotten back to their own decks than their ship was set ablaze by a Dutch fire-ship. The flames spread with such rapidity that there was no possibility of saving the noble ship, and, giving orders to his crew to save themselves if possible, Montague and a number of others entered a boat to find refuge on some other vessel. But the boat, being overloaded, capsized and the gallant admiral with all his companions but one were drowned, notwithstanding the efforts made by some of the Dutch ships nearest by to save them. The exception was the above mentioned lieutenant who voluntarily witnessed the progress of the fight and the final victory from the deck of De Ruyter's flagship.

On the anniversary of the battle just related, June 7, 1673, De Ruyter obtained another signal victory over the combined English and French fleets. In this the allied fleets lost fourteen vessels, while the Dutch only lost four fireships, though they had to mourn the death of one of their ablest vice-admirals. The disparity of numbers in the respective fleets rendered the victory of the Hollanders the more brilliant. That of the allies counted no less than 150 sail, among which three carried 100, and four 90 guns, while that of the Dutch numbered only 105 sail, the five heaviest of which mounted only 80 guns each. The fireships of the former also outnumbered those of the latter by seventeen.

De Ruyter had kept his fleet near the coast of Holland awaiting the attack of the mighty force, of whose coming he had been advised, and some of whose ships had already been seen on the first of the month. It was not till the morning of the 7th, however, that they were discovered coming on in full force. Long before they got near enough to do any harm they opened fire on the Hollanders, who were awaiting them in battle array. This made De Ruyter say smilingly, "Our enemies must be afraid; they begin to bark before they are near enough to bite." His flagship in this, as in several former battles, was called the Seven Provinces. As again and again he dashed into the very heart of the hostile fleet and drove them before him, he cried out, "The foe is treating the Seven Provinces with uncommon courtesy, for they everywhere make way for her." In this battle one of the notable traits of the great hero was finely brought out, namely his self-denying and forgiving spirit. His division, at one period of the battle, had cut off a number of the hostile ships and would undoubtedly have captured them all, when he saw Cornelis Tromp in danger of being overwhelmed by a vastly superior force. Instantly De Ruyter abandoned his own advantage over the enemy and hastened to Tromp's assistance, saying, "It is better to succor a friend than to injure an enemy." As soon as Tromp saw him coming he cried, "Boys, Old Daddy is coming to help us. And sure, as long as I live and breathe, I'll never desert him again!" No sooner did the enemy see the admiral among them and hear the roar of his guns, utterly surprised at his unlooked for appearance, than a number of their ships set sail to get out of reach

of harm. This turned the scale in favor of the Dutch and left the victory with De Ruyter. The prodigies of skill and valor which he had performed in this engagement caused the French admiral to say, that he would gladly purchase the glory of such deeds even with his life.

Seven days after this battle De Ruyter went after the combined fleets again. Although they still outnumbered him by twenty-five vessels, they avoided him and sought to get away to the coast of England. De Ruyter so persistently assailed them, however, that they at last turned and accepted the gage of battle. It was already nearly five o'clock in the afternoon. The French and English did not keep up the fight very long, however, but by dusk turned their prows again toward the coast of Great Britain, steadily pursued by De Ruyter. An English writer bears testimony to the great admiral's valor and skill on this occasion in the following words: The English had at last to acknowledge that, to their great amazement, they had here first learned from the Hollanders that the Dutch powder was more powerful and their cannon longer than that of the British. Prince Rupert returned to the Thames with the loss of many men and with a number of ships damaged beyond repair; while De Ruyter, having sustained scarcely any damage, returned to his former position on the Dutch coast." The great battle of this war, and the most fortunate and glorious for Holland, was that which was fought on the 21st of August of this same year. The plan had been formed in England to land a large body of troops on the Dutch coast for an attack on The Hague, to surprise and capture that city,

and so to compel the Republic to submit to the terms of the allies. If this had succeeded, it could have resulted in nothing but the utter overthrow of the Dutch Republic and the possible incorporation of its seven provinces with France or their partition between the allied powers. At all events, both in Holland and England it was felt that on this enterprise depended the entire result of the war. It had been learned, too, that the government of Charles had determined, if this failed, to make peace with the Republic. Everything, therefore, depended upon the action of the Dutch fleet, and this upon the one man who was at once its strongest arm and inspiring soul. The allied fleets consisted in all of 117 armed vessels and 28 fireships, six of the English men-of-war mounting from 90 to 100 guns. Against this force De Ruyter brought 74 regular warships, 22 fireships and 18 dispatch yachts. The battle took place off the northwestern coast of Holland. "It seemed," says one historian, "as if the fleet and the whole nation felt that this conflict was to decide the life or death of the Republic. The people throughout the country crowded the churches from nine o'clock in the morning till late in the evening, that is, all the time that the fight lasted, praying for the success of their fleet. And their prayers were heard. Hotly as the combatants fought, and though only the darkness of night put an end to the tremendous struggle, not a single one of De Ruyter's ships was either taken or disabled. It seemed as if some divine ægis protected him and his men, and rendered them invulnerable. During the hottest part of the battle De Ruyter was heard to exclaim, "I pray you, see how marvelously things are going; the can-

non-balls are falling around us like hail, and yet our rigging and bulwarks are still whole and most of our men are unhurt." The great superiority of De Ruyter's gunners to those of the enemy was again signally displayed in this battle, his ship firing three shots to the English one. This was the case also in the murderous conflict between Tromp and Sprague, the commander of one of the English divisions, the guns of the Hollander firing twice to those of the Englishman once. The fight between these two was perhaps the fiercest of the entire engagement. Tromp put his ship, the Golden Lion, of 82 guns, within pistol shot from that of Sprague, the Royal Prince, carrying 100 guns, and from this short distance poured in his rapid broadsides. For nearly three hours and a half these two bombarded each other without ceasing. And yet during all this time not a man of Tromp's crew was either killed or wounded. The Royal Prince was so riddled with shot that Sprague was compelled to pass over to the St. George, but was soon forced to leave this also. But as he was leaving this with a number of others, the boat in which they were was suddenly swamped, and the brave Sprague perished in the waves. The battle lasted till after sundown, when the allied fleets turned northward, leaving De Ruyter master of the field, and thus the acknowledged victor. Notwithstanding the fearful nature of the struggle, only two of his vessels were compelled to run into port for repairs, while the allied fleet had lost nineteen vessels, among them the St. George, one of the largest of the British ships, and twelve others, with every mast gone, had to be dragged home. But what was of far greater value to the victori-

ous Hollanders than the destruction or capture of the enemy's ships, the result of the battle forced Charles II. to break off the alliance with France and to make peace with the Republic. For this great achievement the unanimous voice of the nation bestowed upon De Ruyter the proud title of Preserver of the Fatherland, a far more satisfactory reward than the generous gifts bestowed by the government upon him and his subordinates.

The extraordinary courage, coolness and self-control exhibited by a young cabin boy during one of these terrible battles is worth telling. His captain had ordered him to get him a drink while the fight was at its hottest. As the lad returned a musket ball shattered the glass in his hand. With utter unconcern the little fellow went back to the cabin and brought another glass, and as he handed it to the captain he stated the reason of his delay in bringing it. The captain asked, "Why, boy, were you not frightened?" Never supposing that his commander could refer to a fear of being wounded or killed, the boy thought that he only referred to some punishment for the loss of the glass, and quietly answered, "Why, no, sir; there were more glasses to be had."

For three more years De Ruyter served his fatherland with undiminished honor and zeal; though but two more occasions were granted him in which to prove his superiority as a naval commander over all others of his day. Only the last, that which terminated his glorious life, will be briefly related. In 1676 the Spaniards, who but fifty years before had exerted all their vast power for the destruction of the Dutch Re-

public, now were glad to invoke the aid of the Seven United Provinces against the French, who were seeking to wrest Sicily from Spain. They implored the government at The Hague to send a fleet to the Mediterranean to act in conjunction with their own, and particularly requested that De Ruyter might be put in command of that fleet. He was sent out, therefore, but with a squadron of only seventeen vessels. When he complained of the smallness of his fleet as being wholly inadequate for the task it would have to perform, a member of the Admiralty Board dared to ask, "Surely, sir, you are not losing courage in your old age?" To which the great-hearted hero made this memorable answer, "No, I am not losing courage. My life is at the command of my country. But it grieves me that the government is so ready to risk the honor of our flag. Yet were I commanded to carry my country's flag on a single ship, I would go to sea with that alone; for where the government will trust the flag, I will risk my life." When he was about to set sail with his fleet, as he was taking leave from an intimate friend, he said that he felt he would not return alive; a foreboding that seemed to remain with him to the last day.

When he arrived at the point where the Spanish fleet was to join him, not a single one of their vessels was found in condition for sea. Though he urged again and again the absolute necessity of expedition, lest the French fleet should gain time to gather re-enforcements, and thus make its defeat the more difficult, if not wholly impossible, he was constantly put off with the most frivolous excuses. The fatal Spanish indolence and procrastination thwarted De Ruyter at every

step. Then, as always, "to-morrow" had the preference with the Spaniards over "to-day." The words of the procrastinating sinner in one of Lopez de Vega's poems could have been most fittingly put into the mouths of the Spanish government:

"To-morrow we will answer," we replied.
And when the morrow came we answered still:
"To-morrow."

De Ruyter's fleet arrived at Cadiz on the 26th of September. Here he was to be joined by the "Armada of the Oceans." Such was the bombastic name which the Spaniards had given to the fleet which was intended to co-operate with the Dutch. But not a single Spanish warship was to be found here. From here he was directed to proceed to the bay of Vinaroz, where the Spanish fleet would join him; but there, too, he failed to find them. Thence to Barcelona, with the same result. This ended the patience of De Ruyter, who now made up his mind to go to Messina with or without the Spanish fleet, and await the coming of the French. When in the neighborhood of Sicily he learned at last that the "Armada of the Oceans" was snugly stored away in the bay of Palermo, but wholly unfit for duty. At length a single Spanish man-of-war and fourteen galleys joined him. The French fleet, under Du Quesne, was soon after this sighted coming down in battle array toward Sicily. It consisted of nearly forty ships, seven of which carried from 80 to 96 guns. De Ruyter had eighteen men-of-war and four fireships, his flagship being the most formidable, yet mounting only 76 guns. With this force and the one Spanish ship he

met the French under Du Quesne on the morning of the 8th of January, 1676, somewhere in the neighborhood of Stromboli. The fourteen Spanish galleys had been compelled by the severity of the wind to stop at the island of Lipari, so that they were not of any use. The battle began at about nine o'clock of the forenoon and lasted till sundown, when Du Quesne drew off and left the field to De Ruyter. The loss on the side of the French consisted in the sinking of one of their best vessels, and from 1,000 to 1,500 in killed and wounded. That of the Dutch was far below this, while not a single vessel was missing in the fleet at the close of the contest. Had the Spanish fleet been ready and in proper condition, the advantage gained might have been followed by the complete defeat of the French. But Du Quesne was too strong to be pursued, and had to be allowed to sail around the southern point of Sicily, where his fleet was joined by a number of men-of-war lying in the harbor of Messina. It was this enlarged force with which De Ruyter fought his last battle.

At last a Spanish squadron, but of only ten vessels, joined the fleet, instead of the twenty-four which had been promised. And of these ten, only five were capable of effective service. One of De Ruyter's ships had to be left at Palermo, having been found unfit for duty; so that the total effective force of the vessels under his direction was only twenty-six ships, armed in all with about 1,150 guns and carrying 5,700 men. Du Quesne's force was nearly double this, his entire armament counting 2,172 guns and his crews 10,665 men on thirty-three men-of-war, nine galleys and eight fireships. At four o'clock of the afternoon of April 22, the allied fleet began the

attack, led by De Ruyter's own division. They were now off the east coast of Sicily, between Messina and Catania, in sight of Mount Etna, which seemed to restrain its own flames as the more destructive fires of human warfare were creating devastation among living men. The old hero, who a month before had celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday, dashed with all his old time impetuosity into the foe, who, bravely led and valiantly fighting, maintained his ground but only to be driven back. The battle had only lasted half an hour, and already several of Du Quesne's captains were making all sail to get away, when a cannon ball took off part of the left foot of De Ruyter, as he was giving his orders from the quarter-deck, and hurled him down to the main-deck. His flag captain and a few others rushed to his assistance and had him conveyed to his cabin. After his wounds were dressed, De Ruyter had a chair brought on deck from which he continued to give directions and to inspire his men with confidence and courage for the fray. But never had even his words been so eloquent as his blood was now. If at all other times they had fought with unflinching heroism, his men seemed now to be filled with an eager passion to avenge the injury done to their adored commander, firing the great guns as rapidly as if they were handling muskets. After three hours, in which on both sides most signal deeds of heroism were performed, Du Quesne was compelled to retreat. De Ruyter followed him till eight o'clock, his vessels aiming their guns at the flying foe by the soft light of the southern moon. It seemed now as if, instead of this being the last of his achievements

for land and liberty, he was to return with these laurels to go forth again to new and, if possible, still grander exploits. But his premonitions proved but too true. His wound had been rapidly healing when, on the third day after his victory, a fever set in which baffled all the skill of his physicians, and a couple of days thereafter terminated his great and noble life. On the 29th of April, 1676, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening, Holland lost the greatest naval hero she ever had before or since.

The body was embalmed to be carried home for burial. The heart and other parts, which had to be taken out in order to the preservation of the body, his officers desired to deposit in the cemetery at Syracuse. But when they asked permission for this of the authorities, they were met by a peremptory refusal, on the ground that no part of a heretic's body could be interred in consecrated ground. On the first of May, therefore, his captains carried these remains of their beloved chief to a low mound on the coast of Sicily and there laid them to rest, surrounded on all sides by the element which for fifty-eight years had been witness to his surpassing skill and courage.

Before carrying its precious charge back to the fatherland he had served so well, the fleet was compelled to put into the bay of Palermo for repairs. Here they were fiercely attacked by the French, who now seemed determined upon the utter destruction of the allied fleet. In this they were doubtless emboldened by the knowledge of the great captain's death. But, though no longer inspired by the words and deeds of the great hero, his sailors fought with all their old time courage

and resolution, determined sooner to perish with their precious charge than to allow it to fall into the hands of the enemy. After a desperate struggle, in which the Hollanders lost their remaining commanding officers, the French were beaten off and the fleet went on its way homeward.

Never had Holland witnessed such a day of mourning, not even when the great William fell by the assassin's pistol, as when the body of the almost adored De Ruyter was carried to its last home. The whole land was plunged into bitterest grief by the death of its great Preserver and testified its affection by the splendid obsequies with which all there was left of him was carried to its tomb. His body rests in the New Church, so called, at Amsterdam, where at the nation's expense a splendid monument was erected to his memory.

> Rest, rest in peace, Old Ocean's matchless son!
> Thy grateful fatherland the glory thou hast won
> Can ne'er forget: in every heart thy name
> Shall dwell, a deathless tribute to thy fame.

A notable and noble tribute to the enduring fame of the great hero was given when the Emperor of Germany, on the occasion of his visit to Amsterdam in 1891, went personally to the New Church and laid a wreath on his tomb; and then kneeled down and spent some moments as if in silent prayer. In 1841 a bronze statue was erected to his honor in his native city Flushing, and was placed on an open space quite near the spot from which he made his first attempt to become a sailor. It was unveiled and solemnly dedicated in the presence of King William the Second and his suite.

STATUE OF DE RUYTER ON THE SEA-BOULEVARD AT FLUSHING.

This was more recently removed and placed on the boulevard laid out on the old sea-wall, where it was rededicated in presence of the queen-mother and Princess Wilhelmina, now the beloved queen of the Netherlands. The statue now faces and looks down from its lofty position upon the turbulent waters of the North Sea that he had so often braved and that so frequently had been witness to his triumphs.

Shortly after his death letters came from the Court of Spain addressed to De Duyter which informed him that the Spanish King had bestowed a dukedom upon him with an annual revenue of two thousand ducats. As death had made such honors forever useless to the great man, the title, its privileges and emoluments were conferred upon his son, Captain Engel De Ruyter, who, however, modestly requested that it might be changed to a barony.

Thus the wild and good-for-nothing boy of the Flushing rope-walk had risen to the highest place and fame in the most dangerous, the most laborious, and yet one of the most honorable professions that men can follow; had raised his family from the most obscure to the most exalted social position; had rescued his country from impending ruin and brought to her undying renown.

The surpassing excellence of the great man deserves a brief summing up of his character. Unpromising as was his boyhood, there was scarcely a virtue but adorned his manhood. Truth, honor, diligence, zeal, fidelity, courage, daring, endurance, generosity, humility, temperance, purity, patriotism, godliness—such was the galaxy of graces that ennobled him like jewelled stars in a diadem. And for this let us, as he himself

ever did, magnify the grace of God which alone had made all this possible.

That the bold and daring lad should have become a mighty man of war is not so surprising; but that the uncontrollable scapegrace should have risen to such eminence as that of commander-in-chief of all the fleets of Holland; that the ignoramus should have become master of eight languages; and, still more, that the good-for-naught, as all had deemed him, should have become a Christian of exalted piety,—this is cause for wonder indeed.

Of his high Christian character his entire public and private life offers most abundant proof in his pure and devout demeanor, his kindliness, his readiness to forgive injuries, his gentleness to the humblest of his subordinates and his generous efforts for the unfortunate. On board his fleet prayer was a daily duty; he never entered upon a battle without supplicating the divine blessing and guidance; he never gained one without fervent thanksgiving; and all his successes, brilliant as they were, he acknowledged as coming from God alone. At home he spent most of his time in reading and meditating upon the Holy Scriptures. A striking instance is related of his humble piety and which happened at the time when he had just been raised to the position of Lieutenant Admiral of Holland and West Friesland. He was stopping at a hotel in Rotterdam, where one morning, when he supposed himself to be out of the reach of observation, he was overheard to utter this prayer: "Strengthen me, O Lord, in the service of my exalted position. Grant me a heroic soul, and spare me for the service and welfare of my fatherland."

He was a most self-denying husband and father, though at home, as on board his ship, requiring strict obedience to needed and proper rule and authority. His sailors he addressed usually as "My children," or "My boys," and even when most displeased they rarely heard a severer expression from his lips than "Fellows!"

Many were the Christians groaning on board of Algerine galleys whom he forced the Bey to release; and while on his last voyage, when assisting Spain against France, he compelled the viceroy of Naples to liberate twenty-three Hungarian preachers who on account of their faith were imprisoned there.

He was one of the many who made his nation as famous for honesty and integrity as it was renowned for manhoood, courage and enterprise. His patriotism was evinced not only in his ready surrender of personal comfort at the nation's call and the many perils he willingly and uncomplainingly endured for her, but in his fine sensitiveness to his country's reputation and his stern resentment of any indignity offered to it or its government. This latter was shown once on board a canal boat, when a fellow passenger was guilty of the most treasonable expressions. As the fellow would not heed De Ruyter's remonstrances and rebukes, the great sailor took him by neck and heels and flung him headlong into the canal. And yet, while ever ready either as private citizen or as commander of a fleet to do battle for his country or to defend her honor, he did not dare to disobey God's word by hazarding either his own life or that of another in private combat, and therefore once refused to fight a duel upon the challenge of a fellow-officer.

Of his ready wit some instances have been given. The following anecdote proves him possessed of no small amount of humor: A number of nobles and other gentlemen at The Hague once invited De Ruyter to a pleasure excursion. Supposing that the trip was to be made in carriages, he readily accepted. But when they were ready to start he found that they were going on horseback. Though his name signified the Cavalier, he was anything but a horseman. However, he put as good a face as possible on the matter and mounted his charger, which, by the way, happened to be a very restive animal. As soon as his companions saw the expression of concern and anxiety on the admiral's face, as he struggled hard to keep his seat, they concluded to have some fun at his expense, and started on a gallop. He had to keep up with the company, of course, and managed to keep his seat. But he cut a most ridiculous figure, tossing up and down on his horse like a rubber ball, one arm flapping at his side like the wing of a flying sea-gull, at the same time trying to steer his horse with the reins of that insecure hand, while the other was making desperate efforts to hold on to his hat. No wonder the laugh was against him and that he had to endure many a cutting joke at the dinner table. However, he took it all in good part and quietly laid his plans to get even with his tormentors. So, before they separated, he made all promise to dine with him on board of his flagship. On the day of their visit he ordered all the guns to be loaded and all at once to be fired off at a given signal. Punctual to the moment the distinguished company arrived, all landlubbers, as the sailors called them, and as unused to keeping their legs

on board of a man-of-war as De Ruyter was to maintain his seat on horseback. At the close of the splendid repast, as they were all seated in the cabin, the admiral rose and lifted his glass. All followed his example and stood, glass in hand, ranged on each side of the table. When all were ready De Ruyter gave the toast, "Our Common Country," which was the signal agreed upon with his men. No sooner were the words uttered than the mighty guns went off, making the ship tremble in every timber, and throwing the noble company pell-mell over each other on the floor. For awhile they were half dead with fright, and when at last they regained their feet, De Ruyter smilingly said, "This, gentlemen, is the kind of a horse that I ride."

We close this sketch of the great seaman with the testimony of three witnesses from among the people against whom he fought most frequently and over whose fleets he gained such brilliant victories. His English biographer says, "He was the most upright man, the most devout and pious Christian, the bravest, wisest, and most experienced leader, so good and patriotic a citizen of his country that he is justly regarded by all posterity as the ornament of his age, a great naval hero, and a most redoubtable warrior." Another English writer, quoting the words of Richter that, though many historians assert De Ruyter to be the greatest naval hero that ever lived, yet Du Quesne vanquished him, says, "To institute a comparison between the two is to compare a snuffy candle with a brilliant lamp." And when on August 27, 1816, the English and Dutch fleets under Lord Exmouth and Baron Van de Capelle had given the Dey of Algiers a severe drubbing, Lord

Exmouth gave a feast on board of his flagship to the officers of the allied fleet. Exmouth drank first to the peace and prosperity of the two nations; then, lifting his goblet again, he drank to the memory of De Ruyter, and after that to the memory of Nelson, adding, "I drink first to the memory of De Ruyter because he is so much older and greater than Nelson!"

The lines placed under a likeness of the great admiral exhibited in every shop window in Holland after his last victory over the combined English and French fleets, may fittingly complete our tribute to the man:

"Behold the hero! Holland's strong right hand,
The savior of the imperilled fatherland,
Who three times forced two kingdoms in one year
To strike the flag, and filled their lands with fear.
The fleet's true soul, the arm by which God wrought
The victory that peace and honor brought."